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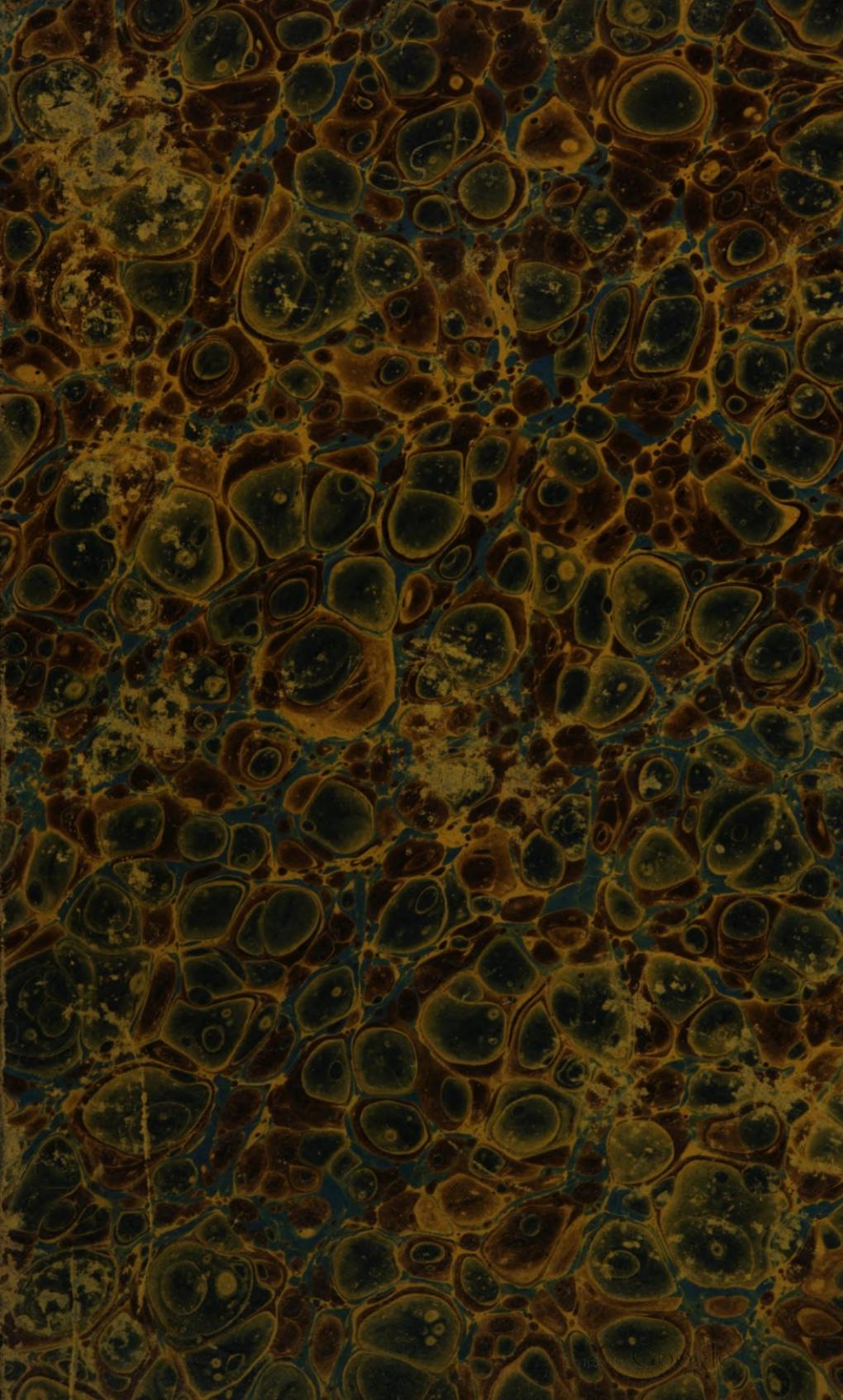
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THE  
P L A Y S

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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.



THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI.  
PART I. AND II.

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B A S I L:

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M. DCCC.I.





# KING HENRY VI.

PART I.\*

VOL. XIV.

B

\* KING HENRY VI. PART I.] The historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI.* has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is kill'd at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445! Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult Queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestibly betray the workmanship of Shakspeare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions.

THEOBALD.

Having given my opinion very fully relative to these plays at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* it is here only necessary to apprise the reader what my hypothesis is, that he may be the better enabled, as he proceeds, to judge concerning its probability. Like many others, I was long struck with the many evident *Shaksprianisms* in these plays, which appeared to me to carry such decisive weight, that I could scarcely bring myself to examine with attention any of the arguments that have been urged against his being the author of them. I am now surprised, (and my readers perhaps may say the same thing of themselves,) that I should never have adverted to a very striking circumstance which distinguishes this first part from the other parts of *King Henry VI.* This circumstance is, that none of these Shaksprian passages are to be found here, though several are scattered through the two other parts. I am therefore decisively of opinion that this play was not written by Shakspeare. The reasons on which that opinion is founded, are stated at large in the Dissertation above referred to. But I would here request the reader to attend particularly to the versification of this piece, (of which almost every line has a pause at the end,) which is so different from that of Shakspeare's undoubted plays, and of the greater part of the two succeeding pieces as altered by him, and so exactly corresponds with that of

the tragedies written by others before and about the time of his first commencing author, that this alone might decide the question, without taking into the account the numerous classical allusions which are found in this first part. The reader will be enabled to judge how far this argument deserves attention, from the several extracts from those ancient pieces which he will find in the Essay on this subject.

With respect to the second and third parts of *King Henry VI.* or, as they were originally called, *The Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, they stand, in my apprehension, on a very different ground from that of this first part, or, as I believe it was attiently called, *The Play of King Henry VI.—The Contention*, &c. printed in two parts, in quarto, 1600, was, I conceive, the prbduction of some playwright who preceded, or was contemporâry with, Shakspere; and out of that piece he formed the two plays which are now denominated the *Second* and *Third Parts of King Henry VI.*; as, out of the old plays of *King John* and *The Taming of a Shrew*, he formed two other plays with the same titles. For the reasons on which this opinion is formed, I must again refer to my Essay on this subject.

This old play of *King Henry VI.* now before us, or as our author's editors have called it, the *first part of King Henry VI.* I suppose, to have been written in 1589, or before. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspere's Plays*, Vol. II. The disposition of facts in these three plays, not always corresponding with the dates, which Mr. Theobald mentions, and the want of uniformity and consistency in the series of events exhibited, may perhaps be in some measure accounted for by the hypothesis now stated. As to our author's having accepted these pieces as a *Director* of the stage, he had, I fear, no pretension to such a situation at so early a period.

MALONE.

The chief argument on which the first paragraph of the foregoing note depends, is not, in my opinion, conclusive. This historical play might have been one of our author's earliest dramatic efforts; and almost every young poet begins his career by imitation. Shakspere, therefore, till he felt his own strength, perhaps fervilely conformed to the style and manner of his predecessors. Thus, the captive eaglet described by Rowe,

" — a while endures his cage and chains.

" And like a prisoner with the clown remains:

" But when his plumes shoot forth, his pinions swell,

" He quits the rustic and his homely cell,

" Breaks from his bonds, and in the face of day

" Full in the sun's bright beams he fears away."

What further remarks I may offer on this subject, will appear in the form of notes to Mr. Malone's Essay, from which I do not wan-tonly differ,—though hardly, I confess, as far as my sentiments may seem to militate against those of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

## PERSONS represented.

King Henry the Sixth.

Duke of Gloster, uncle to the king, and Protector.

Duke of Bedford, uncle to the king, and Regent of France.

Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the king.

Henry Beaufort, great uncle to the king, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.

Richard Plantagenet, eldest son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Salisbury. Earl of Suffolk.

Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury:

John Talbot, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.

Sir John Fastolfe. Sir William Lucy.

Sir William Glansdale. Sir Thomas Gargrave.

Mayor of London. Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Vernon, of the White Rose, or York faction.

Basset of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards king of France.

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and titular king of Naples.

Duke of Burgundy. Duke of Alençon.

Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.

Countess of Auvergne.

Joan la Pucelle, commonly called, Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Westminster Abbey.

*Dead march. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the earl of WARWICK; ^ the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.*

BED. Hung be the heavens with black,<sup>3</sup> yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses<sup>4</sup> in the sky;

<sup>2</sup> —— *earl of Warwick;*] The Earl of Warwick who makes his appearance in the first scene of this play is Richard Beauchamp, who is a character in *King Henry V.* The Earl who appears in the subsequent part of it, is Richard Nevil, son to the Earl of Salisbury, who became possessed of the title in right of his wife, Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp Duke of Warwick, on the death of Anne his only child in 1449. Richard, the father of this Henry, was appointed governor to the king, on the demise of Tomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think that the author meant to confound the two characters. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Hung be the heavens with black,*] Alluding to our ancient stage-practice when a tragedy was to be expected. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "There arose, even with the funne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a tragedie to be played on." See also Mr. Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage.* STREEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Brandish your crystal tresses*—] Crystal is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a Sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604:

"When as those chryſtal comets whileſt appear."

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
That have consented<sup>5</sup> unto Henry's death!

Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, Book I. c. x. applies it to a lady's face:

"Like sunny beams threw from her chrysal face."

Again, in an ancient song entitled *The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love*:

"You chrysal planets shjne all clear

"And light a lover's way."

"There is also a white comet with silver haire," says Pliny, as translated by P. Holland, 1601. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> That have consented—] If this expression means no more than that the stars gave a bare consent, or agreed to let King Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to consent; in this instance, means to act in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus Erato the muse applauding the song of Apollo, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out: "O sweet consent!" i. e. sweet union of sounds. Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

"Such musick his wife words with time consented."

Again, in his translation of Virgil's *Culex*:

"Chanted their sundry notes with sweet concord."

and in many other places. *Consented*, or as it should be spelt, *concedited*, means, *have thrown themselves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry*. Spenser, in more than one instance, spells this word as it appears in the text of Shakespeare; as does Ben Jonson, in his *Epithalamion on Mr. Weston*. The following lines.

"— shall we curse the planets of mishap,

"That plotted thus," &c.

seem to countenance my explanation; and Falstaff says of Shallow's servants, that "— they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese." See also *Tully de Natura Deorum*, Lib. II. ch. xlvi: *Nolo in stellarum ratione multus vobis videri, maximisque earum quæ errare dicuntur. Quarum tantus est concentus ex dissimilibus motibus*, &c.

Milton uses the word, and with the same meaning, in his *Penseroso*:

"Whose power hath a true consent

"With planet, or with element." STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in his explanation of the word *consented*. So, in *The Knight of the Burning Petle*, the Merchant says to Merrythought:

"— too late, I well perceive,

"Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss."

## \*KING HENRY VI.

Henry the fifth,<sup>6</sup> too famous to live long!"

England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLO. England ne'er had a king, until his time.  
Virtue he had, deserving to command:  
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;  
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;<sup>4</sup>  
His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,  
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.  
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:  
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

EXE. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not  
in blood?

and in *The Chances*, Antonio, speaking of the wench who robbed him, says:

" And also the fiddler who was *consenting* with her."

meaning the fiddler that was her accomplice.

The word appears to be used in the same sense in the fifth scene of this act, where Talbot says to his troops:

" You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death,

" For none would strike a stroke in his revenge."

M. MASON.

*Consent*, in all the books of the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards, is the usual spelling of the word *concent*. See Vol. XI. p. 85, n. 3; and Vol. XIII. p. 211, n. 2. In other places I have adopted the modern and more proper spelling; but, in the present instance, I apprehend, the word was used in its ordinary sense. In the second act, Talbot, reproaching the soldiery, uses the same expression, certainly without any idea of a malignant configuration:

" You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death." MALONE.

\* Henry the fifth, ] Old copy, redundantly,—King Henry &c.

STEEVENS.

\* —— too famous to live long! ] So, in King Richard III:

" So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long."

STEEVENS.

\* His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings; ] So, in *Treilus and Cressida*:

" The dragon wing of night o'erfolds the earth."

## 8 . . . F I R S T P A R T O F

Henry is dead, and never shall revive;  
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;  
And death's dishonourable victory  
We with our stately presence glorify,  
Like captives bound to a triumphant car,  
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French<sup>6</sup>  
Conjurors and forcerers, that, afraid of him,  
By magick verses have contriv'd his end?

WIN. He was a king bleſſ'd of the King of kings,  
Unto the French the dreadful judgement day  
So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.  
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:  
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

GLO. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,  
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;  
None do you like but an effeminate prince.  
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

WIN. Gloſter, whate'er we like, thou art protector;  
And lookeſt to command the prince, and realm.  
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe!  
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

GLO. Name not religion, for thou lov'ſt the flesh;  
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,  
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

<sup>6</sup> —— *the ſubtle-witted French &c.*] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As ſuperſtitioп grew weaker, theſe charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was ſuppoſed that the Irish could kill rats by a ſong.

JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen addit themselves, &c. yea they will not ſicke to affirme that they can rime either man or beast to death." STEEVENS.

BED. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds  
in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—

Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;

Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—

Posterity, await for wretched years.

When at their mothers' moist eyes' babes shall suck;

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,<sup>7</sup>

And none but women left to wail the dead.—

Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;

<sup>7</sup> — moist eyes — ] Thus the second folio. The first, redundantly,—moisten'd. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,] Mr. Pope—marsh. All the old copies read, a nourish: and considering it is said in the line immediately preceding, that babes shall suck at their mothers' moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author wrote, a nurice, i. e. that the whole isle should be one common nurse, or nourisher, of tears: and those be the nourishment of its miserable issue.

THEOBALD.

Was there ever such nonsense! But he did not know that marsh is an old word for marsh or fen; and therefore very judiciously thus corrected by Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

We should certainly read—marsh. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:  
“ Made mountains marsh, with spring-tides of my tears.”

RITSON.

I have been informed, that what we call at present a *stew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*. *Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one. So, in *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. 1. no date:

“ Of that chylde she was blyth,

“ After norythes she fent belive.”

A *nourish* therefore in this passage of our author may signify a *nurse*, as it apparently does in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate, B. I. c. xii:

“ Athenes whan it was in his floures

“ Was called nourish of philosophers wife.”

— *Juba tellus generat, leonum*

*Arida nutritx.* STEEVENS.

Spenser, in his *Ruins of Time*, uses *nourice* as an English word:

“ Chaucer, the *nourice* of antiquity,” MALONE.

10. FIRST PART OF

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,  
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright<sup>8</sup>—

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My honourable lords, health to you all!  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of los, of slaughter, and discomfiture:  
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,<sup>9</sup>  
Paris, Guyfors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

<sup>8</sup> *Than Julius Cæsar, or bright*—] I can't guess the occasion of the hemistich and imperfect sense in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake*, though that were a terrible anachronism (as bad as Heitor's quoting Aristotle in *Troilus and Cressida*); yet perhaps at the time that brave Englishman was in his glory, to an English-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite actor, the thing might be popular, though not judicious; and, therefore, by some critic in favour of the author afterwards struck out. But this is a mere flight conjecture. POPE.

To confute the flight conjecture of Pope, a whole page of vehement opposition is annexed to this passage by Theobald. Sir Thomas Hanmer has stopped at *Cæsar*—perhaps more judiciously. It might, however, have been written,—or bright *Berenice*.

JOHNSON.

Pope's conjecture is confirmed by this peculiar circumstance, that two blazing stars (the Julium fidus) are part of the arms of the *Drake* family. It is well known that families and arms were much more attended to in Shakespeare's time, than they are at this day.

M. MASON.

This blank undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name. So, in a subsequent passage the word *Nero* was omitted for the same reason. See the Dissertation at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans*,] This verse might be completed by the insertion of *Rouen* among the places lost, as Gloster in his next speech infers that it had been mentioned with the rest. STEEVENS.

BED. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's  
corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

GLO. Is Paris lost? is Roüen yielded up?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again,  
These news would cause him once more yield the  
ghoſt.

EXE. How were they lost? what treachery was  
us'd?

MESS. No treachery; but want of men and money.  
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—  
That here you maintain several factions;  
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,  
You are disputing of your generals.  
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;  
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
A third man thinks,<sup>2</sup> without expence at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
Awake, awake, English nobility!  
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:  
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;  
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.<sup>3</sup>

BED. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—  
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—  
Away with these disgraceful wailing-robes!  
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,  
To weep their intermissive miseries.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> A third man thinks,] Thus the second folio, The first omits the word—man, and consequently leaves the verse imperfect.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — her flowing tides.] i. e. England's flowing tides.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — their intermissive miseries.] i. e. their miseries, which have

*Enter another Messenger,*

2. MESS. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance,

France is revolted from the English quite;  
Except some petty towns of no import:  
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;  
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

EXE. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!  
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

GLO. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BED Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith already France is over-run.

*Enter a third Messenger,*

3. MESS. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—  
I must inform you of a dismal fight,  
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

WIN. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3. MESS. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,  
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,

had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. WARBURTON.

Having full scarce six thousand in his troop.<sup>4</sup>  
 By three and twenty thousand of the French  
 Was round encompassed and set upon :  
 No leisure had he to entrank his men ;  
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers ;  
 Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,  
 They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
 More than three hours the fight continued ;  
 Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
 Enacted wonders<sup>5</sup> with his sword and lance.  
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him :  
 Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew :<sup>6</sup>  
 The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms ;  
 All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :  
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
 A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,  
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.<sup>7</sup>  
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
 If sir John Falstofe<sup>8</sup> had not play'd the coward ;

<sup>4</sup> Having full scarce &c.] The modern editors read,—scarce full, but, I think, unnecessarily. So, in *The Tempest*:

" —— Prospero, master of a full poor cell." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— above human thought,

Enacted wonders—] So, in *King Richard III*:

" The king enacts more wonders than a man."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— he flew :] I suspect, the author wrote—flew.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.] Again, in the fifth act of this play:

" So, rushing in the bowels of the French."

The same phrase had occurred in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605 :

" Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the battle's bowels."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> If sir John Falstofe &c.] Mr. Pope has taken notice, " That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V*. The

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,<sup>9</sup>  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,) }  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;

occasion whereof is, that this play was written before *King Henry IV.* or *King Henry V.*" But it is the historical Sir John Falstofe (for so he is called by both our Chroniclers) that is here mentioned; who was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comick character afterwards introduced by our author, and which was a creature merely of his own brain. Nor when he named him *Falstaff* do I believe he had any intention of throwing a slur on the memory of this renowned old warrior. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from *Falstofe*, whether truly or not, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin, in his *Saint George for England*, tells us, that " he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour,"—" This Sir John Falstoff," continues he, " was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

See Vol. XII. p. 184, n. 4; and Oldys's Life of Sir John Falstofe in the *General Dictionary*. MALONE.

In the 18th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the following character of this Sir John Falstofe:

" Strong Falstofe with this man compare we justly may;  
" By Salsbury who oft being seriously employ'd  
" In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd;  
" With excellent successse in Main and Anjou fought,  
" And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought:  
" And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in warre,  
" Most resolutely tooke proud Renate duke of Barre."

STEEVENS.

For an account of this Sir John Falstofe, see Anstis's *Treatise on the Order of the Garter*; Parkins's *Supplement to Blomfield's History of Norfolk*; Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannica*; or Capel's notes, Vol. II. p. 221; and Sir John Feau's *Collection of the Paston Letters*.

REED.

<sup>9</sup> He being in the vaward, [plac'd behind,] Some of the editors seem to have considered this as a contradiction in terms, and have proposed to read—the rearward,—but without necessity. Some part of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it. We often say the back front of a house. STEEVENS.

Enclosed were they with their enemies:  
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
Whom all France, with their chief assembled  
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

BED. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,  
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,  
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. MESS. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,  
And lord Scales with him; and lord Hungerford:  
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

BED. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:  
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,  
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—  
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keep our great saint George's feast withal:  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. MESS. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;  
The English army is grown weak and faint:  
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,  
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXE. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry  
sworn;  
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BED. I do remember it; and here take leave,  
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

GLO. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,

To view the artillery and munition;  
And then I will proclaim young Henry King.

[Exit.]

**Exe.** To Eltham will I, where the young king  
is,

Being ordain'd his special governor;  
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

**WIN.** Each hath his place and function to at-  
tend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains.  
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;  
The king from Eltham I intend to send,  
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.<sup>9</sup>

[Exit. Scene closes.]

<sup>9</sup> *The king from Eltham I intend to send,*

*And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.*] The king was not at this time so much in the power of the Cardinal, that he could send him where he pleased. I have therefore no doubt but that there is an error in this passage, and that it should be read thus:

*The king from Eltham I intend to steal*

*And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.*

This slight alteration preserves the sense, and the rhyme also, with which many scenes in this play conclude. The king's person, as appears from the speech immediately preceding this of Winchester, was under the care of the Duke of Exeter, not of the Cardinal:

"*Exe.* To Eltham will I, where the young king is,

"*Being ordain'd his special governor.*" M. MASON.

The second charge in the *Articles of accusation* preferred by the Duke of Gloster against the Bishop, (Hall's *Chron.* Henry VI. f. 12, b.) countenances this conjecture. MALONE.

The disagreeable clash of the words—*intend* and *send*, seems indeed to confirm the propriety of Mr. M. Mason's emendation.

STEVENS.

## SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans.

*Enter CHARLES, with his forces; ALENCON,  
REIGNIER, and Others.*

CHAR. Mars his true moving,\* even as in the  
heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known:

Late, did he shine upon the English side;

Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment, but we have?

At pleasure here we lie, neat Orleans;

Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,  
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALEN. They want their porridge, and their fat  
bull-beeves:

Either they must be dicted, like mules,

And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REIG. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly  
here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:

Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

CHAR. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on  
them:

\* *Mars his true moving, &c.*] So, Nash, in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596:—" You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to."

STEVENS.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—  
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me.  
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.*

*Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and  
Others.*

CHAR. Who ever saw the like? what men have  
I?—

Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have  
fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

REIG. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;  
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.<sup>3</sup>

ALEN. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred.<sup>4</sup>  
During the time Edward the third did reign,  
More truly now may this be verified;

<sup>3</sup> —— as their hungry prey.] I believe it should be read:  
—— as their hungry prey. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which appears to signify—the prey  
for which they are hungry. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,] These were two  
of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and  
their exploits are rendered so ridiculous and extravagant  
by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst  
our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a Rowland for his  
Oliver, to signify the matching one incredible lie with another.

WARBURTON.

Rather, to oppose one hero to another, i. e. to give a person as  
good a one as he brings. STEEVENS.

The old copy has breed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

For none but Sampsons, and Goliases,  
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!  
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose  
They had such courage and audacity?

CHAR. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:<sup>5</sup>  
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth  
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

REIG. I think, by some odd gimmals<sup>6</sup> or device,

Their arms are set, like clocks,<sup>7</sup> still to strike on;  
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.  
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

ALEN. Be it so.

<sup>5</sup> And hunger will enforce them to be more eager: ] The preposition *to* should be omitted, as injurious to the measure, and unnecessary in the old elliptical mode of writing. So, A& IV. sc. i. of this play:

"Let me persuade you take a better course."

i. e. to take &c. The error pointed out, occurs again in p. 29:

"Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?"

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— gimmals — ] A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an engine. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*. JOHNSON.

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Salisbury cathedral, taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is, "A faire chest with gimmals and key." Again: "Three other chefts with gimmals of silver and gilt." Again, in *The Vow-breaker*, or *The Faire Maide of Clifton*, 1636:

"My ades are like the motionall gymmals

"Fixt in a watch."

See also, Vol. XIII. p. 425, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Their arms are set, like clocks, ] Perhaps the author was thinking of the clocks in which figures in the shape of men struck the hours. Of these there were many in his time. MALONE.

To go like clockwork, is still a phrase in common use, to express a regular and constant motion. STEEVENS.

*Enter the Bastard of Orleans.*

BAST. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

CHAR. Bastard of Orleans,<sup>8</sup> thrice welcome to us.

BAST. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;<sup>9</sup>

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

<sup>8</sup> *Bastard of Orleans.*] That this in former times was not a term of reproach, see Bishop Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, in the third volume of his *Dialogues*, p. 233, who observing on circumstances of agreement between the heroic and Gothick manners, says that "Bastardy was in credit with both." One of William the Conqueror's charters begins, "Ego Gulielmus cognomento *Bastardus*." And in the reign of Edward I. John Earl Warren and Surrey being called before the King's Justices to show by what title he held his lands, *prodixit in medium gladium antiquum evaginatum*—*& ait*, *Ecce Domini mei, ecce warrantum meum! Ante ceffores mei cum Willo Baſtardo venientes conqueſti ſunt terras suas*, &c. *Dugd. Orig. Jurid.* p. 13. *Dugd. Bar. of Engl.* Vol. I. *Blount* 9.

"Le Baſtard de Savoy," is inscribed over the head of one of the figures in a curious picture of the Battle of Pavia, in the Ashmolean Museum. In Fenn's *Pardon Letters*, Vol. III. p. 72-3, in the articles of impeachment against the Duke of Suffolk, we read of the "Erle of Danas, baſtard of Orlyance——."

VAILLANT.

<sup>9</sup> —— your cheer appall'd;] Cheer is jollity, gaiety.

M. MASON.

Cheer, rather signifies—countenance. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer."  
See Vol. VII. p. 95, n<sup>e</sup> 4. STREVENS.

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;<sup>1</sup>  
 What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.  
 Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,<sup>2</sup>  
 For they are certain and infallible.

CHAR. Go, call her in : [Exit Bastard.] But, first,  
 to try her skill,  
 Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :  
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern ;—  
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.  
 [Retires.

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and  
 Others.

REIG. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these won-  
 d'rous feats?

PUC. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile  
 me? —

Where is the Dauphin? — come, come from behind ;  
 I know thee will, though never seen before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :

In private will I talk with thee apart ; —

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daugh-  
 ter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

<sup>1</sup> — nine sibyls of old Rome; ] There were no nine sibyls of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins.

WARBURTON,

<sup>2</sup> — Believe my words, ] It should be read :

Believe her words. JOHNSON.

I perceive no need of change. The Bastard calls upon the Dauphin to believe the extraordinary account he has just given of the prophetick spirit and prowels of the Maid of Orleans.

MALONE.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd  
 To shine on my contemptible estate:<sup>4</sup>  
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
 God's mother deign'd to appear to me;  
 And, in a vision full of majesty,<sup>5</sup>  
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,  
 And free my country from calamity:  
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:  
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself;  
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me;  
 That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.<sup>6</sup>  
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
 And I will answ're unpremeditated:  
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,  
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
 Resolve on this:<sup>7</sup> Thou shalt be fortunate,  
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

CHAR. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high  
 terms;  
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—  
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;

<sup>4</sup> *To shine on my contemptible estate:*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

" — thy king &c."

" Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — a vision full of majesty,] So, in *The Tempest*:

" This is a most majestick vision— — ." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — which you see.] Thus the second folio. The first, in-  
 judiciously as well as redundantly,—which you may see.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Resolve on this:*] i. e. be firmly persuaded of it. So, Vol. XV.  
 p. 62:

" — I am resolv'd,

" That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue." STEEVENS.

K I N G H E N R Y VI. . . . 23

And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;  
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

PUC. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd  
fword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side; <sup>8</sup>  
The which, at Touraine, in saint Katharine's  
church-yard,

Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth. <sup>9</sup>

CHAR. Then come o'God's name, I fear no wo-  
man.

PUC. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a  
man. [They fight.

CHAR. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

PUC. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too  
weak.

CHAR. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must  
help me;  
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

\* Deck'd with five flower-de-luces, &c.] Old copy—fine; but we  
should read, according to Holinshed, —five flower-de-luces.—  
“ — in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hit  
sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five floure-de-  
lices was graven on both fides,” &c. STEEVENS.

The same mistake having happened in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in other places, I have not hesitated to reform the text, according to Mr. Steevens's suggestion. In the MSS. of the age of Queen Elizabeth, u and n are undistinguishable. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Out of a deal of old iron &c.] The old copy yet more re-  
dundantly—Out of a great deal &c. I have no doubt but the  
original line stood, elliptically, thus:

Out a deal of old iron I chose forth.

The phrase of hospitals is still an out door, not an out of door  
patient. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Impatiently I burn with thy desire;] The amorous constitution  
of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play:

“ Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.” COLLINS.

24 . FIRST PART OF

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.  
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,  
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;  
'Tis the French Dauphin firth to thee thus.

PUC. I must not yield to any rites of love,  
For my profession's sacred from above:  
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompence.

CHAR. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate  
thrall.

REIG. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

ALEN. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her  
smock;  
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REIG. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no  
mean?

ALEN. He may mean more than we poor men  
do know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REIG. My lord, where are you? what devise  
you on?

Shall we give over Orléans, or no?

PUC. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!  
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

CHAR. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight  
it out.

PUC. Affign'd am I to be the English scourge.  
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise;  
Expect saint Martin's summer,<sup>3</sup> halcyon days,

The Dauphin in the preceding play is John, the elder brother of  
the present speaker: He died in 1416, the year after the battle of  
Agincourt. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Expect saint Martin's summer,]* That is, expect prosperity after  
misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun.

JOHNSON.

Since I have entered into these wars.  
 Glory is like a circle in the water,  
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.<sup>4</sup>  
 With Henry's death, the English circle ends;  
 Dispersed are the glories it included.  
 Now am I like that proud insulting ship,  
 Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Glory is like a circle in the water,  
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.] So, in *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:*

" As when a stome is into water cast,

" One circle doth another circle make,

" Till the last circle reach the bank at last."

The same image, without the particular application, may be found in *Silius Italicus*, Lib. XIII:

" Sic ubi perrumpit flagrantem calculus undam,

" Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,

" Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliscente liquorem

" Multiplicat crebros finuati gurgitis orbes;

" Douec postremo laxatis circulus oris,

" Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas." MALONE.

This was a favourite simile with Pope. It is to be found also in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Book VIII. st. 63, of Sir John Harrington's Translation:

" As circles in a water cleare are spread,

" When sunne doth shine by day, and moone by night,

" Succeeding one another in a ranke,

" Till all by one and one do touch the banke."

I meet with it again in Chapman's *Epinke Dedicatoria*, prefixed to his version of the *Iliad*:

" ————— As in a spring,

" The pliyant water, mov'd with any thing

" Let fall into it, puts her motion out

" In perfect circles; that moue round about

" The gentle fountaine, one another raysing."

And the same image is much expanded by Sylvester, the translator of *Du Bartas*, 3d part of 2d day of 2d week. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>5</sup> ————— like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.] This alludes to a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, thus translated by Sir

CHAR. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?<sup>6</sup>  
 Thou with an eagle art inspired then.  
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
 Nor yet saint Philip's daughters,<sup>7</sup> were like thee.  
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,  
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?<sup>8</sup>

ALEN. Leave off delays, and let us raise the  
 siege.

REIG. Woman, do what thou canst to save our  
 honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

CHAR. Presently we'll try: — Come, let's away  
 about it;

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

T. North: "Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnace, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, &c. said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for thou haft Cæsar and his fortune with thee." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*] Mahomet had a dove, which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice. See Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, Book I. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux. GREY.

<sup>7</sup> *Nor yet saint Philip's daughters,*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *AEs.* HANMER.

<sup>8</sup> *How may I reverently worship thee enough?*] Perhaps this unmetrical line originally ran thus:

*How may I reverence, worship thee enough?*  
 The climax rises properly, from reverence, to worship. STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

London. *Hill before the Tower.*

*Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his  
Serving-men in blue coats.*

GLO. I am come to survey the Tower this day;  
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is convey-  
ance.<sup>9</sup> —

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates; it is Gloster that calls.

[*Servants knock.*]

1. WARD. [Within.] Who is there that knocks so imperiously?
1. SERV. It is the noble duke of Gloster.
2. WARD. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1. SERV. Villains, answer you so the lord pro-  
tector?
1. WARD. [Within.] The Lord prote&t him! so  
we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

GLO. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—  
Break up the gates,<sup>9</sup> I'll be your warrantize:  
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

<sup>9</sup> — *there is conveyance.*] *Conveyance means theft.*

HANMER.

So Pistol, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Convey the wife it call; Steal! bob; a fico for the phrase.” STREEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Break up the gates,] I suppose to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis; or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themselves. STREEVENS.

*Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter, to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

WOOD. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

GLO. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear? Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

WOOD. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids;  
From him I have express commandement,  
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

GLO. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,  
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:  
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1. SERV. Open the gates unto the lord protector;  
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

To break up in Shakespeare's age was the same as to break open. Thus in our translation of the Bible: "They have broken up," "and have passed through the gate." *Micah*, ii. 13. So again, in *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 43: "He would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up." WHALLEY.

Some one has proposed to read —

*Break ope the gates,* —  
but the old copy is right. So Hall, *HENRY VI.* folio 78, b.  
"The lusty Kentishmen hopyng on more friends, brake up the  
gaytes of the King's Bench and Marshalsea," &c. MALONE.

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.<sup>6</sup>*

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

GLO. Piel'd priest,<sup>8</sup> dost thou command me to be shut out?

<sup>6</sup> —— *tawny coats.*] It appears from the following passage in a comedy called *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634, that a *tawny coat* was the dress of a summoner, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court:

“ Tho I was never a *tawny-coat*, I have play'd the *summoner's part.*”

These are the proper attendants therefore on the Bishop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822, “ — and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats*,” &c.

*Tawny* was likewise a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*: and was therefore the suitable and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court:

“ A croune of bayes shall that man weare  
“ That triumphs over me;  
“ For *blacke* and *tawny* will I weare,  
“ Whiche *mournyng colours* be.”

The Complaint of a Lover wearyng *blacke* and *tawny*: by E. O. [i. e. the Earl of Oxford.] *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1576.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?*] The first folio has it — *umpkeir*. The traces of the letters, and the word being printed in *italicks*, convince me, that the duke's christian name lurk'd under this corruption. THEOBALD.

\* *Piel'd priest,*] Alluding to his shaven crown. POPE.

In Skinner (to whose Dictionary I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd* *garlick*, *cui pellis, vel pilii omnes ex morbo aliquo, praesertim ē lue venerea, defluerunt.*

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the following instance occurs:

“ I'll see them *p—d* first, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd.*”  
STEEVENS.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 364, Robert Baldoche, *bishop of London*, is called a *piel'd priest*, *pilide clerke* seemingly in al-

WIN. I do, thou most usurping proditor,  
And not protector of the king or realm.

GLO. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;  
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;  
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:<sup>9</sup>  
I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,<sup>2</sup>  
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

lusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery. TOLLET.

The old copy has—*pief'd* priest. *Pief'd* and *pil'd* were ouly the old spelling of *pief'd*. So, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 4to. 1594:

" His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,

" So must my foul, her bark being *pil'd* away."

See also Florio's Italian Dictionarie, 1598: *Pelare*. To *pill* or pluck, as they do the feathers of fowle; to pull off the hair or skin." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:*] The publick stews were formerly under the distriet of the bishop of Winchester.

POPE.

There is now extant an old manuscript (formerly the office-book of the court-leet held under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester in Southwark) in which are mentioned the several fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them. One of the articles is,

" *De his, qui custodiunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*"

" Item. That no flewholder keep any woman within his house, that hath any fickness of brenning, but that she be put out upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C shillings." UPTON.

<sup>2</sup> *I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*] This means, I believe—I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve.

So, sir W. D'Avenant, in *The Cruel Brother*, 1630:

" I'll fist and winnow him in an old hat."

To *canvas* was anciently used for to *fist*. So, in Hans Beerpol's *Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

" — We'll *canvas* him.—

" — I am too big —"

Again, in the Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: " *canvas* him and his angell brother Gabriell, in ten sheets of paper," &c.

STEEVENS.

WIN. Nay stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,<sup>3</sup>  
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

GLO. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back!

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth  
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

WIN. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

GLO. What? am I da'rd and bearded to my face?—  
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;  
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[Gloster and his men attack the Bishop.

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:  
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;  
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Again, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*. Doll Tearsheet says to Falstaff—" If thou doft, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets." M. MASON.

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *sieve* is made. Perhaps, however, in the passage before us Gloster means, that he will toss the cardinal in a sheet, even while he was invested with the peculiar badge of his ecclesiastical dignity.—Coarse sheets were formerly termed *canvas sheets*. See Vol. XIII. p. 96, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, ] About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maundrel's *Travels*, p. 131.

POPE.

Sir John Maundeville says, " And in that place where *Damascus* was founded, *Kaym* flouge *Abel* his brother." Maundeville's *Travels*, edit. 1725, p. 148. REED.

" *Damascus* is as moche to faye as shedyng of blood. For there *Chaym* flowe *Abell*, and hydde hym in the fonde." *Polychronicon*, fo. xii. RITSON.

## 32 FIRST PART OF

WIN. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

GLO. Winchester goose,<sup>3</sup> I cry—a rope! a rope!<sup>4</sup>—Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay?—Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!<sup>5</sup>

*Here a great tumult. In the midst of it; Enter the Mayor of London,<sup>6</sup> and Officers.*

MAY. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLO. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,  
Hath here distract'nd the Tower to his use.

WIN. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;<sup>7</sup>  
One that still motions war, and never peace,  
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;  
That seeks to overthrow religion,  
Because he is protector of the realm;

<sup>3</sup> *Winchester goose,*] A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *a rope! a rope!*] See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. X. p. 288, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *out, scarlet hypocrite!*] Thus, in *King Henry VIII.* the Earl of Surrey, with a similar allusion to Cardinal Wolsey's habit, calls him—"scarlet sū." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *the Mayor of London,*] I learn from Mr. Pennant's LONDON, that this Mayor was John Coventry, an opulent mercer, from whom is descended the present Earl of Coventry.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Here's Gloster too, &c.*] Thus the second folio. The first folio, with less spirit of reciprocation and feebler metre,—*Here is Gloster &c.* STEEVENS.

And would have armour here out of the Tower,  
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

GLO. I will not answer thee with words, but  
blows. [Here they skirmish again.

MAY. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous  
strife,

But to make open proclamation:—  
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

OFF. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this  
day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge  
and command you, in his highness' name, to repair  
to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear,  
handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, hence-  
forward, upon pain of death.

GLO. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:  
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

WIN. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be  
sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

MAY. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away: <sup>9</sup>  
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

\* *Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:*] Thus the second  
folio. The first omits the epithet — *dear*; as does Mr. Malone,  
who says that the word — *sure* “is here used as a dissyllable.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:*] This was an outcry  
for assistance, on any riot or quarrel in the streets. It hath been  
explained before. WHALLEY.

So, in *King Henry VIII*: — and hit that woman, who cried  
out, *clubs!*” STEEVENS.

That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or staves. In affrays,  
it was customary in this author's time to call out *clubs, clubs!* See  
*As you like it.* Vol. VIII. p. 319, n. 2. MALONE.

GLO. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

WIN. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head; For I intend to have it, ere long. [ *Exeunt.*

MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs<sup>8</sup> bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year.<sup>9</sup> [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> —— stomachs — ] Stomach is pride, a baughty spirit of resentment. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — he was a man

“ Of an unbounded stomach —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — that nobles should such stomachs bear! I myself fight not once in forty year. ] Old copy — these nobles. Corredded by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

The mayor of London was not brought in to be laugh'd at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding these, he directs his officer, to whom without doubt these two lines should be given. They suit his character, and are very expressive of the pacific temper of the city guards. WARBURTON.

I see no reason for this change. The mayor speaks first as a magistrate, and afterwards as a citizen. JOHNSON.

Notwithstanding Warburton's note in support of the dignity of the Mayor, Shakspere certainly meant to represent him as a poor, well-meaning, simple man, for that is the character he invariably gives to his Mayors. The Mayor of London, in *Richard III.* is just of the same stamp. And so is the Mayor of York, in the Third Part of this play, where he refuses to admit Edward as king, but lets him into the city as Duke of York, on which Gloster says —

“ A wise stout captain! and persuaded soon.

“ Haft. The good old man would fain that all were well.” Such are all Shakspere's Mayors. M. MASON.

## SCENE IV.

France. *Before Orleans.*

*Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.*

M. GUN. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is  
besieg'd;

And how the English have the suburbs won.

SON. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,  
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. GUN. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd  
by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town:  
Something I must do, to procure me grace.  
The prince's espials<sup>2</sup> have informed me,  
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,  
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars  
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The prince's espials — ] Espials are spies. So, in Chaucer's *Froissart's Tale*:

"For subtilly he had his espialle." STEEVENS.

The word is often used by Hall and Holinshed. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars &c. ] Old copy — went. See the notes that follow Dr. Johnson's. STEEVENS.

That is, the English went not through a secret grate, but went to over-peer the city through a secret grate which is in yonder tower. I did not know till of late that this passage had been thought difficult.

JOHNSON.

I believe, instead of went, we should read — wont, the third person plural of the old verb wont. The English — wont, that is, are accustomed — to over-peer the city. The word is used very frequently by Spenser, and several times by Milton.

TYRWHITT.

And thence discover, how, with most advantage,  
 They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.  
 To intercept this inconvenience,  
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;  
 And fully even these three days have I watch'd,  
 If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,  
 For I can stay no longer.<sup>4</sup>  
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;  
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.  
 SON. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;  
 I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT,<sup>5</sup> Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and Others.*

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!  
 How wert thou handled being prisoner?

The emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is fully supported by the passage in Hall's *Chronicle*, on which this speech is formed.

So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" — the usual time is nie,  
 " When wont the dames of fate and destinie  
 " In robes of chearfull colour to repair, — ."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — Now, boy, do thou watch,  
 For I can stay no longer.] The first folio reads:  
 And even these three days have I watch't  
 If I could see them. Now do thou watch,  
 For I can stay no longer. STEEVENS.

Part of this line being in the old copy by a mistake of the transcriber connected with the preceding hemistich, the editor of the second folio supplied the metre by adding the word — boy, in which he has been followed in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

As I cannot but entertain a more favourable opinion than Mr. Malone of the numerous emendations that appear in the second folio, I have again adopted its regulation in the present instance. This folio likewise supplied the word — fully. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — Talbot,] Though the three parts of King Henry VI. are

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?  
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,  
Called — the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;  
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.  
But with a baser man of arms by far,  
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:  
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd: and craved death  
Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd.<sup>6</sup>

deservedly numbered among the feeblest performances of Shakspere, «this first of them appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1592: "How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French,) to thinke that after he had lien two hundred years in his tombe, he shoulde triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding?" STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — — — so pil'd esteem'd.] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without authority — so vile • esteem'd. — So pill'd, may mean — so pillag'd, so stripp'd of honours; but I suspect a corruption, which Mr. M. Mason would remedy, by reading either *vile* or *ill-esteem'd*.

It is *possible*, however, that Shakspere might have written — *Philistin'd*; i. e. treated as contumeliously as Sampson was by the *Philistines*. — Both Sampson and Talbot had been prisoners, and were alike insulted by their captors.

Our author has jocularly formed more than one verb from a proper name; as for instance, from *Aufidius*, in *Coriolanus*: — I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chefts in Corioli. "Again, in *King Henry V.* Pistol says to his prisoner: "Master Fer? I'll *fer* him," &c. Again, in *Hamlet*, from *Herod*, we have the verb "out-*herod*."

Shakspere therefore, in the present instance, might have taken a similar liberty. — To fall into the hands of the *Philistines* has long been a cant phrase, expressive of danger incurred, whether from enemies, association with hard drinkers, gamblers, or a less welcome acquaintance with the harpies of the law.

Talbot's idea would be sufficiently expressed by the term — *Philistin'd*, which (as the play before us appears to have been copied by the ear) was more liable to corruption than a common verb.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.  
 But, O ! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!  
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
 If I now had him brought into my power.

SAL. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-tain'd.

TAL. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,  
 To be a publick spectacle to all ;  
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
 The scare-crow that affrights our children so.

I may add, that perhaps no word will be found nearer to the sound and traces of the letters, in *pil-eſteem'd*, than *Philifin'd*.

*Philifine*, in the age of Shakspeare, was always accented on the first syllable, and therefore is not injurious to the line in which I have hesitatingly proposed to insert it.

I cannot, however, help smiling at my own conjecture; and should it excite the same sensation in the reader who journeys through the barren deserts of our accumulated notes on this play, like Addison's traveller, when he discovers a cheerful spring amid the wilds of sand, let him

" —— blesht his stars, and think it luxury." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that we should read — *ſo pile-eſteem'd*: a Latinism, for which the author of this play had, I believe, no occasion to go to Lilly's grammar. " *Flocci, nauci, nihil, pilii*, &c. *his verbis, affimo, pendo*, peculiariter adjiciuntur; ut, — *Nec hujus facio qui me pili eſtimat.*" Even if we suppose no change to be necessary, this surely was the meaning intended to be conveyed. In one of Shakspeare's plays we have the same phrase, in *English*, — *vile-eſteem'd*.

MALONE.

If the author of the play before us designed to avail himself of the Latin phrase — *pili affimo*, would he have only half translated it? for what correspondence has *pile* in English to a single *hair*? Was a single hair ever called — *a pile*, by any English writer?

STEEVENS.

? — *the terror of the French,*

*The scare-crow that affrights our children so.*] From Hall's *Chronicle*: " This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very scourge and a daily terror, inasmuch that as his person was fearful, and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was

Then broke I from the officers that led me ;  
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,  
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.  
 My grisly countenance made others fly ;  
 None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.  
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;  
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,  
 That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,  
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :  
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
 That walk'd about me every minute-while ;  
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,  
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd ;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans :

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,<sup>\*</sup>  
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;  
 Let us look in, the fight will much delight thee. —  
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,  
 Let me have your express opinions,  
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

GAR. I think, at the north gate ; for there stand lords.

GLAN. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent ; insomuch that women in France to feare their yong children, would crie, the Talbot commeth, the Talbot commeth.<sup>†</sup> The same thing is said of King Richard I. when he was in the Holy Land. See Camden's Remaines, 4to. 1614, p. 267. MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> Here; through this grate, I can count every one, ] Thus the second folio. The first, very harshly and unmetrically, reads :

Here, thorough this grate, I count each one. STEEVENS,

TAL. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,  
Or with light skirmishes enfeeble<sup>d</sup>.<sup>8</sup>

[ Shot from the town. SALISBURY and Sir THO.  
GARGRAVE fall.

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sin-  
ners!

GAR. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

TAL. What chance is this, that suddenly hath  
cross'd us? —

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;  
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!<sup>9</sup> —  
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,

That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,  
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. —

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth  
fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:<sup>10</sup>  
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. —

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! —

<sup>8</sup> —— enfeeble<sup>d</sup>.] This word is here used as a quadrisyllable.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— thy cheek's side struck off!] Camden says in his *Remaines*, that the French scarce knew the use of great ordnance, till the siege of Mans in 1425, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the English, under the conduct of this earl of Salisbury; and that he was the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon-ball. MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> One eye thou hast &c.] A similar thought occurs in *King Lear*:

" —— my lord, you have one eye left,

" To see some mischief on him." STEEVENS.

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—  
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?  
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.  
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;  
 Thou shalt not die, whiles ——  
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;  
 As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*  
*Remember to avenge me on the French.* ——  
 Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,<sup>3</sup>  
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:  
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.  
 [ *Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*  
 What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?  
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord, my lord, the French have ga-  
 ther'd head:  
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—  
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,—  
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[ *SALISBURY groans.*

TAL. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth  
 groan!

<sup>3</sup> —— and Nero-like, ] The first folio reads :

*Plantagenet, I will; and like thee* —— STEEVENS.

In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting, owing probably to the transcriber's not being able to make out the name. The editor of the second folio, with his usual freedom, altered the line thus :

— and *Nero-like will* —. MALONE.

I am content to read with the second folio (not conceiving the emendation in it to be an arbitrary one) and omit only the needless repetition of the verb — *will*. Surely there is some absurdity in making Talbot address Plantagenet, and invoke Nero, in the same line. STEEVENS.

It irks his heart: he cannot be reveng'd. —  
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:  
 Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,<sup>4</sup>  
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —  
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,  
 And then we'll try what these daftard Frenchmen  
 dare.<sup>5</sup> [ *Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.* ]

<sup>4</sup> *Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,*] *Puffel* means a dirty wench or a drab, from *pizza*, i. e. *malus factio*, says Minshew. In a translation from Stephen's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 98, we read — “Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzles* of Paris, use this other theft.” TOLLET.

So, Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595: “No nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a nosegay in her hand.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Commendatory Verses*, prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“Lady or *Puffill*, that wears mask or fan.”

As for the conceit, miserable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the statue of Sir Thomas Bodley in the library at Oxford, “Pit Thomas Godly nomine insignivit, eoque potius nomine quam *Bodly*, deinceps merito nominandum esse cepit.” See *Rex Platonicus*, &c. edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187.

It should be remembered, that in Shakspeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*. STEEVENS.

There are frequent references to Pucelle's name in this play:

“I scarr'd the *dauphin* and his *trull*.”

Again:

“Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless *courtezan*!”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And then we'll try what these daftard Frenchmen dare.*] Perhaps the conjunction — and, for the sake of metre, should be omitted at the beginning of this line, which, in my opinion, however, originally ran thus:

Then try we what these daftard Frenchmen dare.

STEEVENS.

## SCENE V.

*The same. Before one of the gates.*

*Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in : then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.*

TAL. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force ?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them ;  
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

*Enter LA PUCELLE.*

Here, here she comes : — I'll have a bout with thee ;

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee :

Blood will I draw on thee,<sup>5</sup> thou art a witch,  
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

PUC. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [ *They fight.* ]

TAL. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?  
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage.  
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

PUC. Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come :  
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.  
O'ertake me, if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.  
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved<sup>6</sup> men ;

<sup>5</sup> *Blood will I draw on thee,* ] The superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — hunger-starved — ] The same epithet is, I think, used by Shakespeare. The old copy has — hungry-starved. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Help Salisbury to make his testament :  
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the town, with Soldiers.  
TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel ;<sup>4</sup>

I know not where I am, nor what I do :  
A witch, by fear,<sup>5</sup> not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists :  
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,  
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.  
They call'd us, for our fiercenes, English dogs ;  
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.  
Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,  
Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;  
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :  
Sheep run not half so timorous<sup>6</sup> from the wolf,  
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another skirmish.  
It will not be : — Retire into your trenches :  
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. —  
Bucelle is enter'd into Orleans,  
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.  
O, would I were to die with Salisbury !  
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his forces, &c.

<sup>4</sup> — like a potter's wheel ; ] This idea might have been caught from Psalm lxxxiii. 13 : " — Make them like unto a wheel, and as the stubble before the wind." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — by fear, &c. ] See Hannibal's stratagem to escape by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded in *Livy*, Lib. XII. c. xvi. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> — so timorous — ] Old copy — treacherous. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

## SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and soldiers.*

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls;  
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves: —  
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

CHAR. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success?

<sup>7</sup> —— from the English wolves: &c.] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word — *wolves*. STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, not perceiving that *English* was used as a trisyllable, arbitrarily reads — *English wolves*; in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. So, in the next line but one, he reads — *bright Astræa*, not observing that *Astræa*, by a licentious pronunciation, was used by the author of this play, as if written *Asteræa*. So *monstrous* is made a tri-syllable; — *monsterous*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. IV. p. 191, n. 7. MALONE.

Here again I must follow the second folio, to which we are indebted for former and numerous emendations received even by Mr. Malone.

Shakspeare has frequently the same image. So, the French in *King Henry V.* speaking of the *English*: “They will eat like *wolves*, and fight like devils.”

If Pucelle, by this term, does not allude to the hunger or fierceness of the English, she refers to the *wolves* by which their kingdom was formerly infested. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

“Peopled with *wolves*, thy old inhabitants.”

As no example of the proper name — *Astræa*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable is given by Mr. Malone, or has occurred to me, I also think myself authorised to receive — *bright*, the necessary epithet supplied by the second folio. STEEVENS.

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,<sup>\*</sup>  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

\* —— like Adonis' gardens, } It may not be impertinent to take notice of a dispute between four critics, of very different orders, upon this very important point of the gardens of Adonis. Milton had said :

" Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,  
" Or of reviv'd Adonis, or —— "

which Dr. Bentley pronounces spurious; for that the Κῆποι Ἀδόνιδος, the gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them for Adonis's worship; because Venus had once laid him in a lettuce bed. The next day they were thrown away, &c. To this Dr. Pearce replies, That this account of the gardens of Adonis is right, and yet Milton may be defended for what he says of them: for why (says he) did the Grecians on Adonis's festival carry these small gardens about in honour of him? It was, because they had a tradition, that, when he was alive, he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one: for proof of this we have Pliny's words xix. 4. " Antiquitas nihil prius mirata est quam Hesperidum hortos, ac regum Adonis & Alcinoi." One would now think the question well decided: but Mr. Theobald comes, and will needs be Dr. Bentley's second. A learned and reverend gentleman (says he) having attempted to impeach Dr. Bentley of error, for maintaining that there never was existent any magnificent or spacious gardens of Adonis, an opinion in which it has been my fortune to second the doctor, I thought myself concerned, in some part, to weigh those authorities alledged by the objector, &c. The reader sees that Mr. Theobald mistakes the very question in dispute between these two truly learned men, which was not whether Adonis' gardens were ever existent, but whether there was a tradition of any celebrated gardens cultivated by Adonis. For this would sufficiently justify Milton's mention of them, together with the gardens of Alcinous, confessed by the poet himself to be fabulous. But bear their own words. There was no such garden (says Dr. Bentley) ever existent, or even feign'd. He adds the latter part, as knowing that that would justify the poet; and it is on that assertion only that his adversary Dr. Pearce joins issue with him. Why (says he) did they carry the small earthen gardens? It was because they had a tradition, that when alive he delighted in gardens. Mr. Theobald, therefore, mistaking the question, it is no wonder that all he says, in his long note at the end of his fourth volume, is nothing to the purpose; it being to shew that Dr. Pearce's quotations from Pliny and others, do not

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetes! —

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

REIG. Why ring not out the bells throughout  
the town?<sup>9</sup>

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALEN. All France will be replete with mirth and  
joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

CHAR. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is  
won;

For which, I will divide my crown with her;

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,

Than Rhodope's,<sup>2</sup> or Memphis', ever was?

prove the real existence of the gardens. After these, comes the Oxford editor; and he pronounces in favour of Dr. Bentley against Dr. Pearce, in these words, *The gardens of Adonis were never represented under any local description.* But whether this was said at hazard, or to contradict Dr. Pearce, or to redify Mr. Theobald's mistake of the question, it is so obscurely expressed, that one can hardly determine. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?]* The old copy, unnecessarily as well as redundantly, reads —

*Why ring not out the bells aloud &c.*

But if the bells rang out, they must have rang aloud; for to *ring out*, as I am informed, is a technical term with that signification. The disagreeable jingle, however, of *out* and *without* induces me to suppose the line originally stood thus:

*Why ring not bells aloud throughout the town?*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Than Rhodope's,]* Rhodope was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny, in the 36th book of his *Natural History*, ch. xii.) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have

In memory of her, when she is dead,  
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffe of Darius,

married Psammetichus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call Joan of Arc a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her.

Rhodope is mentioned in the play of *The Coffy Whore*, 1633 :

" — a base Rhodope,

" Whose body is as common as the sea

" In the receipt of every lustful spring."

I would read :

*Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was.* STEEVENS.

The brother of Sappho, was in love with Rhodope, and purchased her freedom (for she was a slave in the same house with Esop the fabulist) at a great price. Rhodope was of Thrace, not of Memphis. Memphis, a city of Egypt, was celebrated for its pyramids:

" Barbara Pyramidum fileat miracula Memphis."

MART. De spectaculis Libel. Ep. I. MALONE.

The question, I apprehend, is not where Rhodope was born, but where she obtained celebrity. Her Thracian birth-place would not have rescued her from oblivion. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens must be adopted. The meaning is — not that Rhodope herself was of Memphis, but — that her pyramid was there. I will rear to her, says the Dauphin, a pyramid more stately than that of Memphis, which was called Rhodope's. Pliny says the pyramids were six miles from that city, and that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of one Rhodope, a verie strumpet."

RITSON.

" — *coffer of Darius*, ] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as Homer's *Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum in Vita Alexandri Magni*. THEOBALD.

The very words of the text are found in Puttenham's *Aite of English Poete*, 1589 : "In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch as everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel cofer of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in bataille." MALONE.

Transported shall be at high festivals  
 Before the kings and queens of France.<sup>3</sup>  
 No longer on saint Dennis will we cry,  
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
 Come in; and let us banquet royally,  
 After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

A C T II.      S C E N E I.

*The same.*

*Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.*

SERG. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:  
 If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,  
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,  
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.<sup>4</sup>

1. SENT. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors  
 (When others sleep upon quiet beds,)       
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold,

I believe, we should read, with Puttenham, "jewel-coffer," and not, as in the text, "jewel'd coffer." The jewel-coffer of Darius was, I suppose, the *cabinet* in which he kept his gems.

To a jewelled coffer (i. e. a coffer ornamented with jewels) the epithet rich would have been superfluous. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Before the kings and queens of France, ] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the obvious defect in this line, by reading—

Ever before the kings &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— court of guard. ] The same phrase occurs again in *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, &c. and is equivalent to the modern term—guard-room. STEEVENS.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,  
with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead  
march.*

TAL. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy.—  
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:  
Embrace we then this opportunity;  
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,  
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

BED. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs  
his fame,  
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,  
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

BUR. Traitors have never other company.—  
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

TAL. A maid, they say.

BED.                   A maid! and be so martial!

BUR. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere  
long;

If underneath the standard of the French,  
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

TAL. Well, let them practise and converse with  
spirits:

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

BED. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

TAL. Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways;  
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.

BED. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

BUR. And I to this.

TAL. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear.  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying St. George!*  
*a Talbot! and all enter by the town.*

SENT. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts.*  
*Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENCON, REIGNIER,* half ready, and half unready.

ALEN. How now, my lords? what all unready so?<sup>3</sup>

BAST. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

<sup>3</sup> —— unready so? ] *Unready* was the current word in those times for undress'd. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638: "Enter Sixtus and Lucrece unready."

Again, in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:

" Enter James unready in his night-cap, garterless," &c.

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, is this stage direction:

" He makes himself unready."

" Why what do you mean? you will not be so uncivil as to unbrace you here?"

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

" You are not going to bed, I see you are not yet unready."

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" Here Jupiter puts out the lights, and makes himself unready."

*Unready* is equivalent to the old French word—di-pret.

STEEVENS.

REIG. 'Twas time, I tr̄w, to wake, and leave  
our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.<sup>2</sup>

ALEN. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,  
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize  
More venturous, or desperate than this.

BAST. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.

REIG. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour  
him.

ALEN. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he  
sped.

*Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.*

BAST. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

CHAR. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?  
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,  
Make us partakers of a little gain,  
That now our losſ might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his  
friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?  
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,  
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—  
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,  
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHAR. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;  
That, being captain of the watch to-night,  
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALEN. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,  
As that whereof I had the government,  
• We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

<sup>2</sup> Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.] So, in King Lear:

"Or, at their chamber door I'll beat the drum——."

STEEVENS.

BAST. Mine was secure.

REIG. And so was mine, my lord.

CHAR. And, for myself, most part of all this night,  
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,  
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,  
About relieving of the sentinels :  
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

PUC. Question, my lords, no further of the case,  
How, or which way ; 'tis sure, they found some  
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.  
And now there rests no other shift but this,—  
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,  
And lay new platforms<sup>3</sup> to endamage them.

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier crying, a Talbot ! a Talbot !<sup>4</sup> They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLD. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.  
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

<sup>3</sup> — platforms — ] i. e. plans, schemes. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter an English Soldier crying, a Talbot ! a Talbot !*] And afterwards :

" The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword." Here a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakespeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, first published in 1579, observes in his notes on *June*, that Lord Talbot's " noblenesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftentimes greate armies were defeated and put to flight, at the only hearing of his name: insomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT cometh." See also sc. iii. T. WARTON.

The same is said in Drayton's *Mysteries of Queen Margaret*, of Lord Warwick :

" And still so fearful was great Warwick's name,

" That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,

" On the king's army till at length they light."

STEEVENS.

For I have loaden me with many spoils,  
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

Orleans. *Within the town.*

*Enter TALBOT, BEDEFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and Others.*

BED. The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

TAL. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;  
And here advance it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.—  
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;

In a note on a former passage, p. 38, n. 7, I have quoted a passage from Hall's *Chronicle*, which probably furnished the author of this play with this circumstance. It is not mentioned by Hollinshed, (Shakspeare's historian,) and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author. See the Essay at the end of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* It is surely more probable that the writer of this play should have taken this circumstance from the *Chronicle* which furnished him with his plot, than from the Comment on Spenser's *Pastorals*. MALONE.

This is one of the floating atoms of intelligence which might have been orally circulated, and consequently have reached our author through other channels than those of Spenser's annotator, or our English Chronicler, STEEVENS.

"Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul; &c.] So, in the old spurious play of *King John*:

"Thus hath King Richard's son perform'd his vow,  
"And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice  
"Unto his father's ever-living soul." STEEVENS.

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,  
 There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.  
 And, that hereafter ages may behold  
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect  
 A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd :  
 Upon the which, that every one may read,  
 Shall be engrav'd the fack of Orleans ;  
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death,  
 And what a terror he had been to France.  
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
 I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace ;  
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc ;  
 Nor any of his false confederates.

BED. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight  
 began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
 They did, amongst the troops of armed men,  
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BUR. Myself (as far as I could well discern,  
 For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,) Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull ;  
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,  
 That could not live asunder day or night.  
 After that things are set in order here,  
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. All hail, my lords ! which of this princely  
 train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts  
 So much applauded through the realm of France ?

TAL. Here is the Talbot; Who would speak  
 with him ?

MESS. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,  
 With modesty admiring thy renown,  
 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldest vouchsafe  
 To visit her poor castle where she lies;<sup>5</sup>  
 That she may boast, she hath beheld the man  
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars  
 Will turn unto a peaceful comick sport,  
 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—  
 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TAL. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of  
 men  
 Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.—  
 And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;  
 And in submission will attend on her.—  
 Will not your honours bear me company?

BED. No, truly it is more than manners will;  
 And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests  
 Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TAL. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,  
 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.  
 Come hither, captain. [Whispers.] — You perceive  
 my mind.

CAPT. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

[Exeunt.

<sup>5</sup> —— where she lies; ] i. e. where she dwells. See Vol. XIII.  
 p. 140, n. 6. MALONE.

## SCENE III.

Auvergne, *Court of the Castle.*

*Enter the Countess and her Porter.*

COUNT. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;  
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

PORT. Madam, I will.

[Exit.]

COUNT. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,  
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,  
And his achievements of no less account:  
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
To give their censure<sup>4</sup> of these rare reports.

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT.*

MESS. Madam,

According as your ladyship desir'd,  
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

COUNT. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESS. Madam, it is.

COUNT. Is this the scourge of France?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,

<sup>4</sup> — their censure — ] i. e. their opinion. So, in *King Richard III.*:

" And give your censures in this weighty business."

STEEVENS.

That with his name the mothers still their babes?<sup>5</sup>  
 I see, report is fabulous and false :  
 I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,  
 A second Hector, for his grim aspect,  
 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs,  
 Alas ! this is a child, a silly dwarf :  
 It cannot be, this weak and writhled<sup>6</sup> shrimp  
 Should strike such terror to his enemies.

TAL. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you ;  
 But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
 I'll fort some other time to visit you,

COUNT. What means he now ?—Go ask him,  
 whither he goes.

MESS. Stay, my lord Talbot ; for my lady craves  
 To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

TAL. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,  
 I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

*Re-enter Porter, with keys.*

COUNT. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TAL. Prisoner ! to whom ?

COUNT. To me, blood-thirsty lord ;  
 And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.  
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

<sup>5</sup> *That with his name the mothers still their babes ?*] Dryden has transplanted this idea into his *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal*:

"Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name

"Be longer us'd, to lull the crying babe." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — writhled — ] i. e. wrinkled. The word is used by Spenser. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — wrizzled, which has been followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

The instance from Spenser, is the following :

"Her writhled skin, as rough as maple rind."

STEEVENS.

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:  
 But now the substance shall endure the like;  
 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
 That hast by tyranny, these many years,  
 Wasted our country; slain our citizens,  
 And sent our sons and husbands captivate.'

TAL. Ha, ha, ha!

COUNT. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall  
 turn to moan.

TAL. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,  
 To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,  
 Whereon to practice your severity.

COUNT. Why, art not thou the man?

TAL. I am indeed.

COUNT. Then have I substance too.

TAL. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:<sup>9</sup>  
 You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here,  
 For what you see, is but the smalleſt part  
 And leaſt proportion of humanity:  
 I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here;  
 It is of ſuch a spacious lofty pitch,  
 Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.

COUNT. This is a riddling merchant for the  
 nonce;

<sup>7</sup> —— *captivate.*] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*:  
 “ If not defroy'd and bound, and *captivate*,  
 “ If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *so fond,*] i. e. *so foolish.* So, in *King Henry IV. Part II.*  
 “ *Fondly* brought here, and foolishly ſent hence.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *I am but shadow of myself:*] So, in *King Henry VIII.*:  
 “ I am the *shadow of poor Buckingham.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *This is a riddling merchant &c.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:  
 “ What fauſy merchant was this?”

See a note on this paſſage, A&II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

## 60      F I R S T   P A R T   O F

He will be here, and yet he is not here:  
How can these contrarieties agree?

TAL. That will I show you presently.<sup>3</sup>

*Hewinds d horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ord-*  
*nance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,  
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?  
These are his substance, finews, arms, and strength,  
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;  
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,  
And in a moment makes them desolate.

COUNT. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:  
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,<sup>4</sup>  
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.  
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;  
For I am sorry, that with reverence  
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

TAL. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue  
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.  
What you have done, hath not offended me:  
No other satisfaction do I crave,  
But only (with your patience,) that we may  
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;  
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

COUNT. With all my heart; and think me ho-  
noured  
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

<sup>3</sup> *That will I show you presently.*] The deficient foot in this line  
may properly be supplied, by reading—

*That, madam, will I show you presently.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *— bruited,*] To bruit is to proclaim with noise, to announce  
loudly. So, in *Macbeth*:

*" — one of greatest note*

*" Seems bruited."* STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.<sup>2</sup>*

PLAN. Great lords, and gentlemen what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

SUF. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;  
The garden here is more convenient.

PLAN. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;

Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?<sup>3</sup>

SUF. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;  
And never yet could frame my will to it;  
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

WAR. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch.

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

<sup>2</sup> —— and another Lawyer.] Read — a lawyer. This lawyer was probably Roger Nevyle, who was afterward hanged. See *W. Wyrcester*, p. 478. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?] So all the editions. There is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions. I once read,

Or else was wrangling Somerset i'th' right? JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer would read:  
And was not ——. STEEVENS.

Betwen two blades, which bears the better temper.

Between two horses, which doth bear him best.<sup>3</sup>  
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,  
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgement:  
But in these nice sharp quilletts of the law.

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLAN. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:  
The truth appears so naked on my side,  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOM. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,  
So clear, so shining, and so evident,  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLAN. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath  
to speak,

In dumb significants<sup>4</sup> proclaim your thoughts:  
Let him, that is a trueborn gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —— bear him best,] i. e. regulate his motions most adroitly.  
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"He bears him like a portly gentleman." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> In dumb significants—] I suspect, we should read—*significance*.  
MALONE.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *Lov's Labour's Lost*; "Bear this significant [i. e. a letter] to the country maid, Jaquenetta." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of saying a thing under the rose, I am persuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the white and red rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he said it

SOM. Let him that is no coward, nor no flat-  
terer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WAR. I love no colours;<sup>6</sup> and, without all co-  
lour

Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

SUF. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;  
And say withal, I think he held the right.

VER. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no  
more,

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side  
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*under the rose;* meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was  
religiously to be kept secret. WARBURTON.

This is ingenious! What pity, that it is not learned too?—  
The rose (as the fables<sup>say</sup>) was the symbol of silence, and con-  
secrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of  
his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's *Dictionary* might have  
instructed Dr. Warburton in this. “ *Huic Harpocrati Cupido  
Veneris filius parentis sua rosam dedit in munus, ut scilicet si quid  
licentius dictum, vel actum sit in convivio, scient tacenda esse  
omnia. Atque idcirco veteres ad finem convivii sub rosa, Anglicè  
under the rose, transacta esse omnia ante digressum contestabantur;  
cujus formæ vis eadem esset, atque ista, Μισθούμονα συμπόταν.*

Probant hanc rem versus qui reperiuntur in marmore:

“ *Eft rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo fulta laterent;*  
“ *Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.*

“ *Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,*  
“ *Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant.*”

UPTON.

“ *I love no colours;* ] Colours is here used ambiguously for tints  
and decays. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ —— I do fear colourable colours.”

STEEvens.

SOM. Good master Vernon, it is well objected; <sup>7</sup>  
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

PLAN. And I.

VER. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,  
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOM. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;  
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,  
And fall on my side so against your will.

VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOM. Well, well, come on: Who else?

LAW. Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held, was wrong in you;

[To SOMERSET.

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

PLAN. Now Somerſet, where is your argument?

SOM. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,  
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

PLAN. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit  
our roses;  
For pale they look with fear, as witnessſing  
The truth on our side.

SOM. No, Plantagenet,  
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> —— well objected; ] Properly thrown in our way, judly pro-  
posed. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Version of the 21st Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:  
“ Excites Penelope to object the prize,  
“ (The bow and bright steeles) to the woers' strength.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— but anger,—that thy cheeks &c. ] i. e. it is not for fear  
that my cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this  
circumstance, namely, that thy cheeks blush, &c. MALONE.

Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLAN. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SOM. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLAN. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his  
truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

SOM. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleed-  
ing roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLAN. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,  
I scorn thee and thy fashion,<sup>9</sup> peevish boy.

<sup>9</sup> *I scorn thee and thy fashion,*] So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to *fashion*, not considering that by *fashion* is meant the badge of the red rose, which Somerset said he and his friends would be distinguished by. But Mr. Theobald asks, *If fashion was not the true reading, why should Suffolk immediately reply,*

*Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.*

Why? because Plantagenet had called Somerset, with whom Suffolk sided, *peevish boy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald with great probability reads—*faction*. Plantagenet afterward uses the same word:

" —— this pale and angry rose —

" Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear."

In *King Henry V.* we have *patton* for *faction*. We should undoubtedly read—and thy *faction*. The old spelling of this word was *faccion*, and hence *fashion* easily crept into the text.

So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, EDWARD IV. fol. xxii. " —— whom we ought to believe to be sent from God; and of hym onely to bee provided a kyng; for to extinguish both the *factions* and *parties* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth." MALONE.

As *fashion* might have been meant to convey the meaning assigned to it by Dr. Warburton, I have left the text as I found it, allowing at the same time the merit of the emendation offered by Mr. Theobald, and countenanced by Mr. Malone. STREEVENS.

SUF. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

PLAN. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him  
and thee.

SUF. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOM. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!  
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

WAR. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,  
Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,<sup>1</sup>  
Third son to the third Edward king of England;  
Spring crestless yeomen<sup>3</sup> from so deep a root?

PLAN. He bears him on the place's privilege,<sup>4</sup>  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

SOM. By him that made me, I'll maintain my  
words

On any plot of ground in Christendom:  
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,

<sup>1</sup> His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence, ] The author mistakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the son of Philippa the daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence. That duke therefore was his maternal great grandfather. See Vol. XII. p. 215, n. 7.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Spring crestless yeomen — ] i. e. those who have no right to arms.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> He bears him on the place's privilege, ] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. JOHNSON.

It does not appear that the Temple had any peculiar privilege at this time, being then, as it is at present, the residence of law-students. The author might, indeed, imagine it to have derived some such privilege from its former inhabitants, the Knights Templars, or Knights Hospitalers, both religious orders: or blows might have been prohibited by the regulations of the Society: or what is equally probable, he might have neither known nor cared any thing about the matter. RITSON.

For treason executed in our late king's days?<sup>5</sup>  
 And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,  
 Corrupted, and exempt<sup>6</sup> from ancient gentry?  
 His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;  
 And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

PLAN. My father was attached, not attainted;  
 Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;  
 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,  
 Were growing time once ripen'd<sup>7</sup> to my will.  
 For your partaker Poole,<sup>8</sup> and you yourself,  
 I'll note you in my book of memory,<sup>9</sup>  
 To scourge you for this apprehension:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> For treason executed in our late king's days? ] This unmetrical line may be somewhat harmonized by adopting a practice common to our author, and reading—execute, instead of executed. Thus in *King Henry V.* we have create instead of created, and contaminate instead of contaminated. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Corrupted, and exempt — ] Exempt, for excluded.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — time once ripen'd — ] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:  
 " — stay the very riping of the time." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> For your partaker Poole, ] Partaker in ancient language, signifies accomplice. So, in *Psalms L*: "When thou sawest a thief thou didst consent unto him, and hast been partaker with the adulterers." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> I'll note you in my book of memory, ] So, in *Hamlet*:  
 " — the table of my memory.

Again:

" — shall live

" Within the book and volume of my brain." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> To scourge you for this apprehension: ] Though this word possesses all the copies, I am persuaded it did not come from the author. I have ventured to read—reprehension: and Plantagenet means, that Somerset had reprehended or reproached him with his father the Earl of Cambridge's treason. THEOBALD.

Apprehension, i. e. opinion. WARBURTON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

" — how long have you profess'd apprehension?"

STEEVENS.

Look to it well ; and say you are well warn'd.

SOM. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still :  
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes ;  
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

PLAN. And, by my soul, this pale and angry  
rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,<sup>3</sup>  
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear ;  
Until it wither with me to my grave,  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUF. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy am-  
bition !

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

SOM. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambi-  
tious Richard. [Exit.

PLAN. How I am brav'd, and must perforce  
endure it !

WAR. This blot, that they object against your  
house,

Shall be wip'd out<sup>4</sup> in the next parliament,  
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster :  
And, if thou be not then created York,  
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.  
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,

<sup>3</sup> —— this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, ] So, in Romeo and  
Juliet :

“ Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look’st pale.—

“ And, trust me, love, in mine eye so do you :

“ Dry sorrow drinks our blood.” STEEVENS.

A badge is called a cognizance à cognoscendo, because by it such  
persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their  
hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry  
the cognizance is seated upon the most eminent part of the helmet.

TOLLET.

<sup>4</sup> Shall be wip’d out — ] Old copy—whip’t, Corrected by the  
editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,  
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose:  
 And here I prophecy,—This brawl to-day  
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,  
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLAN. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,  
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VER. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

LAW. And so will I.

PLAN. Thanks, gentle sir.<sup>5</sup>  
 Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,  
 This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E V.

*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER,<sup>6</sup> brought in a chair by two  
 Keepers.

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

<sup>6</sup> ——gentle sir.] The latter word, which yet does not complete the metre, was added by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

Perhaps the line had originally this conclusion:

“ ——Thanks, gentle sir; thanks both.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Enter Mortimer,] Mr. Edwards, in his MS notes, observes, that Shakspere has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.<sup>4</sup> —

charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. STEEVENS.

A *Remarker* on this note [the author of the next] seems to think that he has totally overturned it, by quoting the following passage from Hall's *Chronicle*: "During whiche parliament [held in the thi d year of Henry VI. 1425,] came to London Peter Duke of Quinber, — whiche of the Duke of Exeter, &c. was hightly sefted—. During wþych season Edmond Mortymer, the last Eile of Marche of that name, (whiche long tyme had bene retrayned from hys liberty and þally waxed lame,) diseased without yſſue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. as it a circumstance which Hall mentioned to mark the time of Mortimer's death, necessarily explained the place where it happened also. The fact is, that this Edmund Mortimer did not die in London, but at Trim in Ireland. He did not however die in confinement (as Sandford has erroneously asserted in his *Genealogical History*. See *King Henry IV.* Part I. Vol. XII. p. 215, n. 7.); and whether he ever was confined, (except by Owen Glendower) may be doubted, notwithstanding the assertion of Hall. Hardynge, who lived at the time, says he was treated with the greatest kindness and care both by Henry IV. (to whom he was a *ward*,) and by his son Henry V. See his *Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 229. He was certainly at liberty in the year 1415, having a few days before King Henry sailed from Southampton, divulged to him in that town the traiterous intention of his brother-in-law Richard Earl of Cambridge, by which he probably conciliated the friendship of the young king. He at that time received a general pardon from Henry, and was employed by him in a naval enterprize. At the coronation of Queen Katharine he attended and held the sceptre.

Soon after the accession of King Henry VI. he was constituted by the English Regency chief governor of Ireland, an office which he executed by a deputy of his own appointment. In the latter end of the year 1424, he went himself to that country, to protec the great inheritance which he derived from his grandmother Philippa, (daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence) from the incursions of some Irish chieftains, who were aided by a body of Scottish rovers; but soon after his arriyal died of the plague in his castle at Trim, in January 1424-5.

This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old historians, with his kinsman, who was perhaps about thirty years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer at the time of his death could not have been above thirty

Even like a man new haled from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:

years old; for supposing that his grandmother Philippa was married at fifteen, in 1376, his father Roger could not have been born till 1377; and if he married at the early age of sixteen, Edmund was born in 1394.

This family had great possessions in Ireland, in consequence of the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence with the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for some time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father Edward III. Duke of *Clarence*, in consequence of possessing the honour of *Clare*, in the county of Thomond. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married Philippa the duke's only daughter, succeeded him in the government of Ireland, and died in his office, at St. Dominic's Abbey, near Cork, in December 1381. His son, Roger Mortimer, was twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was slain at a place called Keneles, in Offaly, in 1398. Edmund his son, the Mortimer of this play, was, as has been already mentioned, Chief Governor of Ireland, in the years 1423, and 1424, and died there in 1425. His nephew and heir, Richard Duke of York, (the Plantagenet of this play) was in 1449 constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for ten years, with extraordinary powers; and his son George Duke of Clarence (who was afterwards murdered in the Tower) was born in the Castle of Dublin, in 1450. This prince filled the same office which so many of his ancestors had possessed, being constituted Chief Governor of Ireland for life, by his brother King Edward IV. in the third year of his reign.

Since this note was written, I have more precisely ascertained the age of Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, uncle to the Richard Plantagenet of this play. He was born in December 1392, and consequently was thirty-two years old when he died. His ancestor, Lionel Duke of Clarence, was married to the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, but not in 1360, as I have said, but about the year 1353. He probably did not take his title of *Clarence* from his great Irish possessions, (as I have suggested) but rather from his wife's mother, Elizabeth de Clare, third daughter of Gilbert de Clare Earl of Gloucester, and sister to Gilbert de Clare, the last (of that name) Earl of Gloucester who founded Clare Hall in Cambridge.

The error concerning Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law to Richard Earl of Cambridge, having been "kept in captivity until he died," seems to have arisen from the legend of Richard Plantagenet, duke of Yorke, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1575, where the following lines are found:

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,<sup>5</sup>

" His cursed son ensued his cruel path,  
 " And kept my guiltless cou[n]t[a] strait in durance,  
 " For whom my father hard entreated hath,  
 " But living hopeless of his life's assurance,  
 " He thought it best by politick procuranc  
 " To slay the king, and so restore his friend;  
 " Which brought himself to an infamous end.  
 " For when king Henry, of that name the fist,  
 " Had tane my father in his conspiracie,  
 " He, from Sir Edmund all the blame to shift,  
 " Was faine to say, the French king Charles, his ally,  
 " Had hired him this traiterous ad to try;  
 " For which condemned shortly he was slain:  
 " In helping right this was my father's gain."

MALONE.

It is objected that Shakspere has varied from the truth of history to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet; as the former served under Henry V. in 1422, and died *unconfined* in *Ireland*, in 1424. In the third year of Henry the Sixth, 1425, and during the time that Peter Duke of Coimbra was entertained in London, " Edmonde Mortimer (says Hall) the last erle of Marche of that name (which longe tyme had bene refrayned from hys liberty, and fynally waxed lame) diseased without yssue, whose inheritance discended to lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. Holinshed has the same words; and these authorities, though the fact be otherwise, are sufficient to prove that Shakspere, or whoever was the author of the play, did not intentionally vary from the truth of history to introduce the present scene. The historian does not, indeed, expressly say that the Earl of March died in the *Tower*; but one cannot, reasonably suppose that he meant to relate an event which he knew had happened to a *free man* in *Ireland*, as happening to a *prisoner* during the time that a particular person was in *London*. But, wherever he meant to lay the scene of Mortimer's death, it is clear that the author of this play understood him as representing it to have happened in a *London prison*; an idea, if indeed his words will bear any other construction, a preceding passage may serve to corroborate: " The erle of March (he has observed) was ever kepte in the courte under such a keper that he could nether doo or attempte any thyng agaynst the kyng wythout his knowledge, and dyed without issue." I am aware and could easily show, that some of the most interesting events, not only in the *Chronicles of Hall* and *Holinshed*, but in the *Histories of Rapin, Hume, and Smollet*,

Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,  
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.  
 These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,<sup>6</sup>—  
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:<sup>7</sup>  
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;  
 And pithless arms,<sup>8</sup> like to a wither'd vine.

are perfectly fabulous and unfounded, which are nevertheless constantly cited and regarded as incontrovertible facts. But, if modern writers, standing, as it were, upon the shoulders of their predecessors, and possessing innumerable other advantages, are not always to be depended on, what allowances ought we not to make for those who had neither Rymer, nor Dugdale, nor Sandford to consult, who could have no access to the treasuries of Cotton or Harley, nor were permitted the inspection of a publick record? If this were the case with the historian, what can be expected from the dramatist? He naturally took for fact what he found in history, and is by no means answerable for the misinformation of his authority. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the last scene of the third act of the *Phanissa* of Euripides:

Tiresias. Ήγε πάροιτε, δύγαλερ, ὃς τυφλῶς ποδὶ<sup>9</sup>  
 Ὀφθαλμὸς εἴ αὐ, ναυβάταισιν ἀσποῦ ὃς.

Δευρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἵχνος τίθεσθ' ἐμὸν, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — purſuitants of death,] Purſuitants. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,] So, in *King Richard II*:

“ My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — as drawing to their exigent:] Exigent, end. JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“ Hath driven her to some desperate exigent.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And pithless arms,] Pith was used for marrow, and figuratively, for strength. JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used in *Othello*:

“ For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith —.”

And, figuratively, in *Hamlet*:

“ And enterprizes of great pith and moment—”

STEEVENS.

That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—  
 Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,  
 Unable to support this lump of clay,—  
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
 As witting I no other comfort have.—  
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

i. KEEP. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;  
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

MOR. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfy'd.—  
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.  
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms,)  
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;<sup>9</sup>  
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,  
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:  
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,<sup>\*</sup>  
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;  
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
 That so he might recover what was lost.

<sup>9</sup> Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,—  
 This loathsome sequestration have I had; ] Here again, the author  
 certainly is mistaken. See p. 68, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> — the arbitrator of despairs,  
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh and forced.

JOHNSON.  
 The same idea is expressed with greater propriety in Romeo and Juliet:

" 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 \* Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that" &c. STEEVENS.

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.*

1. KEEP. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

PLAN. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,  
Your nephew, late-despised<sup>3</sup> Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,  
And in his bosom spent my latter gasp:  
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—  
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

PLAN. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm?

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.<sup>4</sup>

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:

<sup>3</sup> —— *late-despised* — ] i. e. lately despised. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *I'll tell thee my disease.* ] *Disease* seems to be here *unrest*, or *discontent*. JOHNSON.

It is so used by other ancient writers, and by Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*. Thus likewise, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book III, c. v:

“ But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *diseas*.”

That to *diseas* is to *disturb*, may be known from the following passages in Chapman's Version of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*:

“ But brother, hye thee to the ships, and Idomen *diseas*.”  
i. e. wake him. Book VI. edit. 1598. Again, *Odyss.* Book VI,

“ —— with which he declin'd

“ The eyes of any waker when he pleas'd,

“ And any sleeper, when he wish'd, *diseas'd*.”

Again, in the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Floddon*:

“ He thought the Scots might him *diseas*”

“ With constituted captains meet.” STEEVENS.

Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,  
 And did upbraid me with my father's death;  
 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
 Else with the like I had requited him:  
 Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,  
 In honour of a true Plantagenet,  
 And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause  
 My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MOR. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd  
 me,

And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,  
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
 Was cursed instrument of his decease.

PLAN. Discover more at large what cause that  
 was;

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

MOR. I will; if that my fading breath permit,  
 And death approach not ere my tale be done,  
 Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,  
 Depos'd his nephew Richard; <sup>5</sup> Edward's son,  
 The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent:

<sup>6</sup> —— his nephew Richard; ] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read —his cousin — but without necessity. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio—he shall “have his nephews (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him.” STEEVENS.

It would be surely better to read *cousin*, the meaning which *nephew* ought to have in this place. Mr. Steevens only proves that the word *nephews* is sometimes used for *grand-children*, which is very certain. Both *uncle* and *nephew* might, however, formerly signify *cousin*. See the *Menagiana*, Vol. II. p. 193. In *The Second Part of the Troublesome Raigne of K. John*, Prince Henry calls his *cousin* the Bastard, “uncle.” RITSON.

I believe the mistake here arose from the author's ignorance; and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew.

MALONE.

During whose reign, the Percies of the north,  
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:  
 The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,  
 Was—for that (young king Richard<sup>6</sup> thus remov'd,  
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body,) I was the next by birth and parentage;  
 For by my mother I derived am From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son<sup>7</sup>  
 To king Edward the third, whereas he, From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
 Being but fourth of that heroick line.  
 But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,<sup>8</sup> They laboured to plant the rightful heir,  
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
 Long after this, when Henry the fifth,— Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,  
 Thy father, earl of Cambrige,—then deriv'd From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—  
 Marrying my sister, that thy mother was Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
 Levied an army;<sup>9</sup> weening to redeem And have install'd me in the diadem:

<sup>6</sup> —— young king Richard — ] Thus the second folio. The first omits—king, which is necessary to the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— the third son — ] The article—the, which is necessary to the metre, is omitted in the first folio, but found in the second. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— in this haughty great attempt, ] *Haughty* is high.

JOHNSON.

So, in the fourth act.

“ Valiant and virtuous, full of *haughty* courage.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Levied an army; ] Here is again another falsification of history. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

MALONE.

But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

PLAN. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

MOR. True; and thou see'st, that I no issue have;  
And that my fainting words do warrant death:  
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:<sup>2</sup>  
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

PLAN. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:

But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

MOR. With silence, nephew, be thou politick;  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.<sup>3</sup>  
But now thy uncle is removing hence;  
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place.

PLAN. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years  
Might but redeem the passage of your age!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:] The sense is,—  
I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw.

HEATH.

<sup>3</sup> And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd,] Thus Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book IV:

"Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years  
Might but redeem &c.] This thought has some resemblance to that of the following lines, which are supposed to be addressed by a married lady who died very young, to her husband. The inscription is, I think, in the church of Trent:

"Immatura peri; sed tu diuturnior annos

"Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos." MALONE.

This superstition is very ancient. Some traces of it may be found in the traditions of the Rabbins; it is enlarged upon in the *Alcestes*

MOR. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,  
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.<sup>5</sup>  
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
 Only, give order for my funeral;  
 And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!<sup>6</sup>  
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!

[*Dies.*

PLAN. And peace, no war, beset thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
 And like a hermit overpast thy days.—  
 Well I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
 And what I do imagine, let that rest.—  
 Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself

of Euripides; and such offers ridiculed by *Juvenal*, Sat. XII. Dion Cassius in *Vit. Hadrian*, fol. edit. Hamburg, Vol. II. p. 1160, infinuates, "That Hadrian sacrificed his favourite *Antinous* with this design." See *Reismari Annotat.* in loc. "De nostris annis, tibi Jupiter augeat annos," said the Romans to Augustus. See Lister's *Journey to Paris*, p. 221. VAILLANT.

— as the slaughterer doth,  
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.] [The same thought occurs in *Hamlet*:

" Like to a murdering-piece, in many places  
 " Gives me superfluous death." STEEVENS.

\* — and fair be all thy hopes!] Mortimer knew Plantagenet's hopes were fair, but that the establishment of the Lancastrian line disappointed them: sure, he would wish, that his nephew's fair hopes might have a fair issue. I am persuaded the poet wrote:

" and fair beset thy hopes! THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton. I do not see how the readings differ in sense. Fair is lucky, or prosperous. So we say, a fair wind, and fair fortune.

JOHNSON.

Theobald's amendment is unnecessary, and proceeded from his confounding Plantagenet's hopes with his pretensions. His pretensions were well founded, but his hopes were not. M. MASON.

Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Chok'd with ambition<sup>7</sup> of the meaner sort:—  
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—  
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:  
And therefore haste I to the parliament:  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my ill<sup>8</sup> the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

[*Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:*] So, in the preceding scene:

“ Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition.”

STEEVENS.

We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition.

WARBURTON.

[*Or make my ill*—] In former editions:

*Or make my will th'advantage of my good.*

So all the printed copies; but with very little regard to the poet's meaning. I read:

*Or make my ill th'advantage of my good.*

Thus we recover the antithesis of the expression. THEOBALD.

*My ill*, is my ill usage. MALONE.

This sentiment resembles another of Falstaff, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*: “ I will turn diseases to commodity.”

STEEVENS.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. The Parliament-House,<sup>9</sup>*

*Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill; <sup>2</sup> Winchester snatches it, and tears it.*

WIN. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,  
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,  
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
Do it without invention suddenly;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

GLO. Presumptuous priest! this place commands  
my patience,  
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.  
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

<sup>9</sup> *The Parliament-House.]* This parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Katharine brought the young King from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne of the parliament-house with the infant in her lap. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— put up a bill; ] i. e. articles of accusation, for in this sense the word *bill* was sometimes used. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "That's the cause we have so manie bad workmen now adayes: put up a bill against them next parliament." MALONE.

*Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen :*  
 No prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,  
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer ;  
 Foward by nature, enemy to peace ;  
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
 A man of thy profession, and degree ;  
 And for thy treachery, What's more manifest ?  
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
 As well at London bridge, as at the Tower ?  
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

WIN. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe  
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,<sup>3</sup>  
 As he will have me, How am I so poor?  
 Or how haps it, I seek not to advance  
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling ?  
 And for dissention, Who preferreth peace  
 More than I do,—except I be provok'd?  
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends ;  
 It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke :  
 It is, because no one should sway but he ;  
 No one, but he, should be about the king ;  
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.  
 But he shall know, I am as good—

GLO. As good?  
 Thou bastard of my grandfather!<sup>4</sup>—

<sup>3</sup> If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse, ] I suppose this redundant line originally stood —

Were I covetous, ambitious, &c. STEEVENS.  
<sup>4</sup> Thou bastard of my grandfather!] The Bishop of Winchester

WIN. Ay, lordly sir ! For what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne ?

GLO. Am I not the protector,<sup>5</sup> saucy priest ?

WIN. And am not I a prelate of the church ?

GLO. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
And useth it to patronage his theft.

WIN. Unreverent Gloster !

GLO. Thou art reverent  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WIN. This Rome shall remedy.<sup>6</sup>

WAR. Roam thither then.<sup>7</sup>

SOM. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.<sup>8</sup>

WAR. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— the protector ; ] I have added the article —*the*, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *This Rome shall remedy.*] The old copy, unmetrically —

*Rome shall remedy this.*

The transposition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Roam thither then.] Roam to Rome. To *roam* is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: “ — three hundred thousand people roamed to *Rome* for purgatorial pills,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Som. *My lord, it were your duty to forbear.* &c.] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemistich spoken by Warwick. The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerset for whom it seems to have been designed.

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne,  
was as erroneously given in the next speech to Somerset, instead of Warwick, to whom it has been since restored. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

¶ 2

SOM. Methinks, my lord should be religious,  
And know the office that belongs to such.

WAR. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

SOM. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

WAR. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?  
Is not his grace protector to the king?

PLAN. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;  
Lest it be said, *Speak, firrah, when you should;*  
*Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?*  
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside.]

K. HEN. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,  
The special watchmen of our English weal;  
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
To join your hearts in love and amity.  
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,  
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,  
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within;* Down with the tawny coats!  
What tumult's this?]

WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again;* Stones! Stones!

*Enter the Mayor of London, attended.*

MAY. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—  
Pity the city of London, pity us!  
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,  
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;  
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out :  
 Our windows are broke down in every street,  
 And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the retainers of GLOSTER and Winchester, with bloody pates.*

K. HEN. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,  
 To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1. SERV. Nay, if we be  
 Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2. SERV. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.  
 [ *Skirmish again.* ]

GLO. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight<sup>1</sup> aside.

3. SERV. My lord, we know your grace to be a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,  
 Inferior to none, but his majesty;<sup>2</sup>  
 And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
 So kind a father of the commonweal,

<sup>1</sup> —— unaccustom'd fight —— ] *Unaccustom'd* is *unseemly, indecent.* JOHNSON.

The same epithet occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, where it seems to mean—*such as is uncommon, not in familiar use:*

" Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— but his majesty : ] Old copy, redundantly—  
 —— but his majesty.

Perhaps, the line originally ran thus:  
 " To none inferior, but his majesty." STEEVENS.

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,<sup>4</sup>  
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,  
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1. SERV. Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
 Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[ *Skirmish again.*

GLO. Stay, stay, I say!<sup>5</sup>  
 And, if you love me, as you say you do,  
 Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. HEN. O, how this discord doth afflict my  
 soul!—

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold  
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?  
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?  
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WAR. My lord protector, yield;—yield Win-  
 chester;—  
 Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,  
 To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.  
 You see what mischief, and what murder too,

<sup>4</sup> —— *an inkhorn mate.*] A bookman. JOHNSON.

It was a term of reproach at the time towards men of learning or  
 men affording to be learned. George Pettie in his Introduction  
 to Guazzo's *Civil Conversation*, 1586, speaking of those he calls  
*nice travellers*, says, “if one chance to derive anie word from the  
 Latine, which is insolent to their ears, (as perchance they will take  
 that phrase to be) they forthwith make a jest at it, and tearme it an  
*Inkhorne tearme.*” REED.

<sup>5</sup> *Stay, stay, I say!*] Perhaps the words—I say, should be  
 omitted, as they only serve to disorder the metre, and create a  
 disagreeable repetition of the word—say, in the next line.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *My lord protector, yield;*] Old copy—*Yield, my lord protector.*  
 This judicious transposition was made by Sir T. Hanmer.

STEEVENS.

Hath been enacted through your enmity;  
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

WIN. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLO. Compassion on the king commands me  
stoop;

Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest  
Should ever get that privilege of me.

WAR. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke  
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:  
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

GLO. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. HEN. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you  
preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin:  
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
But prove a chief offender in the same?

WAR. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly  
gird.<sup>7</sup>—  
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;  
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

WIN. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;  
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

GLO. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

<sup>7</sup> —— hath a kindly gird. ] i. e. feels an emotion of kind remorse. JOHNSON.

A kindly gird is a gentle or friendly reproof. Falstaff observes, that "men of all sorts take a pride to gird at him;" and, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Baptista says: "Tranio hits you now:" to which Lucentio answers :

"I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio." STEEVENS.

The word gird does not here signify reproof, as Steevens supposes, but a twitch, a pang, a yearning of kindness. M. MASON.

I wish Mr. M. Mason had produced any example of *gird* used in the sense for which he contends. I cannot supply one for him, or I most readily would. STEEVENS.

## 88 FIRST PART OF

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;  
 This token serveth for a flag of truce,  
 Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers;  
 So help me God, as I dissemble not!

WIN. So help me God, as I intend it not!

[*Afide.*

K. HEN. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,  
 How joyful am I made by this contract!—  
 Away, my masters! trouble us no more;  
 But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1. SERV. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2. SERV. And so will I.

3. SERV. And I will see what physick the tavern  
 affords. [*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*

WAR. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet  
 We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLO. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for,  
 sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,  
 You have great reason to do Richard right:  
 Especially, for those occasions  
 At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. HEN. And those occasions, uncle, were of  
 force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,  
 That Richard be restored to his blood.

WAR. Let Richard be restored to his blood;  
 So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

WIN. As will the rest, so willetteth Winchester.

[— *kind duke of Gloster.*] For the [sake of metre, I could  
 wish to read—

— *most kind duke &c.* STEEVENS.

K. HEN. If Richard will be true, not that alone,<sup>8</sup>  
 But all the whole inheritance I give,  
 That doth belong unto the house of York,  
 From whence you spring by lineal descent.

PLAN. Thy humble servant vows obedience,  
 And humble service, till the point of death.

K. HEN. Stoop then, and set your knee against  
 my foot;  
 And, in reguerdon<sup>9</sup> of that duty done,  
 I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:  
 Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;  
 And rise created princely duke of York.

PLAN. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!  
 And as my duty springs so perish they  
 That grudge one thought against your majesty!

ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of  
 York!

SOM. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

[Aside.]

GLO. Now will it best avail your majesty,  
 To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:  
 The presence of a king engenders love  
 Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;  
 As it disanimates his enemies.

K. HEN. When Gloster says the word, king Henry  
 goes;  
 For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLO. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Exeunt all but EXETER.]

<sup>8</sup> —— *that alone*, ] By a mistake probably of the transcriber, the old copy reads — *that all alone*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *reguerdon* — ] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

It is perhaps a corruption of — *regardum*, middle Latin. See Vol. VII. p. 236, n. 8. STEEVENS.

## 90      F I R S T   P A R T   O F

EXE. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,  
 Not seeing what is likely to ensue:  
 This late dissention, grown, betwixt the peers,  
 Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,<sup>2</sup>  
 And will at last break out into a flame:  
 As fester'd members rot but by degrees,  
 Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away;<sup>4</sup>  
 So will this base and envious discord breed.<sup>3</sup>  
 And now I fear that fatal prophecy,  
 Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,  
 Was in the mouth of every fucking babe.—  
 That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;  
 And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:  
 Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish  
 His days may finish ere that hapless time.<sup>4</sup> [Exit.

## S C E N E   II.

France. *Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguis'd and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

PUC. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,<sup>5</sup>  
 Through which our policy must make a breach:

<sup>2</sup> Burns unter feigned ashes of forg'd love.]

"Ignes suppositos cineri doloso." Hor. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> So will this base and envious discord breed. ] That is, so will the malignity of this discord propagate itself, and advance. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> His days may finish &c. ] The duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the king in his room. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— the gates of Rouen, ] Here, and throughout the play, in the old copy, we have, Roan, which was the old spelling of Rouen.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,  
 That come to gather money for their corn.  
 If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,) )  
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1. SOL. Our facks shall be a mean to fack the  
 city.<sup>6</sup>

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;  
 Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.]

GUARD. [Within.] Qui est là?<sup>7</sup>

PUC. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*  
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

GUARD. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.  
 [Opens the gates.]

PUC. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to  
 the ground.

[PUCELLE, &c. enter the city.]

The word, consequently, is used as a monosyllable. See Vol. XIII.  
 p. 372, n. 7. MALONE.

I do not perceive the necessity of considering *Rouen* here as a  
 monosyllable. Would not the verse have been sufficiently regular,  
 had the scene been in England, and authorized Shakespeare to  
 write (with a dissyllabical termination, familiar to the drama) —

*These are the city gates, the gates of London?* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Our facks shall be a mean to fack the city,] Falstaff has the  
 same quibble, showing his bottle of *Jack*: “Here's that will fack  
 a city.” STEEVENS.

? Qui est là?] Old copy — *Che la.* For the emendation I am  
 answerable. MALONE.

Late editions — *Qui va la?* STEEVENS.

*Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENCON, and Forces.*

CHAR. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem !  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roüen.

BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants :<sup>5</sup>  
Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is<sup>6</sup> the best and safest passage in ?

ALEN. By thrusting out a torch from yonder  
tower ;  
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning  
is,—  
No way to that,<sup>7</sup> for weakness, which she enter'd,

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement; holding out a  
torch burning.*

PUC. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,  
That joineth Roüen unto her countrymen ;  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

BAST. See, noble Charles ! the beacon of our  
friend,  
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

<sup>5</sup> *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants : ] Practice, in the language of that time, was treachery, and perhaps in the softer sense stratagem. Practisants are therefore confederates in stratagems.*

JOHNSON.

So, in the Induction to *The Taming of a Shrew* :

" Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Where is — ] Old copy—Here is. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> No way to that,] That is, no way equal to that; no way so fit as that. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" There is no woe to his corredion." STEEVENS.

CHAR. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

ALEN. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous  
ends;

Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,  
And then do execution on the watch. [They enter.

*Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.*

TAL. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy  
tears,<sup>8</sup>  
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—  
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt to the town.*]

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English forces. Then, enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and Others.*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for  
bread?

<sup>8</sup> France, thou shalt rue this &c.] So, in King John:

“France, thou shalt rue this hour” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.] Pride signifies the haughty power. The same speaker says afterwards, A& IV. sc. vi:

“And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.”

One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critick obscure! Mr. Theobald says—Pridé of France is an absurd and unmeaning expression, and therefore alters it to pride of France; and in this is followed by the Oxford editor. WARBURTON.

<sup>10</sup> —— Alençon,] Alençon Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, instead of Reignier, because Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the ensuing scene. JOHNSON.

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:

'Twas full of darnel; <sup>9</sup> Do you like the taste?

BUR. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!

I trust, ere long to choke thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHAR. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before  
that time.

BED. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this  
treason!

PUC. What will you do, good grey-beard? break  
a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

TAL. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,  
Encompas'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

PUC. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold  
thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.  
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

<sup>9</sup> —— darnel;] So, in King Lear:

“ Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

“ In our sustaining corn.”

“ Darnel (says Gerard) hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim, if it happen either in corne for breade, or drinke.” Hence the old proverb—*Lolio viciare*, applied to such as were dim-fighted. Thus also, Ovid, Faft. I. 691 :

“ Et careant lotus oculos viciantibus agri.”

Pucelle means to intimate, that the corn she carried with her, had produced the same effect on the guards of Rotieu; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem. STEEVENS.

TAL. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

PUC. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,  
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

TAL. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,  
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;  
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

ALEN. Signior, no.

TAL. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!  
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,  
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

PUC. Away, captains: let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—  
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, fir, but to  
tell you?

That we are here.

[ *Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the walls.*

TAL. And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest faine!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,  
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,) —

Either to get the town again, or die:

And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,  
And as his father here was conqueror;  
As sure as in this late-betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;  
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

BUR. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TAL. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,  
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,

[ — we came, fir, but to tell you — ] The word — *fir*, which  
is wanting in the first folio, was judiciously supplied by the second.

STEVENS.

We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sicknes, and for crazy age.

BED. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:  
Here will I sit before the walls of Roüen,  
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

BUR. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade  
you.

BED. Not to be gone from hence; for once I  
read,

That stout Pendragon, in his litter,<sup>2</sup> sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:  
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

TAL. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!  
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—  
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,  
But gather we our forces out of hand,  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces; leaving  
BEDFORD, and Others.*

*Once I read,*  
*That stout Pendragon, in his litter, &c.]* This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to King Arthur.

Shakspeare has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, says Holinshed, "even sicke of a flix as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle* (as I learn from Dr. Grey) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon.

" For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter  
" To bear him so thou unto Verolame,  
" Where Ocea lay, and Oysa alio in fear,  
" That faint Albones now hight of noble fame,  
" Bet down the walles; but to him forth they came,  
" Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slain.  
" The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayne."

STEEVENS.

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, and a Captain.*

CAP. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

FAST. Whither away? to save myself by flight;<sup>3</sup> We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAP. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

FAST. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

[Exit.]

CAP. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[Exit.]

*Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENCON, CHARLES, &c. and Exeunt, flying.*

BED. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please; For I have seen<sup>4</sup> our enemies' overthrow. What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

<sup>3</sup> —— *save myself by flight;*] I have no doubt that it was the exaggerated representation of Sir John Fastolfe's cowardice which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakspere to give the name of Falstaff to his knight. Sir John Fastolfe did indeed fly at the battle of Patay in the year 1429; and is reproached by Talbot in a subsequent scene, for his conduct on that occasion; but no historian has said that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play this flying general is erroneously called Falstaffe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;*  
For I have seen—] So, in St. Luke, ii. 29: “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” STEEVENS.

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,  
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies,<sup>5</sup> and is carried off in his chair.

*Alarum : Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and Others.*

TAL. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!  
This is a double honour, Burgundy:  
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

BUR. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects  
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle  
now?

I think, her old familiar is asleep:  
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his  
gleeks?

What, all a-mort?<sup>6</sup> Roüen hangs her head for grief,  
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order<sup>7</sup> in the town,  
Placing therein some expert officers;  
And then depart to Paris, to the king;  
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

BUR. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Bur-  
gundy.

TAL. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

<sup>5</sup> Dies, &c.] The Duke of Bedford died at Rouen in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> What, all a-mort?] i. e. quite dispirited; a frequent Galli-  
cism. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"What, sweeting! all a-mort?" STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— take some order —] i. e. make some necessary disposi-  
tions. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Whilst to take order for the wrong I went."

See also *Othello*, sc. ult. STEEVENS.

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roüen;  
 A braver soldier never couched lance,<sup>8</sup>  
 A gentler heart did never fway in court:  
 But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;  
 For that's the end of huinan misery. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E III.

*The same. The Plains near the City.*

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENCON, LA PU-*  
*CELE, and Forces.*

PUC. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
 Nor grieve that Roüen is so recovered:  
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.  
 Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,  
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
 We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,  
 If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

CHAR. We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence;  
 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

BAST. Search out thy wit for secret policies.  
 And we will make thee famous through the world.

<sup>8</sup> *A braver soldier never couched lance,*] So, in a subsequent scene, p. 105:

"A stouter champion never handled sword." The same praise is expressed with more animation in the Third Part of this play:

"— braver men

"Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound."

STEEVENS.

ALEN. We'll set thy statue in some holy place;  
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;  
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUC. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
We will entice the duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

CHAR. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirped from our provinces.<sup>7</sup>

ALEN. For ever should they be expuls'd from  
France,<sup>8</sup>

And not have title of an earldom here.

PUC. Your honours shall perceive how I will  
work,

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drums heard.  
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An English March. Enter and pass over, at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;  
And all the troops of English after him.

<sup>7</sup> But be extirped from our provinces. ] To extirp is to root out.  
So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:  
" The world shall gather to extirp our name."

<sup>8</sup> —— expuls'd from France, ] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonson's *Syjanus*:

" The expuls'd Apicata finds them there."

Again, in Drayton's *Muses Elizium*:

" And if you expulse them there,

" They'll hang upon your braided hair." STEEVENS,

**A French March.** Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY  
and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;  
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[A parley sounded.]

CHAR. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

BUR. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

PUC. The princely Charles of France, thy coun-  
tryman.

BUR. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am march-  
ing hence.

CHAR. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with  
thy words.

PUC. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!  
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BUR. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile  
France.

And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By wafting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,<sup>9</sup>

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, fee, the pining malady of France;

<sup>9</sup> As looks the mother on her lowly babe,] It is plain Shakespeare wrote—*lovely babe*, it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domestic image is brought to illustrate. WARBURTON.

The alteration is easy and probable, but perhaps the poet by *lowly babe* meant the *babe* lying *low* in death. *Lowly* answers as well to *towns defaced* and *wafting ruin*, as *lovely* to *fertile*.

JOHNSON.

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
 Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast !  
 O, turn thy edged sword another way ;  
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !  
 One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
 And wash away thy country's stained spots !

BUR. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUC. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,  
 That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake ?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,  
 And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,  
 And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive ?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof ;—  
 Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe ?

And was he not in England prisoner ?

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,  
 They set him free,<sup>2</sup> without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then ! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,  
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughermen.

<sup>2</sup> They set him free, &c.] A mistake : The duke was not liberated till after Burgundy's decline to the French interest; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of this very Joan la Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford. RITSON.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;

Charles and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

BUR. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,<sup>3</sup>  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
My forces and my power of men are yours;—  
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

PUC. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —— *these haughty words of hers*

*Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,*] How these lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all soft entreaty and mild expostulation.

JOHNSON.

*Haughty* does not mean *violent* in this place, but *elevated, high-spirited*. It is used in a similar sense, in two other passages in this very play. In a preceding scene Mortimer says:

“ But mark; as in this *haughty*, great attempt,

“ They laboured to plant the rightful heir—.”

And again, in the next scene, Talbot says:

“ Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,

“ Valiant, and virtuous; full of *haughty* courage.”

At the first interview with Joan, the Dauphin says:

“ Thou hast astonish'd me with thy *high terms*;”

meaning, by her *high terms*, what Burgundy here calls her *haughty words*. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

So afterwards:

“ In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation—.”

MALONE.

CHAR. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

BAST. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALEN. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHAR. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some of his Officers.*

TAL. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—

Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have a while given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:  
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—  
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;

In *Othello* we have the same phrase:

"Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
"And turn again." STERVENS.

And, with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. HEN. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,<sup>3</sup>  
That hath so long been resident in France?

GLO. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege,

K. HEN. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious  
lord!

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)  
I do remember how my father said,<sup>4</sup>  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,<sup>5</sup>  
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd<sup>6</sup> with so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face:  
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,  
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;  
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, and Nobles.*

<sup>3</sup> Is this the lord Talbot uncle Gloster, ] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the apparent deficiency in this line, by reading —

Is this the fam'd lord Talbot, &c.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" My well fam'd lord of Troy——" STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> I do remember how my father said, ] The author of this play was not a very correct historian. Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— resolved of your truth, ] i. e. confirmed in opinion of it. So, in the Third Part of this play:

" —— I am resolv'd

" That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Or been reguerdon'd — ] i. e. rewarded. The word was obsolete even in the time of Shakspere. Chaucer uses it in the *Boke of Boethius*. STEEVENS.

VER. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
 Disgracing of these colours that I wear'  
 In honour of my noble lord of York,—  
 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou  
 spak'st?

BAS. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage  
 The envious barking of your fancy tongue  
 Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.  
 VER. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[Strikes him.

BAS. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is  
 such,  
 That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;

*"—these colours that I wear—"] This was the badge of a robe,*  
*and not an officer's scarf. So, in Love's Labour's Lost. Act III.*  
*Scene the last:*

*"And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop."*

TOLLET.

*"That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;]" Shakespeare*  
*wrote:*

*—draws a sword i'th' presence 't's death;*  
*i. e. in the court, or in the presence chamber.*

WARBURTON.

This reading cannot be right, because, as Mr. Edwards observed,  
 it cannot be pronounced. It is, however, a good comment, as it  
 shows the author's meaning. JOHNSON.

I believe the line should be written as it is in the folio:

*That, who so draws a sword,—*

i. e. (as Dr. Warburton has observed) with a menace in the court,  
 or in the presence chamber. STEEVENS.

Johnson, in his collection of Ecclesiastical Laws, has preserved  
 the following, which was made by Ina, king of the West Saxons,  
 693: "If any one fight in the king's house, let him forfeit all  
 his estate, and let the king deem whether he shall live or not." I  
 am told that there are many other ancient canons to the same pur-  
 pose. Grey. STEEVENS.

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.  
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;  
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

VER. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as  
you;  
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir William Blackstone observes that, "by the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. So too, in the old Gothic constitution, there were many places privileged by law, *quibus major reverentia & securitas debetur, ut templa & judicia, quæ sancta habentur,—arces & aula regis,—denique locus quilibet presente aut adventante rege.* And at present with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 12. malicious striking in the king's palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure; and also with loss of the offender's right hand, the solemn execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at length." *Commentaries*, Vol. IV. p. 124. "By the ancient common law, also before the Conquest, striking in the king's court of justice, or drawing a sword therein, was a capital felony." *ibid.* p. 125. REED.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room of State.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governour of Paris, and Others.*

GLO. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head,  
WIN. God save king Henry, of that name the  
sixth!

GLO. Now, governour of Paris, take your oath.—  
[Governour kneels.

That you elect no other king but him :  
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends ;  
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend<sup>9</sup>—  
Malicious practices against his state :  
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.*

FAST. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from  
Calais,  
To haste unto your coronation,  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

TAL. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and  
thee !

<sup>9</sup> ——such as shall pretend— To pretend is to design, to in-tend. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth :

" What good could they pretend?" STEEVENS.

I vow'd base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,<sup>2</sup>

[*Plucking it off.*

(Which I have done) because unworthily  
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,—<sup>3</sup>  
When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
And that the French were almost ten to one,—  
Before we met, or that a stroke was given.  
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;  
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,  
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.  
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss:  
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

GLO. To say the truth this fact was infamous,

<sup>2</sup> *To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,]* Thus the old copy.

STEEVENS.

The last line should run thus:

—*from thy craven leg,*

i. e. thy mean, dastardly leg. WHALLEY.

<sup>3</sup> —*at the battle of Patay,]* The old copy has —*Poictiers.*

MALONE.

The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of King Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of King Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakespeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beaufie calld Patais," which we should read, instead of Poictiers. "From this battell departed without anie strokē striken, Sir John Falstrofe, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 60x. Monstrelet, the French historian, also bears witness to this degradation of Sir John Falstrofe. STEEVENS.

And ill beseeming any common man;  
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

TAL. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,  
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;  
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,<sup>3</sup>  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes.<sup>4</sup>  
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
Profaning this most honourable order;  
And should (if I were worthy to be judge.)  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. HEN. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st  
thy doom:  
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;  
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit FASTOLFE.]  
And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

GLO. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd  
his style? [Viewing the superscription.  
No more but, plain and bluntly.—To the king?  
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?  
Or doth this churlish superscription  
Pretend some alteration in good will?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —— haughty courage, ] Haughty is here in its original sense for high. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— in most extremes. ] i. e. in greatest extremities. So, Spenser:  
“ —— they all repair'd, both most and least.”  
See Vol. XI. p. 246, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Pretend some alteration in good will?] Thus the old copy. To pretend seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to hold out, to stretch forward. It may mean, however, as in other places, to design. Modern editors read—portend. STEEVENS.

What's here;—*I have, upon especial cause,—[Reads.*

*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,  
Together with the pitiful complaints  
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—  
Forsaken your pernicious faction,  
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.*

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. HEN. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

GLO. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. HEN. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

GLO. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. HEN. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk  
with him,

And give him chaitement for this abuse:—

My lord, how say you?<sup>6</sup> are you not content?

TAL. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am  
prevented,<sup>7</sup>

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. HEN. Then gather strength, and march unto  
him straight:

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;  
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

<sup>6</sup> My lord, how say you? Old copy—  
How say you, my lord?

The transposition is Sir T. Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— I am prevented,] Prevented is here, anticipated; a Latinism. MALONE.

So, in our Liturgy: " Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." Prior is, perhaps, the last English poet who used this verb in its obsolete sense:

" Else had I come, preventing Sheba's queen,  
" To see the comeliest of the sons of men."

*Salomon, Book II.* STEEVENS.

TAL. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,  
You may behold confusion of your foes.    [Exit.

*Enter VERNON and BASSET.*

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

BAS. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

YORK. This is my servant; Hear him, noble  
prince!

SOM. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. HEN. Be patient, lords and give them leave  
to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?  
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

VER. With him, my lord; for he hath done me  
wrong.

BAS. And I with him; for he hath done me  
wrong.

K. HEN. What is that wrong whereof you both  
complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BAS. Crossing the sea from England into France,  
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,<sup>7</sup>  
About a certain question in the law.  
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms:

<sup>7</sup> —— did repugn the truth,] To repugn is to resist. The word is used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

It is found in Bullokar's *English Expositor*. 8vo. 1616.

MALONE.

In confutation of which rude reproach,  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

VER. And that is my petition, noble lord :  
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,  
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;  
And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing — that the paleness of this flower  
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

YORK. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

SOM. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will  
out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. HEN. Good Lord ! what madness rules in brain-sick men ;  
When, for so flight and frivolous a cause,  
Such factious emulations shall arise ! —  
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,  
And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOM. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;  
Betwixt ourselvess let us decide it then.

YORK. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

VER. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BAS. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

GLO. Confirm it so ? Confounded be your strife !  
And perish ye, with your audacious prate !  
Presumptuous vassals ! are you not ashamed,  
With this immodest clamorous outrâge  
To trouble and disturb the king and us ?  
And you, my lords, — methinks, you do not well,  
To bear with their perverse objections ;

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Much less, to take occasion from their mouths  
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves ;  
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXE. It grieves his highnes ; — Good my lords,  
 be friends.

K. HEN. Come hither, you that would be com-  
 batants :

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,  
 Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. —  
 And you, my lords, — remember where we are ;  
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation :  
 If they perceive dissention in our looks,  
 And that within ourselves we disagree,  
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd,  
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel ?  
 Beside, What infamy will there arise,  
 When foreign princes shall be certify'd.  
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
 King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,  
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France ?  
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,  
 My tender years ; and let us not forego  
 That for a trifle, that was bought with blood !  
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.]

That any one shou'd therefore be suspicioius  
 I more incline to Somerset, than York :  
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both ;  
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.  
 But your discretions better can persuade,  
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :  
 And therefore, as we hither come in peace,  
 So let us still continue peace and love. —

Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
 To be our regent in these parts of France:—  
 And good my lord of Somerset, unite  
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—  
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,  
 Go cheerfully together, and digest  
 Your angry choler on your enemies.  
 Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,  
 After some respite, will return to Calais;  
 From thence to England; where I hope ere long  
 To be presented, by your victories,  
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. *Exeunt King HENRY, GLO. SOM.  
WIN. SUF. and BASSET.*

WAR. My lord of York, I promise you, the king  
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

YORK. And so he did; but yet I like it not,  
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

WAR. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;  
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

YORK. And, if I wist, he did, \* — But let it rest;  
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.*

\* *And, if I wist, he did, ]* In former editions:

*And, if I wish, he did ——.*

By the pointing reform'd, and a single letter expung'd, I have  
 restored the text to its purity:

*And, if I wis, he did ——.*

Warwick had said, the king meant no harm in wearing Somerset's  
 rose: York testily replies, " Nay, if I know any thing, he did  
 think harm." THEOBALD.

This is followed by the succeeding editors, and is indeed plau-  
 sible enough; but perhaps this speech may become sufficiently in-  
 telligible without any change, only supposing it broken:

*And if —— I wish —— he did ——.*  
 or, perhaps:

*And if he did —— I wish ——.* JOHNSON.

EXE. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice :  
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
 I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there  
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
 But howso'e'er, no simple man that sees  
 This jarring discord of nobility,  
 This shold'ring of each other in the court,  
 This factious bandying of their favourites,  
 But that it doth presage some ill event.<sup>9</sup>  
 'Tis much,<sup>2</sup> when scepters are in children's hands ;  
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;<sup>3</sup>  
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

I read — *I wif*, the pret. of the old obsolete verb *I wis*, which is used by Shakspere in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ There be fools alive, I *wis*,  
 “ Silver'd o'er, and so was this.” STEEVENS.

York says, he is not pleased that the king should prefer the red rose, the badge of Somerset, his enemy ; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the king *meant no harm*. To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily adds, in a menacing tone, — *If I thought he did*; — but he instantly checks his threat with, *let it rest*. It is an example of a rhetorical figure, which our author has elsewhere used. Thus, in *Coriolanus*:

“ An 'twere to give again — But 'tis no matter.”

Mr. Steevens is too familiar with Virgil, not to recollect his *Quos ego — sed motus praefat componere fluctus*.

The author of the *Revisal* understood this passage in the same manner. RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *it doth presage some ill event.*] That is, it doth presage to him that sees this discord, &c. that some ill event will happen. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ‘Tis much, ] In our author's time, this phrase meant — ‘Tis strange, or wonderful. See, *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 304, n. 3. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *strange* is perhaps understood in the next line: “ But more strange,” &c. The construction however may be, But ‘tis *much more*, when, &c. MALONE.

‘Tis *much*, is a colloquial phrase, and the meaning of it, in many instances, can be gathered only from the tenor of the speech in which it occurs. On the present occasion, I believe, it signifies — ‘Tis an *alarming circumstance, a thing of great consequence, or of much weight*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *when envy breeds unkind division;*] *Envy* in old English

## SCENE II.

*France. Before Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.*

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,  
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the  
General, of the French Forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;  
And thus he would, — Open your city gates,  
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects,  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :  
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace.  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;<sup>5</sup>  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,

writers frequently means enmity. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. VIIH.  
p. 238, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;*] The author of this play followed Hall's Chronicle: "The Goddesse of warre, called Bellona — hath these three hand-maides ever of necessitie attending on her; Bloud, Fyre, and Famine; whiche thre damofels be of that force and strength that every one of them alone is able and sufficient to torment and affiit a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puissance to destroy the most populous country and most richest region of the world." MALONE.

It may as probably be asserted that our author followed Holinshed, from whom I have already quoted a part of this passage in a note on the first Chorus to King Henry V. See Holinshed, p. 567.

STEEVENS.

If you forsake the offer of their love.<sup>6</sup>

GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:  
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight;  
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee;  
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,  
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;  
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,  
To rive their dangerous artillery<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> —— *the offer of their love.*] Thus the old editions. Sir T. Hanmer altered it to *our*. JOHNSON.

“ *Their love*” may mean, the peaceable demeanour of my three attendants; their forbearing to injure you. But the expression is harsh. MALONE.

There is much such another line in *King Henry VIII*:

“ If you omit the offer of the time.”

I believe, the reading of Sir T. Hanmer should be adopted.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *To rive their dangerous artillery*—] I do not understand the phrase — to *rive* artillery; perhaps it might be to *drive*; we say to *drive a blow*, and to *drive at a man*, when we mean to express furious assault. JOHNSON.

To *rive* seems to be used, with some deviation from its common meaning, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, A& IV. sc. ii:

“ The soul and body *rive* not more parting.”

STEEVENS.

*Rive* their artillery seems to mean charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow so loud, as to crack his lungs and *split* his brazen pipe. TOLET.

To *rive* their artillery means only to *fire* their artillery. — To *rive* is to *burst*; and a *cannou*, when fired, has so much the appearance

Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.  
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:  
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;<sup>8</sup>  
 For ere the glas, that now begins to run,  
 Finish the proceſs of his fandy hour,  
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
 Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul;  
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.*  
 TAL. He fables not,<sup>9</sup> I hear the enemy; —

of bursting, that, in the language of poetry, it may be well said  
 to burst. We say, a cloud bursts, when it thunders.

M. MASON.

\* —— due thee withal; ] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*.

JOHNSON.

Johnson says in his Dictionary, that to *due* is to *pay as due*: and quotes this passage as an example. Possibly that may be the true meaning of it. M. MASON.

It means, I think, to honour by giving thee thy *due*, thy merited elogium. *Due* was substituted for *dew*, the reading of the old copy, by Mr. Theobald. *Dew* was sometimes the old spelling of *due*, as *Hew* was of *Hugh*. MALONE.

Te old copy reads — *dew* thee withal; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praise* is an expression I have met with in other poets.

Shakspeare uses the same verb in *Macbeth*:

" To *dew* the foy'reign flow'r, and drown the weeds."

Again, in the second part of *King Henry VI*:

" —— give me thy hand;

" That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears."

STEEVENS.

\* He fables not, ] This expression Milton has borrowed in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

" She fables not, I feel that I do fear ——."

It occurs again in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

" —— good father, *fable* not with him." STEEVENS.

Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—  
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!  
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale;  
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!  
 If we be English deer, be then in blood:<sup>2</sup>  
 Not rascal-like,<sup>3</sup> to fall down with a pinch;  
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate flags,  
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,<sup>4</sup>  
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
 And they shall find dear deer of us,<sup>5</sup> my friends.—  
 God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's  
 right!  
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> —— *be then in blood:*] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle.

JOHNSON.  
 This was a phrase of the forest. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 259, n. 8.

“The deer was, as you know, *in sanguis, blood.*”  
 Again, in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616: “Tenderlings.  
 The soft tops of a deere's horns, when they are *in blood.*”

MALONE.  
<sup>3</sup> *Not rascal-like,*] A *rascal deer* is the term of chase for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XIII. p. 78, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *with heads of steel,*] Continuing the image of the deer, he supposes the lances to be their horns. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *dear deer of us,*] The same quibble occurs in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
 “Though many dearer,” &c. STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a Messenger.*

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,  
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

MESS. They are return'd, my lord; and give it  
out,

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;  
Which join'd with him, and made their march for  
Bourdeaux.

YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerset;  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;  
And I am lowted<sup>6</sup> by a traitor villain,

<sup>6</sup> And I am lowted —] To *lowt* may signify to *depress*, to *lower* to *dishonour*: But I do not remember it so used. We may read —  
And I am *flouted*. — I am mocked, and treated with contempt.

JOHNSON.

To *lout*, in Chaucer, signifies to *submit*. To *submit* is to *let down*.  
So, Dryden:

“ Sometimes the hill submits itself a while  
“ In small descents,” &c.

To *lout* and *underlout*, in Gawin Douglas's version of the *Aeneid*,  
signifies to be *subdued*, *vanquished*. STEEVENS.

A *lout* is a country fellow, a clown. He means that Somerset  
treats him like a hind. RITSON.

I believe the meaning is; I am treated with contempt, like a  
*lout*, or low country fellow. MALONE.

And cannot help the noble chevalier:  
 God comfort him in this necessity!  
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.<sup>6</sup>*

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
 Never so needful on the earth of France,  
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;  
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,<sup>7</sup>  
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction:  
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!  
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

YORK. O God! that Somerset — who in proud heart

Doth stop my cornets — were in Talbot's place!  
 So should we fave a valiant gentleman,  
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
 Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,  
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

YORK. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;  
 All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter Sir William Lucy.*] In the old copy we have only —  
*Enter a Messenger.* But it appears from the subsequent scene that  
 the messenger was Sir William Lucy. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — girdled with a waist of iron] So, in *King John*:

"those sleeping bones,

"That as a *waist* do girdle you about ——."

STEEVENS.

LUCY. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!

And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,  
I met in travel toward his warlike father!  
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;  
And now they meet where both their lives are done.<sup>8</sup>

YORK. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?  
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,  
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—  
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—  
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,  
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.]

LUCY. Thus while the vulture<sup>9</sup> of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss  
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,  
That ever-living man of memory,  
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other crost,  
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[Exit.]

<sup>8</sup> —— are done. ] i. e. expended, consumed. The word is yet used in this sense in the Western counties. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— the vulture — ] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. JOHNSON.

## SCENE IV.

*Other Plains of Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.*

SOM. It is too late; I cannot send them now;  
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,  
Too rashly plotted; all our general force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot  
Hath fullied all his gloss of former honour,<sup>9</sup>  
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:  
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

OFF. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me  
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*

SOM. Now now, sir William? whither were you  
sent?

LUCY. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold  
lord Talbot;<sup>2</sup>  
Who, ring'd about<sup>3</sup> with bold adversity,

<sup>9</sup> —— all his gloss of former honour, ] Our author very frequently employs this phrase. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “—— the new gloss of your marriage.” It occurs also in *Love’s Labour’s Loft*, and in *Macbeth*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— from bought and sold lord Talbot; ] i. e. from one utterly ruin'd by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,

“ For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.”

The expression appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. XI.  
p. 457, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— ring’d about — ] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*:

“ Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.” STEEVENS.

Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
 To beat affailing death from his weak legions.<sup>4</sup>  
 And whiles the honourable captain there  
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
 And, in advantage, ling'ring,<sup>5</sup> looks for rescue,  
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.<sup>6</sup>  
 Let not your private discord keep away  
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
 Yields<sup>7</sup> up his life unto a world of odds:  
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,<sup>8</sup>  
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOM. York set him on, York should have sent  
 him aid.

LUCY. And York as fast upon your grace ex-  
 claims;

Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,  
 Collected for this expedition.

<sup>4</sup> —— *his weak legions.*] Old copy — *regions.* Corrected by  
 Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *in advantage ling'ring,*] Protrading his resistance by the  
 advantage of a strong post. JOHNSON.

Or, perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with  
*advantage* to himself, to linger out the action, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *worthless emulation.*] In this line *emulation* signifies  
 merely *rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence. JOHNSON.

So Ulysses, in *Troilus and Cressida*, says that the Grecian chiefs  
 were —

“ —— grown to an envious fever

“ Of pale and bloodless *emulation.*” M. MASON.

? *Yields* —] Thus the second folio: the first — *yield.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *and Burgundy,*] *And*, which is necessary to the metre,  
 is wanting in the first folio, but is supplied by the second.

STEEVENS.

SOM. York lies; he might have sent, and had  
the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love;  
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of  
France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:  
Never to England shall he bear his life;  
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOM. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen  
straight:

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or  
slain:

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

SOM. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his shame in  
you.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E V.

*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT and John his son.*

TAL. O young John Talbot! I did fend for thee,  
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;  
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,  
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars! —

Now thou art come unto a feast of death,<sup>9</sup>  
 A terrible and unavoided<sup>a</sup> danger:  
 Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;  
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

JOHN. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?  
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,  
 Dishonour not her honourable name,  
 To make a bastard, and a slave of me:  
 The world will say — He is not Talbot's blood,  
 That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.<sup>3</sup>

TAL. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

TAL. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard<sup>4</sup> should be;  
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
 Upon my death the French can little boast;  
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

<sup>9</sup> —— a feast of death, ] To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II*:

“ This feast of battle, with mine adversary.” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> —— unavoided — ] for unavoidable. MALONE.

So, in *King Richard II*:

“ And unavoidable is the danger now.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— noble Talbot stood. ] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— your regard — Your care of your own safety.

JOHNSON.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;  
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done :  
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear ;  
 But, if I bow, they'll say — it was for fear.  
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
 If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.  
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one  
 tomb ?

JOHN. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's  
 womb.

TAL. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

JOHN. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

TAL. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not  
 lose it.

JOHN. Yes, your renowned name ; Shall flight  
 abuse it ?

TAL. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from  
 that stain.

JOHN. You cannot witness for me, being slain.  
 If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TAL. And leave my followers here, to fight, and  
 die ?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN. And shall my youth be guilty of such  
 blame ?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide :

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;  
 For live I will not, if my father die.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
 Born to eclipse<sup>4</sup> thy life this afternoon.  
 Come, side by side together live and die;  
 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E VI.

*A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum; Excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.*

TAL. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers,  
 fight:  
 The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
 And left us to the rage of France his sword.  
 Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy  
 breath;  
 I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

JOHN. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:<sup>5</sup>  
 The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;

<sup>4</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ fair son,  
*Born to eclipse &c.]* An apparent quibble between *son*, and  
*sun*. So, in *King Richard III.*:  
 “ And turns the sun to shade;—alas, alas!—  
 “ Witness my son, now in the shade of death.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *O twice my father! twice am I thy son:]* A French epigram,  
 on a child, who being shipwrecked with his father saved his life by  
 getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the same thought. After  
 describing the wreck, it concludes thus:

“ — aprez mille efforts,  
 “ J'apperçus prez de moi flotter des membres morts;  
 “ Helas! c'étoit mon pere.  
 “ Je le connus, je l'embrassai,  
 “ Et sur lui jusqu'au port heureusement poussé;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time<sup>6</sup> thou gav'st new date.

TAL. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword  
struck fire,  
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,  
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood  
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*  
*And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,*  
*Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,*  
*Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:*—  
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;  
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;  
The help of one stands me in little stead.

“ Des ondes & vents j'évitai la furie.  
“ Que ce pere doit m'être cher,  
“ Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,  
“ Une fois sur la terre, & l'autre sur la mer!”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— and done; ] See p. 123, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> To my determin'd time — ] i. e. ended. So, in King Henry IV.  
Part II:

“ Till his friend fickness hath determin'd me.”

STEEVENS.

The word is still used in that sense by legal conveyancers.

MALONE.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.  
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,  
 "Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:<sup>8</sup>  
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's  
 fame:  
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;  
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,

These words of yours draw liye-blood from my heart:<sup>9</sup>

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,) <sup>10</sup>

\* \* *Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:] The structure of this line very much resembles that of another, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:*

" \_\_\_\_\_ to say,  
 " Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day."

STEEVENS.

\* *The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,*  
*These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:]*

" Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords?

" That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?" PRIOR.  
 MALONE.

So, in this play, Part III:

" Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words."

STEEVENS.

\* On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,) ] This passage seems to lie obscure and disjointed. Neither the grammar is to be justified; nor is the sentiment better. I have ventur'd at a slight alteration, which departs so little from the reading which has obtain'd, but so much raises the sense, as well as takes away the

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die !  
 And like me to the peasant boys of France;<sup>3</sup>  
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance !  
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
 And if I fly, I am not Talbot's son :  
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ;  
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

obscenity, that I am willing to think it restores the author's meaning :

Out on *that vantage*, ——. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads :

O what *advantage*, ——  
 which I have followed, though Mr. Theobald's conjecture may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but the old reading is right, and the amendment unnecessary; the passage being better as it stood originally, if pointed thus :

*On that advantage, bought with such a shame,*  
*(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,) ——*  
*Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,*  
*The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die !*

The dividing the sentence into two distinct parts, occasioned the obscenity of it, which this method of printing removes.

M. MASON.

The sense is—Before young Talbot fly from his father, (in order to save his life while he destroys his character,) on, or for the sake of, the advantages you mention, namely, preserving our household's name, &c. may my coward horse drop down dead !

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And like me to the peasant boys of France;*] To like one to the peasants is, to compare, to level by comparison; the line is therefore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads,—And leave me, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to be allowed without necessity, I have suffered like to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as make like, or reduce to a level with.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV. Part II:* “ — when the prince broke thy head for *killing* his father to a finging man ” &c. STEEVENS.

TAL. Then follow thou thy desperate fire of Crete,  
 Thou Icarus;<sup>4</sup> thy life to me is sweet:  
 If thou wilt fight by thy father's side;  
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E VII.

*Another Part of the same.*

*Alarum: Excursions.* Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

TAL. Where is my other life? — mine own is gone; —

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John? — Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!<sup>5</sup> Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee: — When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee, His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

<sup>4</sup> — *thy desperate fire of Crete,*  
*Thou Icarus;*] So, in the third part of this play:  
 “What a peevish fool was that of Crete?”

Again:

“I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

Death stained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author when he first addresses death, and uses the epithet *triumphant*, considers him as a person who had triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breast. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnson has rightly explained it, death must have its ordinary signification. “I think light of my death, though rendered disgraceful by captivity,” &c. Perhaps however the construction intended by the poet was — Young Talbot's valour makes me, smeared with captivity, smile, &c. If so, there should be a comma after *captivity*. MALONE.

And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience ;  
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
 Tend'ring my ruin,<sup>4</sup> and assail'd of none.  
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,  
 Suddenly made him from my side to start  
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French :  
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
 His overmounting spirit ; and there dy'd  
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.*<sup>5</sup>

SERV. O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is  
 borne !

TAL. Thou antick death,<sup>6</sup> which laugh'st us here  
 to scorn ,

<sup>4</sup> *Tend'ring my ruin,*] Watching me with tenderness in my fall.  
 JOHNSON.

I would rather read—

*Tending my ruin, &c.* TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Ophelia :

“ — Tender yourself more dearly.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II :

“ I tender so the safety of my liege.” MALONE.

“ — *the body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the eldest son of the first Earl by his second wife, and was Viscount Lille, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viscount Lille in 1451. John, the earl's eldest son by his first wife, was slain at the battle of Northampton in 1460.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou antick death,*] The fool, or antick of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard II.* we have the same image :

“ — within the hollow crown

“ That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,<sup>7</sup>  
 In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—  
 O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death;  
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:  
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;  
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—  
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should  
     say—  
 Had death been French, then death had died to-  
     day.  
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;  
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

“ Keeps death his court: and there the antick fits  
 “ Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp.”

STEEVENS.

It is not improbable that Shakspeare borrowed this idea from one of the cuts to that most exquisite work called *Imagines Mortis*, commonly ascribed to the pencil of Holbein, but without any authority. See the 7th print. DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> —— winged through the lither sky,] *Lither* is flexible or yielding. In much the same sense Milton says:

“ —— He with broad fails  
 “ Winnow'd the buxom air.”

That is, the obsequious air. JOHNSON.

*Lither* is the comparative of the adjective *lithke*. So, in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591:

“ —— to breed numbness or litherneſſe.”  
*Litherneſſe* is limberneſſe, or yielding weakneſſe.

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“ I'll bring his lither legs in better frame.”

Milton might have borrowed the expression from Spenser, or Gower, who uses it in the Prologue to his *Confessio Amantis*:

“ That unto him whiche the head is,  
 “ The membres buxom shall bowe.”

In the old service of matrimony, the wife was enjoined to be *buxom* both at bed and board. *Buxom* therefore anciently signified obedient or yielding. Stubbs, in his *Anatomicie of Abuses*, 1595, uses the word in the same sense: “ ——are so buxome to their shameleſſe desires,” &c. STEEVENS.

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,  
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave,  
[Dies.

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

CHAR. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,

We should have found a bloody day of this.

BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,<sup>8</sup>

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!<sup>9</sup>

PUC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,  
*Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:*

But—with a proud, majestical, high scorn,—

He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born  
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:*<sup>2</sup>

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,<sup>3</sup>

\* —— *raging-wood,*] That is, *raging mad.* So, in Heywood's *Dialogues, containing a Number of effectual Proverbs, 1562:*

" She was, as they say, horn-wood."

Again, in *The longer thou liv'st the more fool thou art, 1570:*

" He will fight as he were wood." STEEVENS.

9 —— *in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. JOHNSON.

2 —— *of a giglot wench:*] *Giglot* is a *wanton, or a strumpet.* JOHNSON.

The word is used by Gascoigne and other authors, though now quite obsolete.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso, 1594:*

" Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's love,*

" That left her lord, prince Menelaus."

See Vol. VI. p. 201, n. 4. STEEVENS.

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BUR. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:

See, where he lies inherfed in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

BAST. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones  
afunder;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

CHAR. O, no; forbear: for that which we have  
fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French Herald preceding.*

LUCY. Herald,

Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know  
Who hath obtain'd<sup>4</sup> the glory of the day.

CHAR. On what submissive message art thou sent?

LUCY. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French  
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

<sup>3</sup> — in the bowels of the French,] So, in the first part of Jeronimo, 1605:

"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the battle's bowels."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Herald,

Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know

Who hath obtain'd — ] Lucy's message implied that he knew  
who had obtained the victory: therefore sir T. Hanmer reads:

Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent. JOHNSON.

CHAR. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison  
is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

LUC. Where is the great Alcides<sup>5</sup> of the field,  
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great earl of Washford,<sup>6</sup> Waterford, and Valence;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of  
Sheffield,

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;  
Knight of the noble order of saint George,  
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;  
Great marshal to Henry the sixth,  
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

PUC. Here is a silly stately stile, indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Where is the great Alcides—] Old copy—But where's. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The compositor probably caught the word But from the preceding line. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Great earl of Washford, ] It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinshed's *Chronicle of Ireland*, that Wexford was anciently called Weyxford. In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimitie* it is written as here, Washford. This long list of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Rouen in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to ascertain, for it is not in the common historians. The oldest book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, posterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this list is, the epitaph has one more, which, I suppose, was only rejected because it would not easily fall into the verse, "Lord Lovetot of Worlop." It concludes as here,— "Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden Heece, Great Marshall to King Henry VI. of his realm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> The Turk, &c.] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter

Writes not so tedious a file as this.—

Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,  
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

LUCY. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only  
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,  
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!  
O, that I could but call these dead to life!

It were enough to fright the realm of France:  
Were but his picture left among you here,  
It would amaze<sup>8</sup> the proudest of you all.  
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,  
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

PUC. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,  
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.  
For God's sake, let him have 'em,<sup>9</sup> to keep them  
here,

They would but flink, and putrefy the air,

CHAR. Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY. I'll bear them hence:  
But from their ashes shall be rear'd  
A phœnix<sup>2</sup> that shall make all France afeard.

of Sultan Soliman the Magnificent, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the Grand Signior's titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *History of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GREY.

<sup>8</sup> —— *amaze* — ] i. e. (as in other instances) confound, throw into consternation. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ I am *amaz'd* with matter — ” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *let him have 'em*; ] Old copy—have him. So, a little lower,—do with him. The first emendation was made by Mr. Theobald; the other by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> But from their *ashes* shall be rear'd

A phœnix &c.] The defect in the metre shews that some word of two syllables was inadvertently omitted; probably an epithet to *ashes*. MALONE.

CHAR. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.<sup>9</sup>  
 And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ;  
 All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Excunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.<sup>2</sup>

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.*

K. HEN. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope.

The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac ?

GLO. I have, my lord ; and their intent is this,—  
 They humbly sue unto your excellence,  
 To have a godly peace concluded of,  
 Between the realms of England and of France.

So, in the third part of this play :

" My ashes, as the phoenix, shall bring forth

" A bird that will revenge upon you all."

Sir Thomas Hanmer, with great probability, reads :

*But from their ashes, Dauphin, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, the useless words—with 'em should be omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> In the original copy, the transcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth A& ; and has by mistake called this scene, Scene II. The editor of the second folio made a very absurd regulation by making the a& begin in the middle of the preceding scene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his son,) which was inadvertently followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

K. HEN. How doth your grace affect their motion?

GLO. Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,  
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. HEN. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,  
It was both impious and unnatural,  
That such immaturity<sup>3</sup> and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith.

GLO. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,  
And surer bind, his knot of amity,—  
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,  
A man of great authority in France,—  
Proffers his only daughter to your grace  
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. HEN. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are  
young;<sup>4</sup>  
And fitter is my study and my books,  
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,  
So let them have their answers every one:  
I shall be well content with any choice,  
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER in a Cardinal's habit.*

EXE. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — immaturity — ] i. e. barbarity, savageness. STREEVENS.  
<sup>4</sup> — my years are young; ] His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree! ] This [as Mr. Edwards

Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,  
 Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy,—  
*If once he come to be a cardinal,*  
*He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.*

K. HEN. My lords ambassadors, your several  
 suits

Have been consider'd and debated on.  
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:  
 And therefore, are we certainly resolv'd  
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace;  
 Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean  
 Shall be transported presently to France.

GLO. And for the proffer of my lord your mas-  
 ter,—

I have inform'd his highness so at large,  
 As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
 Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—  
 He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. HEN. In argument and proof of which con-  
 tráct,  
 Bear her this jewel, [to the Amb.] pledge of my  
 affection.

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,

has observed in his MS. notes) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first act Gloster says:

“I'll canvass thee in thy broad *cardinal's hat*;  
 and it is strange that the duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. STEEVENS.

It should seem from the stage-direction prefixed to this scene, and from the conversation between the Legate and Winchester, that the author meant it to be understood that the bishop had obtained his cardinal's hat only just before his present entry. The inaccuracy therefore was in making Gloster address him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign. MALONE.

And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King HENRY and Train; GLOSTER,  
EXETER, and Ambassadors.*

WIN. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first re-  
ceive

The sum of money, which I promised  
Should be deliver'd to his holiness  
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

LEG. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

WIN. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,  
That, neither in birth,<sup>6</sup> or for authority,  
The bishop will be overborne by thee:  
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Excunt.*

## S C E N E II.

France. *Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENCON, LA PU-  
CELLE, and Forces, marching.*

CHAR. These news, my lords, may cheer our  
drooping spirits:  
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,  
And turn again unto the warlike French.

<sup>6</sup> *That neither in birth,*] I would read—for birth. That is, thou shalt not rule me, though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority supreme. JOHNSON.

ALEN. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

PUC. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ; Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Success unto our valiant general,  
And happiness to his accomplices !

CHAR. What tidings send our scouts ? I pr'y thee, speak.

MESS. The English army, that divided was  
Into two parts, <sup>6</sup> is now conjoin'd in one ;  
And means to give you battle presently.

CHAR. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning  
is ;

But we will presently provide for them.

BUR. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there ;  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

PUC. Of all base passions; fear is most accurst :—  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;  
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

CHAR. Then on, my lords ; And France be fortunate !

[*Exeunt.*

\* —— *parts,*] Old copy — *parties.* STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*The same. Before Angiers.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.*

PUC. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen  
fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and periaps; <sup>7</sup>  
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,  
And give me signs of future accidents! [Thunder.  
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Under the lordly monarch of the north,<sup>8</sup>  
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

<sup>7</sup> —— *ye charming spells, and periaps;* ] Charms sow'd up. *Ezek.*  
iii. 18: “Woe to them that sow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt  
fouls.” POPE.

Periaps were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease  
or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was  
deemed the most efficacious.

Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult  
Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c.

STEEVENS.

The following story, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*,  
1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has asserted: “A cardinal seeing  
a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him.  
His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against  
the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal,  
serves St. John's Gospel? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs  
understand no Latin.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *monarch of the north,* ] The north was always supposed to  
be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore,  
assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah is said to  
be, that he will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of  
the north. STEEVENS.

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd  
 Out of the powerful regions under earth,<sup>\*</sup>  
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk about, and speak not.*]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!  
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
 I'll lop a member off, and give it you,  
 In earnest of a further benefit;  
 So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall  
 Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,  
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
 Then take my foul; my body, soul, and all,  
 Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

\* *Out of the powerful regions under earth,*] I believe Shakespeare wrote—*legions.* WARBURTON.

The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions. Whence else should the sorcerers have selected or summoned her fiends?

STEEVENS.

In a former passage *regions* seems to have been printed instead of *legions*; at least all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the former. See p. 125, n. 4. The word *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the *fiends* themselves, but not to their place of residence, show that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So, in *The Tempest*:

" — But one fiend at a time,

" I'll fight their *legions o'er.*" MALONE

<sup>a</sup> *Where—*] i. e. whereas. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

" Where now you're both a father and a son." STEEVENS.

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,  
 That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,<sup>3</sup>  
 And let her head fall into England's lap.  
 My ancient incantations are too weak,  
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—  
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.]

*Alarums.* Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

YORK. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:  
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,  
 And try if they can gain your liberty.—  
 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!  
 See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,  
 As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.<sup>4</sup>

PUC. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

YORK. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;  
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

PUC. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and  
 thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd  
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

YORK. Fell, banning hag!<sup>5</sup> enchantress, hold thy  
 tongue.

<sup>3</sup> —— vail her lofty-plumed crest,] i. e. lower it. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 398, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> As if, with Circe, &c.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Fell, banning hag!] To ban is to curse. So, in *The Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“ I ban their souls to everlasting pains.” STEEVENS.

PUC. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

YORK. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to  
the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in lady MARGARET.*

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand.*] for eternal  
peace:<sup>3</sup>

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

MAR. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

<sup>3</sup> *I kis these fingers for eternal peace:*] In the old copy these lines are thus arranged and pointed:

" For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,

" I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

" And lay them gently on thy tender side."

by which Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example. The transposition was made, I think, rightly, by Mr. Capell. In the old edition, as here, there is only a comma after "hands," which seems to countenance the regulation now made. To obtain something like sense, the modern editors were obliged to put a full point at the end of that line.

In confirmation of the transposition here made, let it be remembered that two lines are in like manner misplaced in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. fol. 1623:

" Or like a star dis-orb'd; nay, if we talk of reason,

" And fly like a chidden Mercury from Jove."

Again, in *King Richard III*. Act IV. sc. iv:

" That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

" That excellent grand tyrant of the earth." MALONE.

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.<sup>4</sup>  
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,  
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;  
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.<sup>5</sup>  
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,<sup>6</sup>  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to my eyes.  
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:  
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:  
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;<sup>7</sup>  
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?<sup>8</sup>  
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

<sup>4</sup> —— *her wings.*] Old copy—*his*. This manifest error I only mention, because it supports a note in Vol. VIII. p. 335, n. 8. and justifies the change there made. *Her* was formerly spelt *hir*; hence it was often confounded with *his*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.*] Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ —— my heart accords thereto,

“ And yet a thousand times it answers—no.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, &c.*] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON.

Thus, Tasso:

“ Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla unriso

“ Negli umidi occhi tremulo ——.” HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> —— *disable not thyself;*] Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgement of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it*, A&V: “ If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgement.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?*] The words—*thy prisoner*, which are wanting in the first folio, are found in the second. STEEVENS.

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.<sup>7</sup>

MAR. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so.—  
What ransom must I pay before I pass?  
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

SUF. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,  
Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside.]

MAR. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must  
I pay?

SUF. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:  
She is a woman; therefore to be won.<sup>8</sup> [Aside.]

MAR. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

SUF. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a  
wife;  
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.]

MAR. I were best to leave him, for he will not  
hear.

SUF. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling  
card.<sup>9</sup>

MAR. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

SUF. And yet a dispensation may be had.

MAR. Andyet I would that you woudlanswer me.

SUF. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?  
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>7</sup> —— and makes the senses rough.] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—crouch.

MALONE.

\* She is a woman; therefore to be won.] This seems to be a proverbial line, and occurs in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585:

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— a cooling card.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"I'll have a present cooling card for you." STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> —— a wooden thing.] Is an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed.

MAR. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

SUF. Yet so my fancy<sup>3</sup> may be satisfy'd,  
And peace established between these realms.  
But there remains a scruple in that too:  
For though her father be the king of Naples,  
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,  
And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.]

MAR. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

SUF. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:  
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—  
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

MAR. What though I be entrall'd? he seems a  
knight,  
And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside.]

SUF. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MAR. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;  
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside.]

SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

MAR. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.  
[Aside.]

SUF. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

MAR. I cry you mercy, 'this but quid for quo.'

SUF. Say, gentle princeſ, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

So, in Lyl's *Galathea*, 1592: "Would I were out of these woods, for I shall have but wooden luck."

Again, in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"My master takes but wooden pains."

Again, in *The Knave of Spades*, &c. no date:

"To make an end of that same wooden phrase."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— my fancy — ] i. e. my love. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Fair Helena in fancy following me."

See Vol. VII. p. 132, n. 6. STEEVENS.

MAR. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,  
Than is a slave in base servility;  
For princes should be free.

SUF.                    And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be free.

MAR. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

SUF. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;  
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,  
And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my—?

MAR.                    What?

SUF. His love.

MAR. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUF. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam; are you so content?

MAR. An if my father please, I am content.

SUF. Then call our captains, and our colours,  
forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls  
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

*A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.*

SUF. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

REIG. To whom?

<sup>a</sup> If thou wilt condescend to be my—] I have little doubt that the words—be my, are an interpolation, and that the passage originally stood thus:

If thou wilt condescend to—

What?

*His love.*

Both sense and measure are then complete. STEEVENS.

SUF.

To me.

REIG.

Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

SUF. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;  
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;  
And this her easy-held imprisonment  
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

REIG. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

SUF. Fair Magaret knows,  
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.<sup>3</sup>

REIG. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,  
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit, from the walls.]

SUF. And here I will expect thy coming.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.*

REIG. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;  
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

SUF. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,  
Fit to be made companion with a king:  
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

REIG. Since thou dost deign to woo her little  
worth,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —— face, or feign,] “To face (says Dr. Johnson) is to carry a false appearance; to play the hypocrite.” Hence the name of one of the characters in Ben Jonson’s *Alchymist*. MALONE.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“Yet I have fac’d it with a card of ten.” STEEVENS.

\* Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth, &c.] To woo her

To be the princely bride of such a lord;  
 Upon condition I may quietly  
 Enjoy mine own, the county Maine,<sup>5</sup> and Anjou,  
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,  
 My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

SUF. That is her ransom, I deliver her;  
 And those two counties, I will undertake,  
 Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REIG. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,  
 As deputy unto that gracious king,—  
 Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

SUF. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,  
 Because this is in traffick of a king :  
 And yet, methinks, I could be well content  
 To be mine own attorney in this case.     [Aside.  
 I'll over then to England with this news,  
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:  
 So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe  
 In golden palaces, as it becomes.

REIG. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace  
 The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

MAR. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise,  
 and prayers,  
 Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.     [Going.  
 SUF. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you,  
 Margaret;  
 No princely commendations to my king?

*little worth—may mean—to court her small share of merit. But perhaps the passage should be pointed thus:*

*Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth  
 To be the princely bride of such a lord;*  
 i. e. little deserving to be the wife of such a prince. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— the county Maine,] Maine is called a county both by Hall and Holinshed. The old copy erroneously reads—country.

MALONE.

MAR. Such commendations as become a maid,  
A virgin, and his servant, fay to him.

SUF. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly<sup>6</sup> di-  
rected.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—  
No loving token to his majesty?

MAR. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted  
heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

SUF. And this withal. [Kisses her.

MAR. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,  
To send such peevish tokens<sup>7</sup> to a king.

[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.

SUF. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;  
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;  
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.  
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;  
Mad, natural graces<sup>8</sup> that extinguish art;

<sup>6</sup> ——modestly—] Old copy—modestly. Corrected by the editor  
of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> To send such peevish tokens—] Peevish, for childish.

WARBURTON.

See a note on *Cymbeline*, A& I. sc. vii: “He's strange and  
peevish.”

<sup>8</sup> Mad, natural graces—] So the old copy. The modern editors  
have been content to read her natural graces. By the word *mad*,  
however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultivated. In  
the former of these significations he appears to have used it in  
*Othello*:

“ —— he she lov'd prov'd mad.”

which Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl,  
to this day, a *mad-cap*.

*Mad*, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is used as an  
epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote—

“ And catch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,  
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,  
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

[Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.]

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

SHEP. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart<sup>8</sup> outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,  
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:

"Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?"

Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: " — with manie more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before."

MALONE.

It is possible that Steevens may be right in asserting that the word *mad*, may have been used to express *wild*; but I believe it was never used as descriptive of excellence, or as applicable to grace. The passage is in truth erroneous, as is also the amendment of former editors. That which I should propose is, to read *and*, instead of *mad*, words that might easily have been mistaken for each other;

*Bethink thee of her virtues that fumount,*

*And natural graces, that extinguish art.*

That is, think of her virtues that fumount art, and of her natural graces that extinguish it. M. MASON.

" — kills thy father's heart — ] This phrase occurs likewise in *King Henry V.* and the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS,

Must I behold thy timeless<sup>9</sup> cruel death?  
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

PUC. Decrepit miser! <sup>a</sup> base ignoble wretch!  
I am descended of a gentler blood;  
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

SHEP. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis  
not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:  
Her mother liveth yet, can testify.  
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.

WAR. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath  
been;

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — timeles — ] is untimely. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

" Thy strength was buried in his timeless death."

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> Decrepit miser! ] Miser has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. So, in the *Interlude of Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

" But as for these misers within my father's tent—."

Again, in Lord Sterline's tragedy of *Cresus*, 1604:

" Or think'ft thou me of judgement too remiss,

" A miser that in miserie remains,

" The bastard child of fortune, barr'd from bliss,

" Whom heaven doth hate, and all the world disdains?"

Again, in Holinshed, p. 760, where he is speaking of the death of Richard III: " And so thit miser, at the fame verie point, had like chance and fortune," &c. Again, p. 951, among the last words of Lord Cromwell: " — for if I should so doo, I were a very wretch and a miser." Again, *ibid.*: " — and so patiently suffered the stroke of the ax, by a ragged and butcherlie miser, which ill-favouredlie performed the office." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> This argues what her kind of life hath been;

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.] So, in this play, Part II. p. 290:

" So bad a death argues a monstrous life." STEEVENS.

SHEP. Fie, Joan ! that thou wilt be so obſtacle!<sup>3</sup>  
 God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;<sup>4</sup>  
 And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear :  
 Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

PUC. Peasant, avaunt !—You have ſuborn'd this  
 man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEP. 'Tis true, I gave a noble<sup>5</sup> to the priest.  
 The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—  
 Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
 Wilt thou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time  
 Of thy nativity! I would, the milk  
 Thy mother gave thee; when thou ſuck'dſt her  
 breast,  
 Had been a little ratſbane for thy ſake!  
 Or else, when thou didſt keep my lambs a-field,  
 I wiſh ſome ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
 Doft thou deny thy father, curſed drab?  
 O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.

[Exit.]

YORK. Take her away; for ſhe hath liv'd too long,  
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.

<sup>3</sup> — that thou wilt be so obſtacle! ] A vulgar corruption of  
 obſtinate, which I think has oddly laſted ſince our author's time till  
 now. JOHNSON.

The ſame corruption may be met with in Gower, and other  
 writers. Thus in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611;

" An obſtacle young thing it is."  
 Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

" Be not obſtacle, old duke." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — a collop of my flesh; ] So, in *The History of Morindos and  
 Miracula*: 1609, quarto, bl. 1.: " — yet being his ſecond ſelfe,  
 a collop of his owne flesh" &c. RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> — my noble birth.—

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble — ] This paſſage ſeems to cor-  
 roborate an explanation, ſomewhat far-fetched, which I have given  
 in *King Henry IV*, of the nobleman and royal man. JOHNSON.

PUC. First, let me tell you whom you have condemned:

Not me<sup>6</sup> begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous, and holy; chos'en from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits:  
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compas wonders, but by help of devils.  
No, misconceived!<sup>7</sup> Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

WAR. And hark ye, firs; because she is a maid,  
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:  
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
That so her torture may be shortened.

PUC. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—  
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.<sup>8</sup>—  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:

<sup>6</sup> Not me—] I believe the author wrote—Not one. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> No, misconceived!] i. e. No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.] The useless words—to be, which spoil the measure, are an evident interpolation. STEEVENS.

Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with  
child?

WAR. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:  
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YORK. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:  
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR. Well, go to; we will have no bastards  
live;

Especially, since Charles must father it.

PUC. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;  
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!<sup>\*</sup>  
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

PUC. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;  
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,  
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

WAR. A marry'd man! that's most intolerable.

YORK. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows  
not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

\* *Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!*]   Machiavel being mentioned somewhat before his time, this line is by some of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely spoken of. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the charactors bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Carthaginus*,

" —— read *Machiavel*:

" Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell."

Again:

" —— my brain

" Italianates my barren faculties

" To *Machiavelian* blackness." STREEVENS.

WAR. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

YORK. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—  
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:  
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

PUC. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave  
my curse,  
May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode!  
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death,  
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,  
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves! <sup>4</sup>

[Exit, guarded.

YORK. Break thou in pieces, and consume to  
ashes,  
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

*Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.*

CAR. Lord regent, I do greet your excellency  
With letters of commission from the king,  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
Mov'd with remorse <sup>3</sup> of these outrageous broils,

\* ——— darkness and the gloomy shade of death — ] The expression  
is scriptural: “Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited  
us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death.”

MALONE.

\* ——— till mischief, and despair,  
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves! ] Perhaps Shakspere  
intended to remark, in this execration, the frequency of suicide  
among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the  
gloominess of their air. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— remorse — ] i. e. compassion, pity. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
“ As mine is to him,” STEEVENS.

VOL. XIV.

M

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace  
 Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;  
 And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,  
 Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?  
 After the slaughter of so many peers,  
 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,  
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,  
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,  
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery.  
 Our great progenitors had conquered? —  
 O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief  
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

WAR. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,  
 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,  
 As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENCON, Bastard,  
 REIGNIER, and Others.*

CHAR. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed.  
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,  
 We come to be informed by yourselves  
 What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler  
 chokes.  
 The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — poison'd voice, ] Poison'd voice agrees well enough with baneful enemies, or with baleful, if it can be used in the same sense. The modern editors read — prison'd voice. JOHNSON.

Prison'd was introduced by Mr. Pope, MALONE.

By sight of these our baleful enemies.<sup>5</sup>

WIN. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:  
That — in regard king Henry gives consent,  
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distresful wat,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, —  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown :  
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,  
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,  
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALEN. Must he be then as shadow of himself?  
Adorn his temples with a coronet;<sup>6</sup>  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?  
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHAR. 'Tis known, already that I am posses'd  
With more than half the Gallian territories.  
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king :  
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
Detract so much from that prerogative,  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

<sup>5</sup> — baleful enemies. ] *Baleful* is sorrowful; I therefore rather imagine that we should read — *baneful*, hurtful, or mischievous.

JOHNSON.

*Baleful* had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet very frequently bestowed on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — with a coronet; ] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

" which to confirm,

" This coronet part between you."

These are the words of Lear when he gives up his *crown* to Cornwall and Albany. STEEVENS.

No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep  
That which I have, than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret  
means

Us'd intercession to obtain a league;  
And, now the matter grows to compromise;  
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?<sup>7</sup>  
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit<sup>8</sup> proceeding from our king,  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIG. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
To cavil in the course of this contract:  
If once it be neglected, ten to one,  
We shall not find like opportunity.

ALEN. To say the truth, it is your policy,  
To save your subjects from such massacre,  
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen  
By our proceeding in hostility:  
And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*A side, to Charles.*

WAR. How say'ſt thou, Charles? shall our con-  
dition stand?

CHAR. It shall:  
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

<sup>7</sup> —— upon comparison? Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —— accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit — ] Benefit is here a term of law. Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king. JOHNSON.

YORK. Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;  
 As thou art knight, never to disobey,  
 Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
 Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[Charles, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.  
 So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;  
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,  
 For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK;  
 GLOSTER and EXETER following.*

K. HEN. Your wond'rous rare description, noble  
 earl,  
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :  
 Her virtues, graced with external gifts,  
 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :  
 And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;  
 So am I driven,<sup>9</sup> by breath of her renown,  
 Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive  
 Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF. Tush, my good lord ! this superficial tale  
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise :  
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame,  
 (Had I sufficient skill to utter them,) .

<sup>9</sup> So am I driven, ] This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest.

JOHNSON.

M 3

Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit.  
And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
So full replete with choice of all delights,  
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,  
She is content to be at your command;  
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. HEN. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,  
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLO. So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
Unto another lady of esteem;  
How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
And not deface your honour with reproach?

SUF. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
Or one, that, at a triumph<sup>2</sup> having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds:  
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
And therefore may be broke without offence..

GLO. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than  
that?

Her father is no better than an earl,  
Although in glorious titles he excel.

<sup>2</sup> — at a triumph — ] That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated. JOHNSON.

A triumph, in the age of Shakspere, signified a public exhibition, such as a *mast*, a *revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II*:

" What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?" STEEVENS.

See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. VII. p. 6, n. 5.

MALONE.

SUF. Yes, my good lord,<sup>3</sup> her father is a king,  
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;  
And of such great authority in France;  
As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLO. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

EXE. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;  
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

SUF. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your  
king,  
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;<sup>4</sup>  
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:  
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
It most<sup>5</sup> of all these reasons bindeth us,  
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?

<sup>3</sup> —— *my good lord,*] *Good,* which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— *by attorneyship;*] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretionary agency of another. JOHNSON.

This is a phrase of which Shakespeare is peculiarly fond. It occurs twice, in *King Richard III.*:

“Be the attorney of my love to her.”

Again:

“I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *It most* —] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,<sup>5</sup>  
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?  
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
 Approves her fit for none, but for a king:  
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
 (More than in women commonly is seen,)  
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king;<sup>6</sup>  
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
 If with a lady of so high resolve,  
 As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.  
 Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,  
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. HEN. Whether it be through force of your report,

My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that  
 My tender youth was never yet attaint  
 With any passion of inflaming love,  
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,  
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,  
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,

<sup>5</sup> Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,] The word — *forth*, which is not in the first folio, was supplied, I think, unnecessarily, by the second. *Contrary*, was, I believe, used by the author as a quadrisyllable, as if it were written *contrarie*; according to which pronunciation the metre is not defective:

*Whereas the conterary bringeth bliss.*

In the same manner Shakspere frequently uses *Henry* as a trisyllable, and *hour* and *fire* as disyllables. See Vol. IV. p. 190, n. 7.

MALONE.

I have little confidence in this remark. Such a pronunciation of the word *contrary* is, perhaps, without example. *Hour* and *fire* were anciently written as disyllables, viz. *hower* — *fier*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Will answer our hope in issue of a king;] The useless word — *our*, which destroys the harmony of this line, I suppose ought to be omitted. STEEVENS.

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.<sup>7</sup>  
 Take, therefore shipping; post, my lord to France;  
 Agree to any covenants; and procure  
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
 To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd  
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
 For your expences and sufficient charge,  
 Among the people gather up a tenth.  
 Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,  
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—  
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:  
 If you do censure me by what you were,<sup>8</sup>  
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
 This sudden execution of my will.  
 And so conduct me, where from company,  
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief.<sup>9</sup> [Exit.]

GLO. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.]

SUF. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;  
 With hope to find the like event in love,  
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king?  
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.\*

[Exit.]

<sup>7</sup> As I am sick with working of my thoughts.] So, in Shakespeare's *King Henry V*:

“Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> If you do censure me &c.] To censure is here simply to judge.  
 If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.

JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 179, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— ruminate my grief.] Grief in the first line is taken generally for pain or uneasiness; in the second specially for sorrow.

JOHNSON.

\* Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in

1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is inquibitably colled from the series of events; that it was written and played before *Henry the Fifth* is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

" Henry the fifth in swaddling bands crown'd king,  
 " Whose state so many had the managing,  
 " That they lost France, and made his England bleed :  
 " Which oft our stage hath shewn."

*France is lost* in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The second and third parts of *Henry VI.* were printed in 1600. When *Henry V.* was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts. The first part of *Henry VI.* had been often *shown on the stage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the author been the publisher. JOHNSON.

That the second and third parts (as they are now called) were printed without the first, is a proof, in my apprehension, that they were not written by the author of the first: and the title of *The Contention of the houses of York and Lancaster*, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto in 1600, is a proof that they were a distinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the same time; and that this play was never known by the name of *The First Part of King Henry VI.* till Heminge and Condell gave it this title in their volume, to distinguish it from the two subsequent plays; which being altered by Shakespeare, assumed the new titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. This first part was, I conceive, originally called *The historical play of King Henry VI.* See the Essay at the end of these contested pieces. MALONE.

# KING HENRY VI,\*

P A R T II,

\* SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.] This and *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445]: and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1455]: so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by Crowne, and acted in the year 1681.

STEEVENS.

In a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

*The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster* in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retouching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprise the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing); and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded; retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in 1591. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. II. and the Dissertation at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a dependence on the first. Undoubt-

edly not; the old play of *K. Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The first part*,) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the two houses, &c.* in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspere was the author of these two pieces as they *originally appeared*.

MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

King Henry the Sixth:  
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.  
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle  
to the king.  
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York:  
Edward and Richard, his sons.  
Duke of Somerset,  
Duke of Suffolk,  
Duke of Buckingham, } of the king's party:  
Lord Clifford,  
Young Clifford, his son.  
Earl of Salisbury, } of the York faction:  
Earl of Warwick.  
Lord Scales, Gouvernour of the Tower. Lord Say.  
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother. Sir John  
Stanley.  
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter  
Whitmote.  
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.  
A Herald. Vaux.  
Hume and Southwell; two priests.  
Bolingbroke, a Conjuror. A spirit raised by him.  
Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his man.  
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.  
Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.  
Jack Cade, a Rebel:  
George, John, Dick, Smith the Weaver, Michael, &c.  
his followers.  
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.  
Margaret, Queen to King Henry.  
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster.  
Margery Jourdain, a Witch. Wife to Simpcox.  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen,  
a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices,  
Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.  
SCENE, dispersedly in various parts of England.

S E C O N D P A R T O F  
K I N G H E N R Y V I.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.*

SUF. As by your high<sup>a</sup> imperial majest<sup>y</sup>  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator to your excellenc<sup>e</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> *As by your high &c. }* Vide Hall's Chronicle, fol. 66, year 23. init. POPE.

It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history.

JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> *As procurator to your excellenc<sup>e</sup>, &c. }* So, in Holinshed, p. 625: "The marquess of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of Saint Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband, and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orléance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops," &c. STEEVENS.

This passage Holinshed transcribed *verbatim* from Hall.

MALONE.

To marry princess Margaret for your grace :  
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours, —  
 In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and  
 Alençon,  
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend  
 bishops; —

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :  
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
 Deliver up my title in the queen  
 To your most gracious hands, that are<sup>4</sup> the substance  
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;  
 The happiest gift that ever marquels gave,  
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. HEN. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, queen Margaret :

I can express no kinder sign of love,  
 Than this kind kiss. — O Lord, that lends me life,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !  
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
 \* A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
 \* If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. MAR. Great king of England, and my gracious lord ;  
 \* The mutual conference<sup>5</sup> that my mind hath had —  
 \* By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreams ;  
 \* In courtly company, or at my beads, —  
 \* With you mine alder-liefest sovereign,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — — that are — — ] i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my sovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line stands :

Unto your gracious excellence that are &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> The mutual conference — — ] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — — mine alder-liefest sovereign, ] Alder-liefest is an old English

- Makes me the bolder to salute my king
- With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
- And over-joy of heart doth minister.
- ‘ K. HEN. Her sight did ravish: but her grace  
    in speech,-
- Her words y-clad with wisdom’s majesty,
- Makes me from wondering, fall to weeping joys ; ’

word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached: *lieveſt* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lieſt*. So, Hall in his *Chronicle*, *Henry VI.*, folio 12. “ Ryght hvyghe and mighty prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, *lieveſt lord.*” WARBURTON.

*Alder-liefeſt* is a corruption of the German word *aller-liebſt*, beloved above all things, dearest of all.

The word is used by Chaucer; and is put by Marston into the mouth of his Dutch courtesan:

“ O mine *alder-liefeſt* love.”

Again:

“ —— pretty sweetheart of mine *alder-liefeſt* affection.”

Again, in Gascoigne:

“ —— and to mine *alder-liefeſt* lord I must indite.”

See Tyrwhitt’s Glossary to Chaucer. *Lene* or *lefte*, Sax. *dear*; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. ca. pl. of *all*. STEEVENS.

[*Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;*] This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspere was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much ado about nothing*, *K. Richard II.*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. This and the preceding speech stand thus in the original play in quarto. I transcribe them that the reader may be the better able to judge concerning my hypothesis; and shall quote a few other passages for the same purpose. To exhibit all the speeches that Shakspere has altered, would be almost to print the two plays twice:

*Queen.* The excessive love I bear unto your grace,  
Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,  
Lest I should speake more than becometh a woman.  
Let this suffice; my bliss is in your liking;  
And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable  
Unlesſeſ the frowne of mightie England’s king.

*Fr. King.* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth  
Lovely queen Margaret, sit down by my ſide; [ pierce,  
And uncle Cloſter, and you lordly peers,  
With one voice welcōme my beloved Queene. MALONE.

• Such is the fulnes of my heart's content.—  
 • Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. MAR. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

SUF. My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
 Here are the articles of contracted peace,  
 Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,  
 • For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLO. [reads.] *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marques of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. — Item,— That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine,<sup>8</sup> shall be released and delivered to the king her father—*

K. HEN. Uncle, how now?

GLO. Pardon me, gracious lord;  
 Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
 And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. HEN. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

WIN. Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent*

<sup>8</sup> — and the county of Maine, ] So the chronicles; yet when the Cardinal afterwards reads this article, he says, — “ It is further agreed—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over,” &c. But the words in the instrument could not thus vary, whilst it was passing from the hands of the duke to those of the Cardinal. For the inaccuracy Shakspere must answer, the author of the original play not having been guilty of it. This kind of inaccuracy is, I believe, peculiar to our poet; for I have never met with any thing similar in any other writer. He has again fallen into the same impropriety in *All's Well that Ends Well*.

MALONE.

*over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. HEN. They please us well.—Lord marques, kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace  
From being regent in the parts of France,  
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—  
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and

Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

GLO. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
• To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
• Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
• What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
• His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?  
• Did he so often lodge in open field,  
• In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,  
• To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
• And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
• To keep by policy what Henry got?  
• Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
• Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
• Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?  
• Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,  
• With all the learned council of the realm,  
• Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,  
• Early and late, debating to and fro.

- How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
- And hath his highness in his infancy
- Been crown'd<sup>9</sup> in Paris, in despite of foes;
- And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
- Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
- Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
- O peers of England, shameful is this league!
- Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
- Blotting your names from books of memory;
- Razing the characters of your renown;
- Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
- Undoing all, as all had never been!
- CAR. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
- This peroration with such circumstance?<sup>10</sup>
- For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
- \* GLO. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
- \* But now it is impossible we should:
- Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roast,
- Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
- \* Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
- \* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.<sup>11</sup>
- \* SAL. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
- These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
- \* But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
- WAR. For grief that they are past recovery:
- For, were there hope to conquer them again,

<sup>9</sup> Been crown'd—] The word *Been* was supplied by Mr. Stevens. MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> This peroration with such circumstance?] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

<sup>11</sup> —— whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.] So Holinshed “King Reignier his father, for all his long life, had too short a purse to fend his daughter honourably to the king his spouse.” MALONE.

\* My fword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

\* Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities,<sup>4</sup> that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

\* Mort Dieu!

\* YORK. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike ifle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league,  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:  
And our king Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

\* GLO. A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,

\* Before—

\* CAR. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.  
\* GLO. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;  
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.  
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

<sup>4</sup> And are the cities, &c.] The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the jingle is more striking. " And must that then which we won with our swords, be given away with words?"

MALONE.

\* We shall begin our ancient bickerings.<sup>5</sup>—  
Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [ *Exit.* ]

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy :  
\* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;  
\* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king,  
\* Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,  
\* And heir apparent to the English crown ;  
\* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
\* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west.<sup>6</sup>  
\* There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
\* Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words  
\* Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circumspect.  
• What though the common people favour him,  
• Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster* ;  
• Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

<sup>5</sup> —— *bickerings.*] To *bicker* is to *skirmish*. In the ancient metrical romance of *Guy E. of Warwick*, bl. 1. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. Again, in the genuine ballad of *Chevy Chace* :

“ Bomen *bickarte* upon the bent  
“ With their browd aras cleare.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song IX :

“ From *bickering* with his folk to keep us Britains back.”

Again, in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1589 :

“ —— sundry times *bickered* with our men, and gave them the foyle.” Again, in Holinshed, p. 537 : “ At another *bickering* also it chanced that the Englishmen had the upper hand.” Again, p. 572 : “ At first there was a sharp *bickering* betwixt them, but in the end victorie remained with the Englishmen.” *Levi pugnae congrederior* is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dia*. 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,*] Certainly Shakespeare wrote—*east*. WARBURTON.

There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker. JOHNSON.

- *Jesu maintain your royal excellency!*
- *With—God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
- I fear me, lords, for all this flattering glosſ,
- He will be found a dangerous protector.
- \* **BUCK.** Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,
- \* He being of age to govern of himſelf?—
- \* Cousin of Somerſet, join you with me,
- \* And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
- \* We'll quickly hoife duke Humphrey from his ſeat.
- \* **CAR.** This weighty buſineſs will not brook de-  
lay;
- \* I'll to the duke of Suffolk preſently.      [Exit.]
- \* **SOM.** Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-  
phrey's pride,
- \* And greatness of his place be grief to us,
- \* Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
- \* His insolence is more intolerable
- \* Than all the princes in the land beſide;
- \* If Gloſter be displac'd, he'll be protector.
- BUCK.** Or thou, or I, Somerſet, will be protector,
- \* Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

- SAL.** Pride went before, ambition follows him.
- \* While theſe do labour for their own preſerment,
- \* Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
- \* I never ſaw but Humphrey duke of Gloſter
- \* Did bear him like a noble gentleman
- \* Oft have I ſeen the haughty cardinal—
- \* More like a ſoldier, than a man o'the church.
- \* As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
- \* Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
- \* Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
- \* Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
- \* Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

N 4

- ‘ Hath won the greatest favour of the commons;
- ‘ Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
- ‘ And, brother York,’ thy acts in Ireland,
- ‘ In bringing them to civil discipline? \*
- ‘ Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
- ‘ When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
- ‘ Have made thee fear’d, and honour’d, of the people:—
- ‘ Join we together, for the publick good;
- ‘ In what we can, to bridle and suppress
- ‘ The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
- ‘ With Somerset’s and Buckingham’s ambition;
- ‘ And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey’s deeds,
- ‘ While they do tend the profit of the land,<sup>9</sup>
- \* WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
- \* And common profit of his country!

<sup>7</sup> *And, brother York,]* Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans [See this play, Part I. A&I. sc. iii.]; and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, in 1449. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *to civil discipline;*] This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *the profit of the land.]* I think we might read, more clearly —*to* profit of the land — i. e. to profit themselves by it; unless *tend* be written for *attend*, as in King Richard II:

“ They tend the crowne, yet still with me they stay.”

STEVENS.

Perhaps *tend* has here the same meaning as *tender* in a subsequent scene:

“ I tender so the safety of my liege.”

Or it may have been put for *intend*; while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their object. MALONE.

\* YORK. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

SAL. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.<sup>2</sup>

WAR. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost ;  
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,  
\* And would have kept, so long as breath did last :  
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine ;  
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;  
\* Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy.  
\* Stands on a tickle point,<sup>3</sup> now they are gone :  
\* Suffolk concluded on the articles ;  
\* The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd,  
\* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
\* I cannot blame them all ; What is't to them ?  
\* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
\* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
\* And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,  
\* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :  
\* While as the silly owner of the goods  
\* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
\* And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,

<sup>2</sup> *Then let's &c.*] The quarto—without such redundancy—

*Come, sponnes, away, and looke unto the maine.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — on a tickle point,] Tickle is very frequently used for *tickly* by poets contemporary with Shakspeare. So, Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562 :

" Time is tickell, we may matche time in this,

" For be even as tickell as time is."

Again, in *Jeronimo*, 1605 :

" Now stands our fortune on a tickle point."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 :

" The rest by turning of my tickle wheel." STEEVENS.

\* While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;  
 \* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.  
 \* So York must fit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
 \* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.  
 \* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and  
     Ireland,  
 \* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,  
 \* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,  
 \* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.<sup>3</sup>  
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !  
 Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,  
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
 A day will come, when York shall claim his own;  
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,  
 And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,  
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:  
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.  
 Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:  
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state;  
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought  
     queen,  
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;  
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,

<sup>3</sup> —— the prince's heart of Calydon.] Meleager. STEEVENS.

According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torments. MALONE.

To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,  
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit,

### S C E N E II.

*The same. A Room in the duke of Gloster's house.*

*Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.*

DUCH. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd  
 corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

\* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his  
 brows,

\* As frowning at the favours of the world?

\* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the full earth,

\* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

\* What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,

\* Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?

\* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

\* Until thy head be circled with the same.

\* Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—

\* What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:

\* And, having both together heav'd it up,

\* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;

\* And never more abase our sight so low,

\* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

‘ GLO. O Nell, sweet Nell, ifthou dost love thy  
 lord,

‘ Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:

‘ And may that thought, when I imagine ill

‘ Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

‘ Be my last breathing in this mortal world!

‘ My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

- ‘ DUCH. What dream’d my lord? tell me, and  
I’ll requite it
- ‘ With sweet rehearsal of my morning’s dream.
- ‘ GLO. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge  
in court,
- ‘ Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
- ‘ But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
- ‘ And on the pieces of the broken wand
- ‘ Were plac’d the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,  
    fet,
- ‘ And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
- ‘ This was my dream; what it doth bode, God  
    knows.
- ‘ DUCH. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,  
That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster’s grove,
- ‘ Shall lose his head for his presumption.
- ‘ But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,  
In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
And in that chair where kings and queens are  
    crown’d;
- Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel’d to me,
- ‘ And on my head did set the diadem.
- ‘ GLO. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
- \* Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur’d Eleanor!<sup>4</sup>
- Art thou not second woman in the realm;  
And the protector’s wife, belov’d of him?
- \* Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
\* Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

<sup>4</sup> — ill-nurtur’d Eleanor!] *Ill-nurtur’d*, is ill-educated. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Were I hard-favour’d, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
“ *Ill-nurtur’d*, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice.”

MALONE.

- \* To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
- \* From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
- Away from me, and let me hear no more.
- ‘ DUCH. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric!
- With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
- Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
- And not be check'd.
- ‘ GLO. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

- ‘ MESS. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
  - You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
  - Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.<sup>6</sup>
  - GLO. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
  - ‘ DUCH. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
- [*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

<sup>5</sup> *Nay, be not angry, &c.]* Instead of this line, we have these two in the old play:

“ Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream;  
“ But I would have thee to think on no such things.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk]* Whereas is the same as where; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a disyllable. So, in *The Tryal of Treasure*, 1567:

“ Whereas she is resident, I must needs be.”

Again, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ That I should pass whereas Octavia stands  
“ To view my misery,” &c.

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ But see whereas Lucretius is return'd.  
“ Welcome, brave Roman!”

The word is several times used in this piece, as well as in some others; and always with the same sense.

Again, in the 51st sonnet of Lord Sterline, 1604:

“ I dream'd the nymph, that n'er my fancy reigns,  
“ Came to a part whereas I paus'd alone;” STEEVENS.

- ‘ Follow I must, I cannot go before,
- \* While Glöster bears this base and humble mind.
- \* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
- \* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
- \* And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
- \* And, being a woman, I will not be slack
- \* To play my part in fortune’s pageant.
- ‘ Were are you there? Sir John! <sup>7</sup> nay, fear not,  
man,
- ‘ We are alone; here’s none but thee, and I.

*Enter HUME.*

HUME. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

‘ DUCH. What say’st thou, majesty! I am but  
grace.

HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume’s  
advice,

‘ Your grace’s title shall be multiply’d.

‘ DUCH. What say’st thou, man? hast thou as yet  
conferr’d

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;  
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

‘ HUME. This they have promised,—to show your  
highness

A spirit rais’d from depth of under ground,

‘ That shall make answer to such questions,

‘ As by your grace shall be propounded him.

‘ DUCH. It is enough; <sup>8</sup> I’ll think upon the  
questions:

<sup>7</sup> ——— Sir John!] A title frequently bestowed on the clergy.  
See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. V. p. 7, n. 2.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> DUCH. It is enough; &c.] This speech stands thus in the old  
quarto:

- ‘ When from saint Albans we do make return,
- ‘ We'll see these things effected to the full.
- ‘ Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
- ‘ With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Duchess.*

- \* HUME. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
- ‘ Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
- ‘ Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum?
- ‘ The busines asketh silent secrecy.
- \* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
- \* Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
- ‘ Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
- ‘ I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
- ‘ And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
- ‘ Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
- ‘ They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
- ‘ Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
- ‘ And buz these conjurations in her brain.
- \* They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;<sup>9</sup>
- \* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

“ *Elean.* Thanks, good sir John,  
 “ Some two days hence, I guess, will fit our time;  
 “ Then see that they be here.  
 “ For now the king is riding to St. Albans,  
 “ And all the dukes and earls along with him.  
 “ When they be gone, then safely may they come,  
 “ And on the backside of mine orchard here  
 “ There cast their spells in silence of the night,  
 “ And so resolve us of the thing we wish: —  
 “ Till when, drink that for my sake, and so farewell.”

STEEVENS.

Here we have a speech of ten lines, with different versification, and different circumstances, from those of the five which are found in the folio. What imperfect transcript (for such the quarto has been called) ever produced such a variation? MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *A crafty knave does need no broker;*] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's *Collection.* STEEVENS.

- \* Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
- \* To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
- \* Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
- \* Hume's knavery will be the duchefs' wreck;
- \* And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
- \* Sort how it will, <sup>2</sup> I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

## S C E N E III.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.*

- 1. PET. My masters, let's stand close; my lord
- protector will come this way by and by, and then
- we may deliver our supplications in the quill.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Sort how it will, ] Let the issue be what it will. JOHNSON.  
See Vol. IX. p. 334, n. 6.

This whole speech is very different in the original play. Instead of the last couplet we find these lines:

" But whist, Sir John; no more of that I trow,  
" For fear you lose your head, before you go."

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — in the quill. ] In quill is Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading; the rest have—in the quill. JOHNSON.

Perhaps our supplications in the quill, or in quill, means no more than our written or penn'd supplications. We still say, a drawing in chalk, for a drawing executed by the use of chalk. STEEVENS.

In the quill may mean, with great exactness and observance of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were quilled. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is in the quill, i. e. in the reigning mode of taste. TOLLET.

To this observation I may add, that after printing began, the similar phrase of a thing being in print was used to express the same circumstance of exactness. " All this," (declares one of the quibbling servants in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*) " I say in print, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

\* 2. PET. Marry, the lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bles him!

*Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARET.*

\* 1. PET. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

\* 2. PET. Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

SUF. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

\* 1. PET. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

\* Q. MAR. [reading the superscription.] To my lord protector! are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

\* 1. PET. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

SUF. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's your's?—What's here! [reads.] Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.—How now, sir knave?

2. PET. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*In quill* may be supposed to have been a phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *quille* in French is a nine-pin, and, in some parts of England, nine-pins are still called *cayls*, which word is used in the statute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. *Quelle* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright.

HAWKINS.

PETER. [presenting his petition.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. MAR. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER. That my master was!<sup>5</sup> No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

SUF. Who is there? [Enter Servants,]—Take this fellow in, and sent for his master with a pur-suivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [Exit Servants, with PETER.]

Q. MAR. And as for you, that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the petitions.  
Away, base culions!—Suffolk, let them go.

\* ALL. Come, let's be gone. [Exit Petitioners.  
\* Q. MAR. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

\* Is this the fashion in the court of England?  
\* Is this the government of Britain's Isle,

<sup>5</sup> That my master was? ] The old copy—that my mistress was? The present emendation was supplied by Mr. Tywhitt, and has the concurrence of Mr. M. Mason. STEEVENS.

The folio reads—That my mistress was; which has been followed in all subsequent editions. But the context shows clearly that it was a misprint for master. Peter supposes that the queen had asked, whether the duke of York had said that his master (for so he undeniably stands the pronoun he in her speech) was rightful heir to the crown. “That my master was heir to the crown!” (he replies.) No, the reverse is the case. My master said, that the duke of York was heir to the crown.” In *The Taming of the Shrew*, mistress and master are frequently confounded. The mistake arose from these words being formerly abbreviated in Ms.; and an M. stood for either one or the other. See Vol. IX. p. 245, n. 9. MALONE.

- \* And this the royalty of Albion's king?
- \* What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
- \* Under the surly Gloster's governance?
- \* Am I a queen in title and in style,
- \* And must be made a subject to a duke?
- ' I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
- ' Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
- ' And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
- ' I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
- ' In courage, courtship, and proportion:
- ' But all his mind is bent to holiness,
- \* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
- \* His champions are—the prophets, and apostles;
- \* His weapons, holy faws of sacred writ;
- \* His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves
- \* Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
- \* I would, the college of the cardinals
- \* Would chose him pope, and carry him to Rome;
- \* And set the triple crown upon his head;
- \* That were a state fit for his holiness.
- ' Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
- ' Your highness came to England, so will I
- ' In England work your grace's full content.
- \* Q. MAR. Beside the haught protector, have we  
Beaufort,
- \* The imperious churchman; Somerset, Bucking<sup>ham</sup>,
- \* And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
- \* But can do more in England than the king.
- \* Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
- \* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
- \* Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
- \* Q. MAR. Not all these lords do vex me half so  
much,

- ‘ As that proud dame, the lord protector’s wife.
- ‘ She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
- ‘ More like an empress, than duke Humphrey’s wife;
- Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
- \* She bears a duke’s revenues on her back,<sup>4</sup>
- \* And in her heart she scorns our poverty :
- \* Shall I not live to be aveng’d on her?
- \* Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
- \* She vaunted ‘mongst her minions t’other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing-gown  
Was better worth than all my father’s lands,
- \* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms<sup>5</sup> for his daughter.
- ‘ Suf. Madam, myself have lim’d a bush for her;<sup>6</sup>
- \* And plac’d a quire of such enticing birds,
- \* That she will light to listen to the lays,
- \* And never mount to trouble you again.
- \* So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
- \* For I am bold to counsel you in this.
- \* Although we fancy not the cardinal,
- \* Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
- \* Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
- \* As for the duke of York,—this late complaint<sup>7</sup>
- \* Will make but little for his benefit:

<sup>4</sup> *She bears a duke’s revenues &c.*] See *King Henry VIII.* A&I.  
sc. i. Vol. XVI. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *two dukedoms* ——] The duchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry surrendered to Regnier, on his marriage with Margaret. See sc. i. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *lim’d a bush for her*;] So, in *Arden of Faverham*, 1592:  
“Lime your twigs to catch this weary bird.”

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1612:

“A crimson bush that ever limes the soul.” STEEVENS.

In the original play in quarto:

“I have set lime-twigs that will entangle them.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— *this late complaint* —] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer’s man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON.

\* So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
 \* And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset, conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

K. HEN. For my part, noble lords, I care not  
 which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in  
 France,

Then let him be denay'd<sup>8</sup> the regentship.

SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
 Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,  
 Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCK. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

\* SAL. Peace, son;—and show some reason,  
 Buckingham,

\* Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

\* Q. MAR. Because the king, forsooth, will have  
 it so.

GLO. Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his censure:<sup>9</sup> these are no women's matters.

<sup>8</sup> — be denay'd — ] Thus the old copy. I have noted the word only to observe, that *denay* is frequently used instead of *deny*, among the old writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — his censure : ] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgement or opinion. JOHNSON.

Q. MAR. If he be old enough, what needs your grace

\* To be protector of his excellency?

\* GLO. Madam, I am protector of the realm;

\* And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

\* SUF. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

\* Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)

\* The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;

\* The Danphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

\* And all the peers and nobles of the realm

\* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

\* CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags.

\* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

\* SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,

\* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

\* BUCK. Thy cruelty in execution,

\* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

\* And left thee to the mercy of the law.

\* Q. MAR. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—

\* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—

Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOSTER. *The Queen drops her fan.*

\* Give me my fan: \* What, minion! can you not?

[gives the Duchess a box on the ear.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"To give your censures in this weighty business."

In other plays I have adduced repeated instances to show the word was thus used by all contemporary writers. STEEVENS.

\* Give me my fan: ] In the original play the queen drops not a fan, but a glove:

"Give me my glove; why minion, can you not see?"

MALONE.

\* I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

\* DUCH. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:

\* Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.<sup>3</sup>

K. HEN. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

\* DUCH. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

\* She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

\* Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevengeth'd.

[Exit Duchess.<sup>4</sup>

\* BUCK. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

\* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds;

\* She's tickled now;<sup>5</sup> her fume can need no spurs,

<sup>3</sup> I'd set my ten commandments in your face.] So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

" Now ten times I beseech him that hie fits,

" Thy wife's x com. may ferche thy five wits."

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

" I would set a tap abroach, and not live in fear of my wife's ten commandments."

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:

" — your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back."

STEEVENS.

\* Exit Duchess.] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:

" King. Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame.

" I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,

" My noble uncle had been here in place.—

" But see, where he comes! I am glad he met her not."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> She's tickled now;] *Tickled* is here used as a trisyllable. The editor of the second folio, not perceiving this, reads—"her fume can need no spurs;" in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Were Mr. Malone's supposition adopted, the verse would still halt most lamentably. I am therefore content with the emendation of

\* She'll gallop fast enough<sup>6</sup> to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

- \* GLO. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
- \* With walking once about the quadrangle,
- \* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
- \* As for your spiteful false objections,
- \* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
- \* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
- \* As I in duty love my king and country!
- \* But, to the matter that we have in hand: —
- \* I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
- \* To be your regent in the realm of France.
- \* SUF. Before we make election, give me leave
- \* To show some reason, of no little force,
- \* That York is most unmeet of any man.
- \* YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
- \* First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
- \* Next, if I be appointed for the place,
- \* My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
- \* Without discharge, money, or furniture,
- \* Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
- \* Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
- \* Till Paris was besieg'd, famili'd, and lost.
- \* WAR. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
- \* Did never traitor in the land commit.
- SUF. Peace, head-strong Warwick!
- WAR. Image of pride, why should I hold my  
peace?

the second folio, a book to which we are all indebted for restorations of our author's metre. I am unwilling to publish what no ear, accustomed to harmony, can endure. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — fast enough — ] The folio reads — *sarrs* enough. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.*

SUF. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:  
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

\* YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

\* K. HEN. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me:  
What are these?

\* SUF. Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason:  
His words were these; — that Richard, duke of  
York,

\* Was rightful heir unto the English crown;  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

\* K. HEN. Say, man, were these thy words?

HOR. An't shall please your majesty, I never said  
nor thought any such matter: God is my witness,  
I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

\* PET. By these ten bones,<sup>7</sup> my lords, [holding  
up his hands.] he did speak them to me in the  
garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of  
York's armour.

\* YORK. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,  
\* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—  
\* I do beseech your royal majesty,

<sup>7</sup> *By these ten bones, &c.]* We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers.

This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in the mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

"But by their bonys ten, thei be to you untrue."

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"By theſe tenn bones I will, I have ſworue."

It occurs likewise more than once in the morality of *Hycke Scorn-ner*. Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1637:

"By theſe ten bones, fir, by theſe eyes and tears."

STEEVENS.

' Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. HEN. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

GLO. This doom, my lord, if I may judge,

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

Because in York this breeds suspicion:

And let these have a day appointed them:

For single combat, in convenient place;

For he hath witness of his servant's malice:

This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. HEN. Then be it so.<sup>9</sup> My lord of Somerset,

*[And let these have a day appointed them, &c.]* In the original play, quarto 1600, the corresponding lines stand thus:

The law, my lord, is this. By case it rests suspicio[n],

That a day of combat be appointed,

And these to try each other's right or wrong,

Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month,

With ebon flames and sandbags combating,

In Smithfield, before your royal majesty.

An opinion has prevailed that *The whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect surreptitious copy of Shakspere's play as exhibited in the folio; but what spurious copy, or imperfect transcript taken in short-hand, ever produced such variations as these? MALONE.

Such varieties, during several years, were to be found in every Ms. copy of Mr. Sheridan's then unprinted *Duenna*, as used in country theatres. The dialogue of it was obtained piece-meal, and connected by frequent interpolations. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> K. Hen. *Then be it so. &c.]* These two lines I have inserted from the old quarto; and, as I think, very necessarily. For, without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion: and the duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the regency before the king has deputed him to it. THEOBALD.

We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HOR. And I accept the combat willingly.

PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; \* for God's  
\* sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth  
\* against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I  
\* shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my  
\* heart!

The plea urged by Theobald for their introduction is, that otherwise Somerset thanks the king before he had declared his appointment; but Shakspere, I suppose, thought Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. Somerset knew that Humphrey's *doom* was final; as likewise did the Armourer, for he, like Somerset, accepts the combat, without waiting for the king's confirmation of what Gloster had said. Shakspere therefore not having introduced the following speech, which is found in the first copy, we have no right to insert it. That it was not intended to be preserved, appears from the concluding line of the present scene, in which Henry addresses Somerset; whereas in the quarto, Somerset goes out, on his appointment. This is one of those minute circumstances which may be urged to show that these plays, however afterwards worked up by Shakspere, were originally the production of another author, and that the quarto edition of 1600 was printed from the *copy* originally written by that author, whoever he was.

MALONE.

After the lines inserted by Theobald, the king continues his speech thus:

— over the French;

And to defend our rights 'gainst foreign foes,

And so do good unto the realm of France.

Make hafte, my lord; 'tis time that you were gone:

The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty,

And take my leave, to post with speed to France.

[Exit Somerset.]

KING. Come, uncle Gloster; now let's have our horse,

For we will to St. Albans presently.

Madam, your hawk, they say, is swift of flight,

And we will try how she will fly to-day.

[Exeunt omnes.]

STEEVENS.

- GLO. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.  
 • K. HEN. Away with them to prison: and the day  
 • Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—  
 \* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E IV.

*The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.*

*Enter*<sup>3</sup> MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,  
 and BOLINGBROKE.

- \* HUME. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell
- \* you, expects performance of your promises.
- \* BOLING. Master Hume, we are therefore pro-  
 vided:
- \* Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?<sup>4</sup>
- \* HUME. Ay; What else; fear you not her cou-  
 rage.

<sup>3</sup> Enter &c.] The quarto reads:

*Enter Eleanor, Sir John Hum, Roger Bolingbrook a conjuror, and Margery Jourdaine a witch.*

*Eleanor.* Here, sir John, take this scroll of paper here,  
 Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask:  
 And I will stand upon this tower here,  
 And hear the spirit what it says to you,  
 And to my questions write the answers down.

*She goes up to the top.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— our exorcisms?] The word *exorcise*, and its derivatives, are used by Shakspere in an uncommon sense. In all other writers it means to lay spirits, but in these plays it invariably means to raise them. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Ligarius says,

"Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjur'd up

"My mortified spirit." M. MASON.

See Vol. IX. p. 193, n. 3. MALONE.

\* BOLING. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—\* John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter Duchess, above.*

\* DUCH. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

\* BOLING. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,] The silent of the night is a classical expression, and means an interlunar night.—Amica silentia lunæ. So Pliny, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utilissimè in coitu ejus sterni, quem diem alii interlunii, alii silentis luna appellant.* lib. xvi. cap. 3g. In imitation of this language, Milton says:

“ The sun to me is dark,  
“ And silent as the moon,  
“ When he deserts the night,  
“ Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.” WARBURTON.

I believe this display of learning might have been spared. Silent, though an adjective, is used by Shakspere as a substantive. So, in *The Tempest*, the vast of night is used for the greatest part of it. The old quarto reads, the silence of the night. The variation between the copies is worth notice.

Bolingbroke makes a circle.

Bol. Dark night, dread night, the silence of the night,  
Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,  
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake  
The spirit Ascalon to come to me;  
To pierce the bowels of this centrick earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye!  
Ascalon, ascend, ascend!

- The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
- The time when scritch-owls cry, and bandogs howl,<sup>6</sup>
- And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
- That time best fits the work we have in hand.
- Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
- We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.*

In a speech already quoted from the quart<sup>o</sup>, Eleanor says, they have

— cast their spells in silence of the night.

And in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, is the same expression:

“ Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde besly

“ Her strange entunes in silence of the night?”

Again, in *The Faithful Shepharde's of Fletcher*:

“ Through still silence of the night,

“ Guided by the glow-worm's light.” STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is evidently right: and Warburton's observations on it, though long, learned, and laborious, are nothing to the purpose. Bolingbroke does not talk of the silence of the moon, but of the silence of the night; nor is he describing the time of the month, but the hour of the night.

M. MASON:

“ — bandogs howl, ] I was unacquainted with the etymology of this word, till it was pointed out to me by an ingenious correspondent in the Supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1789, who signs himself D. T. “ Shakespeare's ban-dog (says he) is simply a village-dog, or mastiff, which was formerly called a band-dog, per syncopen, bandog.” To support of this opinion he quotes *Caius de canibus Britannicis* “ Hoc genus canis, etiam eateorium, à catena vel ligamento, qua ad januas interdiu detinetur, ne lœdat, & tamen latratu terreat, appellatur. — Rusticos, shepherds' dogs, mastives, and bandogs, nominavimus. STEEVENS.

Ban-dog is surely a corruption of band-dog; or rather the first d is suppressed here, as in other compound words. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders ban-dog, ennis catenatus. MALONE.

\* SPIR. Adsum.

\* M. JOURD. Asmath,

\* By the eternal God, whose name and power

\* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

\* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from  
hence.

\* SPIR. Ask what thou wilt;—That I had said  
and done!<sup>7</sup>

BOLING. First, of the king. What shall of him be-  
come?<sup>8</sup> [Reading out of a paper.

SPIR. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall de-  
pose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

BOLING. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

SPIR. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

<sup>7</sup> —— That I had said and done! ] It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remain'd above ground, and answer'd questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. STEEVENS.

So the Apparition says in *Macbeth*,  
“Dismiss me.—Enough!”

The words “That I had said and done!” are not in the old play.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — What shall of him become? ] Here is another proof of what has been already suggested. In the quarto 1600, it is concerted between Mother Jourdain and Bolingbroke that he should frame a circle, &c. and that she should “fall prostrate to the ground,” to “whisper with the devils below.” (Southwell is not introduced in that piece.) Accordingly, as soon as the incantations begin, Bolingbroke reads the questions out of a paper, as here. But our poet has expressly said in the preceding part of this scene that Southwell was to read them. Here however he inadvertently follows his original as it lay before him, forgetting that consistently with what he had already written, he should have deviated from it. He has fallen into the same kind of inconsistency in *Romeo and Juliet*, by sometimes adhering to and sometimes deserting the poem on which he formed that tragedy. MALONE.

BOLING. *What shall befall the duke of Somerset?*

SPIR. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,  
Than where castles mounted stand.<sup>9</sup>

' Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

' BOLING. Descend to darkness, and the burning  
lake:

' False fiend, avoid!<sup>10</sup>

[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit descends.

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily with their  
guards, and others.*

' YORK. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their  
trash.

<sup>9</sup> *Than where castles mounted stand.*] I remember to have read this prophecy in some old chronicle, where, I think, it ran thus:

" Safer shall he be on sand,

" Than where castles mounted stand :

at present I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> *False fiend, avoid!*] Instead of this short speech at the dismissal of the spirit, the old quarto gives us the following:

" Then down, I say, unto the damned pool

" Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,

" Riding amidst the sing'd and parched smoaks,

" The road of *Dytas*, by the river 'Styx;

" There howle and burn for ever in those flames :

" Rise, Jordane, rise, and stay thy charming spells :—

" 'Zounds! we are betray'd!"

*Dytas* is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Dis*, which is used instead of the nominative by more than one ancient author.

So, in Thomas Drant's Translation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567:

" And by that meanes made manye soules lord *Ditis* ball  
to seeke." STEEVENS.

Here again we have such a variation as never could have arisen from an imperfect transcript. MALONE.

\* Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an itch.—

\* What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

\* Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

\* My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

\* See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

\* DUCH. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

\* Injurious duke; that threat'ſt where is no cause,

\* BUCK. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [Shewing her the papers:

\* Away with them, let them be clapp'd up close;

\* And kept aunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—

\* Stafford, take her to thee.—

[Exit Duchess from above:

\* We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;

\* All:—Away!

[Exeunt guards, with SOUTH. BOLING. &c.

\* YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks,<sup>3</sup> yott watch'd hēr well:

\* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ:

What have we here? [Reads:

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;*

*But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

\* Why, this is just,

\* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse:*

<sup>3</sup> Lord Buckingham, methinks, &c.] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. POPE.

They are not, it is true, found in this scene, but they are repeated in the subsequent scene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the king. This also is a variation that only could proceed from various authors. MALONE.

Well, to the rest:

*Tell me,<sup>4</sup> what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

*By Water shall he die, and take his end.—*

*What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—*

*Let him shun castles;*

*Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,*

*Than where castles mounted stand.*

\* Come, come, my lords;

\* These oracles are hardly attain'd,

\* And hardly understood.<sup>5</sup>

• The king is now in progres towards saint Albans,

• With him, the husband of this lovely lady:

• Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

• A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

‘ BUCK. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,

• To be the post, in hope of his reward.

<sup>4</sup> *Tell me, &c.*] Yet these two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand; nor are they in the original play. Here we have a species of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakspere, of which he has been guilty in other places. See p. 178. where Gloster and Winchester read the same paper differently. See also Vol. V. p. 304, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *These oracles are hardly attain'd,*

*And hardly understand.*] The folio reads — *hardly*. MALONE.

Not only the lameness of the verification, but the imperfection of the sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. York, seizing the parties and their papers, says, he'll see the devil's writ; and finding the wizard's answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon such sort of intelligence, as I have restored the text:

*These oracles are hardly attain'd,*

*And hardly understand.*

i. e. A great risque and hazard is run to obtain them; and yet, after these *hardy* steps taken, the informations are so perplexed that they are *hardly* to be understood. THEOBALD.

The correction made by Mr. Theobald has been adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

• YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a Servant.*

• Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,  
• To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Saint Albans.*

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER,*  
*Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing:*

• Q. MAR. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,  
• I saw not better sport these seven years' day:  
• Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;  
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.<sup>7</sup>

• —— for flying at the brook,] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

? —— the wind was very high;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman, better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. JOHNSON.

— old Joan had not gone out.] i. e. the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merit of such discordant explanations. It may yet be re-

- \* K. HEN. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
 • And what a pitch she flew above the rest! <sup>8</sup>—  
 • To see how God in all his creatures works!  
 \* Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.<sup>9</sup>  
 SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
 My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;  
 They know, their master loves to be aloft,<sup>10</sup>  
 \* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.  
 • GLO. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind  
 • That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.  
 • CAR. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

marked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a lamb, a culver, a pigeon, a buck and a cat. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Hawkinge*, &c. b]. l. no date. This work was written by dame Juliana Bernes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, (where Shakspeare has fixed the present scene), and was first pryned at Weymynstre by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496. STEEVENS.

\* *But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,*  
*And what a pitch she flew above the rest!*] The variation between these lines and those in the original play on which this is founded, is worth notice:

“ Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,

“ And on a sudden souc'd the partridge down.” MALONE.

\* — are fain of climbing high.] *Fain*, in this place, signifies fond. So, in Heywood's *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562 :

“ Fayre words make fooles faine.”

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 :

“ Her brother's life will make her glad and fain.”

The word (as I am informed) is still used in Scotland.

STEEVENS.

\* — to be aloft;) Perhaps alluding to the adage:

“ High-flying hawks are fit for princes.”

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

\* GLO. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

\* K. HEN. The treasury of everlasting joy!

\* CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

\* Beat on a crown,<sup>3</sup> the treasure of thy heart;  
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

\* GLO. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

\* *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

\* Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

\* —— thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown,] To bait or beat, (*bathe*) is a term in falconry,

JOHNSON.

To bathe, and to beat, or bate, are distinct terms in this diversion. To bathe a hawk was to wash his plumage. To beat, or bate, was to flutter with his wings. To beat on a crown, however, is equivalent to an expression which is still used—to hammer, i. e. to work in the mind. Shakspere has employed a term somewhat similar in a preceding scene of the play before us:

"Wilt thou still be hammering treachery?"

But the very same phrase occurs in Lyl's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee."

Again, in *Doctor Dopholl*, 1600:

"Since my mind beats on it mightily."

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"I feel within my cogitations beating."

Later editors concur in reading, *Bent on a crown*. I follow the old copy. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Tempest*:

"Do not infect your mind with beating on

"The strangeness of this business."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"This her mind beats on."

I have given these instances of this phrase, because Dr. Johnson's interpretation of it is certainly incorrect. MALONE.

214     S E C O N D   P A R T   O F

With such holiness can you do it? \*

SUF. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

GLO. As who, my lord?

SUF. Why, as you, my lord;  
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

GLO. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine infolence.

Q. MAR. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. HEN. I pr'ythee, peace,  
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,  
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CAR. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

GLO. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to  
that! [Aside to the Cardinal.]

CAR. Marry, when thou dar'st. [Aside.]

GLO. Make up no factious numbers for the  
matter,

\* With such holiness can you do it? Do what? The verse wants a foot; we should read:

With such holiness can you not do it?

Spoken ironically. By holiness he means hypocrisy: and says, have you not hypocrisy enough to hide your malice?

WARBURTON.

The verse is lame enough after the emendation, nor does the negative particle improve the sense. When words are omitted it is not often easy to say what they were if there is a perfect sense without them. I read, but somewhat at random:

A churchman, with such holiness can you do it?

The transcriber saw churchman just above, and therefore omitted it in the second line. JOHNSON.

— can you do it? ] The old play, quarto 1600, reads more intelligibly, — “ Good uncle, can you do it?” MALONE.

\* In thine own person answer thy abuse. [Aside.]

\* CAR. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,

\* This evening, on the east side of the grove. [Aside.]

\* K. HEN. How now, my lords?

\* CAR. Believe me, cousin Gloster,

\* Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

\* We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [Aside to GLO.]

GLO. True, uncle.

CAR. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

GLO. Cardinal, I am with you.<sup>5</sup> [Aside.]

K. HEN. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

\* GLO. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

<sup>5</sup> — Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle, are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Cardinal, I am with you.] Thus is the whole speech placed to, Gloster, in all the editions: but, surely, with great inadvertence. It is the cardinal who first appoints the east side of the grove for the place of duel: and how finely does it express his rancour and impetuosity, for fear Gloster should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right! THEOBALD.

The two-hand sword is mentioned by Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 833: “—And he that touched the tawnie shield, should cast a spear on foot with a target on his arme, and after to fight with a two-hand sword.” STEEVENS.

In the original play the Cardinal desires Gloster to bring “his sword and buckler.” The two-hand sword was sometimes called, the long sword, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument.—See Vol. V. p. 72, n. 9. MALONE.

- \* Or all my fence shall fail.<sup>6</sup> [Afde.
- \* CAR. *Medice teipsum;*
- \* Protector, see to't well, ptoteect yourself. } Afde.
- K. HEN. The winds grow high; so do your sto-  
machs, lords.<sup>7</sup>
- \* How irksome is this musick to my heart!
- \* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
- \* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying  
A Miracle!*<sup>8</sup>

- GLO. What means this noise?  
 Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?  
 INHAB. A miracle! a miracle!  
 SUE. Come to the king, and tell him what mi-  
 racle.  
 INHAB. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's  
 shrine,  
 Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;

"— *my fence shall fail.*] Fence is the art of defence. So, in  
*Much Ado about Nothing:*

"Despight his nice fence, and his active practice."

STEEVENS.

? *The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.*] This line  
 Shakspeare hath injudiciously adopted from the old play, changing  
 only the word *color* [choler] to *stomachs*. In the old play the al-  
 tercation appears not to be concealed from Henry. Here Shakspeare  
 certainly intended that it should pass between the Cardinal and  
 Gloster *afde;* and yet he has inadvertently adopted a line, and  
 added others, that imply that Henry has heard the appointment  
 they have made. MALONE.

"— *crying, A Miracle!*] This scene is founded on a story  
 which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was com-  
 municated to him by his father. The impostor's name is not men-  
 tioned, but he was detected by Humphrey duke of Gloster, and in  
 the manner here represented. See his Works, p. 134, edit. 1557.

MALONE.

A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

\* K. HEN. Now, God be prais'd ! that to believing  
    souls  
\* Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren ;  
and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair ;  
his wife and a great multitude following.*

\* CAR. Here come the townsmen on procession,  
\* To present your highness with the man.

\* K. HEN. Great is his comfort in this earthly  
    vale,

\* Although by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

\* GLO. Stand by, my masters, bring him near  
    the king,

\* His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

\* K. HEN. Good fellow, tell us here the circum-  
    stance,

\* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

SIMP. Born blind, an't please your grace.

WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.

SUF. What woman is this?

WIFE. His wife, an't like your worship.

GLO. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st  
    have better told.

K. HEN. Where wert thou born ?

SIMP. At Berwick in the north, an't like your  
    grace.

\* K. HEN. Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been  
    great to thee :

\* Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

\* But still remember what the Lord hath done.

218     S E C O N D   P A R T   O F

- \* Q. MAR. Tell me, good fellow, canst thou  
here by chance,  
\* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?  
‘ SIMP. God knows, of pure devotion; being  
call'd  
‘ A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep  
‘ By good saint Alban; who said,—Simpcox,<sup>9</sup> come;  
‘ Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.  
\* WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many time  
and oft  
\* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.  
CAR. What, art thou lame?  
SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!  
SUF. How canst thou so?  
SIMP. A fall off of a tree.  
WIFE. A plum-tree, master.  
GLO. How long hast thou been blind?  
SIMP. O, born so, master.  
GLO. What, and would'st climb a tree?  
SIMP. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.  
\* WIFE. Too true; and bought his climbing  
very dear.  
\* GLO. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that  
would'st venture so.

<sup>9</sup> — who said,—Simpcox, &c.] The former copies:

— who said, Simon, come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Why Simon? The chronicles, that take notice of Gloster's de-  
testing this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impostor, who af-  
ferted himself to be cured of blindness, was called Saundur Simp-  
cox—Simon was therefore a corruption. THEOBALD.

It would seem better to read Simcox; for which Sim. has in all  
probability been put by contradiction in the player's MS. RITSON.

- \* SIMP. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
- \* And made me climb, with danger of my life.
- \* GLO. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
- \* Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
- \* In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.
- \* SIMP. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and saint Alban.
- GLO. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
- SIMP. Red, master; red as blood.
- GLO. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
- SIMP. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
- K. HEN. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
- SUE. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
- GLO. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
- \* WIFE. Never, before this day, in all his life.
- GLO. Tell me, firrah, what's my name?
- SIMP. Alas, master; I know not.
- GLO. What's his name?
- SIMP. I know not.
- GLO. Nor his?
- SIMP. No, indeed, master.
- GLO. What's thine own name?
- SIMP. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLO. Then Saunder, fit thou there,<sup>7</sup> the lying'ft knave.

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,  
Thou might'st as well have known our names,<sup>8</sup> as  
thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly  
To nominate them all, 's impossible.<sup>9</sup> —

My lords, saint Alban here hath done a miracle;  
And would ye not think that cunning<sup>10</sup> to be great,  
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

SIMP. O, master, that you could!

GLO. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not  
beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?

MAY. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLO. Then send for one presently.

MAY. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.

GLO. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save  
yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool,  
and run away.

SIMP. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:  
You go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.*

GLO. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.

<sup>7</sup> —— *fit thou there,*] I have supplied the pronoun — *thou*, for  
the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *our names,*] Old copy, redundantly — *all our names.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *To nominate them all, 's impossible.* — ] Old copy —

————— *it is impossible.* STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> — *that cunning* — ] Folio — *it* cunning. Corrected by Mr.  
Rowe. *That was probably contracted in the Ms. yt.* MALONE.

Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

**BEAD.** I will my lord.—Come on, firrah; off with your doublet quickly.

**SIMP.** Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!*

\* **K. HEN.** O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

\* **Q. MAR.** It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

\* **GLO.** Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

\* **WIFE.** Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

**GLO.** Let them be whipped through every market town till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

\* **CAR.** Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

\* **SUF.** True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

\* **GLO.** But you have done more miracles than I; You made, in a day, my lord, wholtowns to fly.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

\* **K. HEN.** What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

<sup>3</sup> [— whole towns to fly.] Here in the old play the king addes  
“ Have done, I say; and let me hear no more of that.”

STEEVEN

‘ BUCK. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.<sup>4</sup>  
 ‘ A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,<sup>5</sup>—  
 ‘ Under the countenance and confederacy  
 ‘ Of lady Eleanor, the protector’s wife,  
 ‘ The ringleader and head of all this rout.—  
 ‘ Have practis’d dangerously against your state,  
 ‘ Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:  
 ‘ Whom we have apprehended in the fact;  
 ‘ Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
 ‘ Demanding of king Henry’s life and death,  
 ‘ And other of your highnes’ privy council,  
 ‘ As more at large your grace shall understand.  
 ‘ CAR. And so, my lord protector, by this means  
 ‘ Your lady is forthcoming<sup>6</sup> yet at London:  
 ‘ This news I think, hath turn’d your weapon’s  
     edge;  
 ‘ Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[Aside to GLOSTER.]

‘ GLO. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my  
     heart!

<sup>4</sup> Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold. &c.] In the original play the corresponding speech stands thus; and the variation is worth noting:

“ Ill news for some, my lord, and this it is,  
 “ That proud dame Elior, our protector’s wife,  
 “ Hath plotted treasons’ gainst the king and peers,  
 “ By witchcrafts, sorceries, and conjurings:  
 “ Who by such means did raise a spirit up,  
 “ To tell her what hap should betide the state;  
 “ But ere they had finish’d their devilish drift,  
 “ By York and myself they were all surpriz’d,  
 “ And here’s the answser the devil did make to them.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> A sort — lewdly bent,] *Lewdly*, in this place; and in some others, does not signify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*. STEEVENS.

The word is so used in old acts of parliament. *A sort* is a company. See Vol. VII. p. 90, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Your lady is forthcoming — ] That is, Your lady is in custody.

JOHNSON.

- \* Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers :
- \* And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
- \* Or to the meanest groom.
- \* K. HEN. O god, what mischiefs work the wicked ones ;
- \* Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !
- \* Q. MAR. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest ;
- \* And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
- ‘ GLO. Madam, for myself,<sup>7</sup> to heaven I do appeal,
- ‘ How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal :
- ‘ And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;
- ‘ Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :
- ‘ Noble she is ; but, if she have forgot Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
- ‘ I banish her, my bed, and company ;
- ‘ And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
- ‘ That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
- ‘ K. HEN. Well, for this night, we will repose us here :
- ‘ To-morrow, toward London, back again,
- ‘ To look into this busines thoroughly,
- ‘ And call these foul offenders to their answers ;

<sup>7</sup> Madam, for myself, &c.] Thus in the original play:

“ And pardon me, my gracious soverign,  
 “ For here I swear unto your majesty,  
 “ That I am guiltless of these heinous crimes,  
 “ Which my ambitious wife hath falsely done :  
 “ And for she would betray her soverign lord,  
 “ I here renounce her from my bed and board ;  
 “ And leave her open for the law to judge,  
 “ Unless she clear herself of this foul deed.” MALONE.

' And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
 ' Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause  
 prevails.' [Flourish. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

' YORK. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

' Our simple supper ended, give me leave,

' In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

' In craving your opinion of my title,

' Which is infallible,<sup>9</sup> to England's crown.

\* SAL. My lord, I long to hear it all full.

WAR. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

YORK. Then thus:—

' Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

' The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;

' The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

' Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,

' Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:

' The fifth, was Edmond Langley,<sup>10</sup> duke of York;

\* And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.] The sense will, I think, be mended if we read in the optative mood:

— justice' equal scale,

Whose beam stand sure, whose rightful cause prevail!"

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Which is infallible,] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. JOHNSON.

Surely he means his title. MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> The fifth, was Edmond Langley, &c.] The author of the ori-

- The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
- William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
- Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father:
- And left behind him Richard, his only son,
- Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
- Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
- The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
- Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
- Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
- Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
- And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,<sup>3</sup>
- Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.
- \* WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
- \* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
- \* YORK. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
- \* For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
- \* The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
- \* SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
- \* YORK. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
- \* I claim the crown,) had issue — Philippe, a daughter;

ginal play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, Edward's fifth son; and represented the duke of York as Edward's second son. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ as all you know, ] In the original play the words are, " — as you both know." This mode of phraseology, when the speaker addresses only two persons, is peculiar to Shakspere. In *King Henry IV. P. II. Act III. sc. i.* the king addressing Warwick and Surrey, says,

" Why then good morrow to you all, my lords."

MALONE

- \* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
- \* Edmund had issue — Roger, earl of March :
- \* Roger had issue — Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
- ' SAL. This Edmund,<sup>4</sup> in the reign of Bolingbroke,
- As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
- And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
- Who kept him in captivity, till he died.<sup>5</sup>
- \* But, to the rest.

<sup>4</sup> *This Edmund, &c.]* In A& II. sc. v. of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter, in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Who kept him in captivity, till he died.]* I have observed in a former note, (*First Part, Act II. sc. v.*) that the historians as well as the dramatick poets have been strangely mistaken concerning this Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, who was so far from being "kept in captivity till he died," that he appears to have been at liberty during the whole reign of King Henry V. and to have been trusted and employed by him; and there is no proof that he ever was confined, as a state-prisoner, by King Henry IV. Being only six years of age at the death of his father in 1398, he was delivered by Henry in ward to his son Henry Prince of Wales; and during the whole of that reign, being a minor and related to the family on the throne, both he and his brother Roger were under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower; and they being routed, he was taken prisoner by Owen, and is said by Walsingham to have contracted a marriage with Glendower's daughter, and to have been with him at the battle of Shrewsbury; but I believe the story of his being affianced to Glendower's daughter is a mistake, and that the historian has confounded Mortimer with Lord Gray of Ruthvin, who was likewise taken prisoner by Glendower, and actually did marry his daughter. Edmond Mortimer Earl of March married Anne Stafford, the daughter of Edmond Earl of Stafford. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury he was probably brought there against his will, to grace the cause of the rebels. The Percies in the Manifesto which they published a little before that battle, speak of him, not as a confederate of Owen's, but as the rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding that the king for political reasons would not ransom him,

- ‘ YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,
- ‘ My mother, being heir unto the crown,
- ‘ Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son

they at their own charges had ransomed. After that battle, he was certainly under the care of the king, he and his brother in the seventh year of that reign having had annuities of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks allotted to them, for their maintenance during their minorities.

In addition to what I have already said respecting the trust reposed in him during the whole reign of K. Henry V. I may add, that in the sixth year of that king this Earl of March was with the Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Fresnes; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was constituted LIEUTENANT OF NORMANDY. He attended Henry when he had an interview with the French King, &c. at Melun, to treat about a marriage with Catharine, and he accompanied the queen when she returned from France in 1422, with the corpse of her husband.

One of the sources of the mistakes in our old histories concerning this earl, I believe, was this: he was probably confounded with one of his kinsmen, a Sir John Mortimer, who was confined for a long time in the Tower, and at last was executed in 1424. That person however, could not have been his uncle (as has been said in a note on the *First Part, A& II. sc. v.*) for he had but one legitimate uncle, and his name was Edmond. The Sir John Mortimer, who was confined in the Tower, was perhaps cousin german to the last Edmond Earl of March, the illegitimate son of his uncle Edmond.

I take this opportunity of correcting an inaccuracy in the note above referred to. I have said that Lionel Duke of Clarence was married to Elizabeth the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360. I have since learned that he was affianced to her in his tender years; and consequently Lionel, having been born in 1338, might have had his daughter Philippa in 1354. Philippa, I find, was married in 1370, at the age of sixteen, to Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, who was himself born in 1351. Their son Roger was born in 1371, and must have been married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Kent, in the year 1388, or 1389, for their daughter Anne, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, was born in 1389. Edmond Mortimer, Roger's eldest son, (the Mortimer of Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.* and the person who has given occasion to this tedious note,) was born in the latter end of the year 1392; and consequently when he died in his castle at Trim in Ireland, in 1424-5, he was thirty-two years old. MALENA.

• To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's first son.

\* By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir

\* To Roger, earl of March; who was the son

\* Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,

\* Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:

\* So, if the issue of the elder son

\* Succeed before the younger, I am king.

\* WAR. What plain proceedings are more plain than this?

\* Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt

\* The fourth son; York claims it from the third.

\* Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

\* It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,

\* And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. —

\* Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;

\* And, in this private plot,<sup>6</sup> be we the first,

\* That shall salute our rightful sovereign

\* With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

\* YORK. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king

\* Till I be crown'd; and that my fword be stain'd

\* With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:

\* And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;

\* But with advice, and silent secrecy.

\* Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,

\* Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,

\* At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

\* At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,

\* Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,

\* That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:

\* ————— *private plot,*] Sequester'd spot of ground. MALONE.

- \* 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,  
 \* Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.  
 \* SAL. My lord, break we off; we know your  
 mind at full.  
 \* WAR. My heart assures me,<sup>7</sup> that the earl of  
 Warwick  
 : Shall one day make the duke of York a king.  
 \* YORK. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—  
 : Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick  
 \* The greatest man in England, but the king.  
 [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Hall of justice.*

*Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

- \* K. HEN. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,  
 Gloster's wife:  
 \* In sight of God, and us your guilt is great;  
 \* Receive the sentence of the law, for sins  
 \* Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—  
 \* You four, from hence to prison back again;  
 [to Jourd. &c.  
 \* From thence, unto the place of execution:  
 \* The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,

<sup>7</sup> *My heart assures me,*] Instead of this couplet, we find, in the old play no less than ten lines; so that if we suppose that piece to be an imperfect transcript of this, we must acknowledge the transcriber had a good *freg* memory, for he remembered what he never could have either heard or seen. MALONE.

Q. 3.

230 S E C O N D P A R T O F

- \* And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
- You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
[ to the Duchess.
- Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
• Shall, after three days' open penance<sup>7</sup> done,  
• Live in your country here, in banishment,  
• With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.
- DUCH. Welcome is banishment, welcome were  
my death.
- \* GLO. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged  
thee;
- \* I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—  
[ *Exeunt the Duchets, and the other Prisoners,*  
*guarded.* ]
- Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
• Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
• Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—  
• I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;  
• Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.<sup>8</sup>
- K. HEN. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere  
thou go,
- Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself  
• Protector be: and God shall be my hope,  
• My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;<sup>9</sup>  
• And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,  
• Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

[ —— after three days' open penance — ] In the original play the king particularly specifies the mode of penance. “ Thou shalt two days do penance barefoot, in the streets, with a white sheet.” &c.

MALONE.

[ Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease. ] That is, Sorrow would have, sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.

JOHNSON.

[ —— lantern to my feet ; ] This image, I think, is from our Liturgy: “—— a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths.”

STEEVENS.

- \* Q. MAR. I see no reason, why a king of years  
 \* Should be to be protected like a child. —  
 • God and king Henry govern England's helm : \*  
 • Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.  
 • GLO. My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff:  
 • As willingly do I the same resign,  
 • As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;  
 And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
 As others would ambitiously receive it.  
 • Farewel, good king : When I am dead and gone,  
 May honourable peace attend thy throne ! [Exit.  
 \* Q. MAR. Why, now is Henry king, and Mar-  
 garet queen ;  
 \* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce him-  
 self,  
 \* That bears so shrewd a main ; two pulls at  
 once, —  
 \* His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;  
 \* This staff of honour caught : <sup>3</sup> — There let it  
 stand,  
 • Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

<sup>2</sup> God and king Henry govern England's helm : ] Old copy — *realm*:  
 STEEVENS.

The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is displeasing ;  
 and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in  
 rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern*  
*England's helm*. JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene of this play :

And you yourself shall steer the happy *helm*. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's emendation undoubtedly should be received into  
 the text. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" — and you slander

" The *helms* of the *state*." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Tis *staff* of honour caught : ] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of  
 the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser ; as in the follow-  
 ing instance :

" He trained was till riper years he *raught*."

See Vol. VII. p. 262, n. 3. STEEVENS.

- \* SUE. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
- \* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.<sup>4</sup>
- ‘ YORK. Lords, let him go.<sup>5</sup> — Please it your majesty,
- ‘ This is the day appointed for the combat;
- ‘ And ready are the appellant and defendant,
- ‘ The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
- ‘ So please your highness to behold the fight.
- \* Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
- \* Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
- ‘ K. HEN. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
- ‘ Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
- \* YORK. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
- \* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
- \* The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Rather *raft*, or *rest*, the preterite of *reave*; unless *reached* were ever used with the sense of *arracher*, Er. that is, to snatch, take or pull violently away. So, in Peele's *Arraynement of Paris*, 1584:

“ How Pluto raught queene Ceres daughter thence.”

RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.*] This expression has no meaning, if we suppose that the word *her* refers to Eleanor, who certainly was not a young woman. We must therefore suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and stands for *it's*; — a licence frequently practised by Shakespeare. M. MASON.

Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor's, youngest days of power. But the assertion, which ever way understood, is untrue.

MALONE.

Suffolk's meaning may be: — *The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached maturity.* It is by no means unnatural to suppose, that had the designs of a proud woman on a crown succeeded, she might have been prouder than she was before. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Lords, let him go.*] i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *worse bested,*] In a worse plight. JOHNSON.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by apprentices, drinking to him.*

1. NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *with a sand-bag fastened to it;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humourous lines:

" Engag'd with money-bags, as bold

" As men with sand-bags did of old." WARBURTON.

Mr. Sympon, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *a cup of charneco.*] A common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet intitled, *The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate*, printed 1612: " Some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charneco, maligo, nor amber-colour'd Candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat Aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor." And as *charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it. WARBURTON.

In a pamphlet entitled, *Wit's Misericie, or the World's Madness*, printed in 1596, it is said, that "the only medecine for the fleghm, is three cups of charneco, fasting."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

" Where no old charneco is, nor no anchovies."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, P. II:

" Imprimis, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter-sameene, a pottle of charneco, and a pottle of Ziattica."

3. NEIGH. And here's a pot of good double beer,  
neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

HOR. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you  
all; And a fig for Peter!

1. PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be  
not afraid.

2. PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy mas-  
ter: fight for credit of the prentices.

PET. I thank you all: \* drink, and pray for me,  
\* I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last  
\* draught in this world.<sup>8</sup> —Here, Robin, and if I  
die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt  
have my hammer: —and here, Tom take all the  
money that I have. —O Lord, bles me, I pray God!  
for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath  
learnt so much fence already.

SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to  
blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

PET. Peter, forsooth.

SAL. Peter! what more?

PET. Thump.

SAL. Thump! then see thou thump thy master  
well.

HOR. Masters, I am come hither, as it were,

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1615:

"Aragoosa, or Peter-see-me, canary, or charneco."

But none of these passages (as Mr. Malone observes) "ascertain  
either its quality, or the country where it is produced."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I have taken my last draught in this world.*] Gay has borrowed  
this idea in his *What d'ye call it*, where Peascod says:

"Stay let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor."

Peascod's subsequent bequest is likewise copied from Peter's di-  
vision of his moveables. STEEVENS.

upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: \* and touching the duke \* of York, — will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; \* And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.<sup>9</sup>

\* YORK. Despatch: — this knave's tongue begins to double.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> —— as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.] I have added this from the old quarto. WARBURTON.

Ascapart — the giant of the story — a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

" Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw  
" Charing-cross for a bar," &c. JOHNSON.

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare not having adopted these words, according to the hypothesis already stated, they ought perhaps not to be here introduced. However, I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as to oppose it to so many preceding editors, in a matter of so little importance. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— this knave's tongue begins to double.] So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason.

" In the same yeare also, a certeine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For prôose whereof a daie was giuen them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflikt the said armourer was ouercome and slaine; but yet by misgouerning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he shoulde haue come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gaue him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt: as for the false seruant, he liued not long," &c.

By favour of Craven Ord, Esq. I have now before me the original Exchequer record of expences attending this memorable combat. From hence it appears that William Catour, the Armourer, was not killed by his opponent John Davy, but worsted, and immediately afterwards hanged. The following is the last article in the account; and was struck off by the Barons of Exchequer, because it contained charges unauthorized by the sheriffs.

\* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down his master.*

HOR. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

\* YORK. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

PET. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. HEN. Go, take hence that traitor from our fight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:<sup>3</sup>  
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

"Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officeres at ye execucion doing, and for ye bangmans labor, xij. vid.

"Also paid for ye cloth yat lay upon ye ded man in Smyth felde, viijd

Also paid for 1 pole and nayllis, and for settyng up of ye said manrys hed on london Brigge, v. d."

The sum total of expence incurred on this occa-  
sion was.

L. 10 18 9

I know not why Shakspeare has called the Armourer *Horne*. The name of one of the sheriffs indeed was *Horne*, as appears from the record before me, which will be printed at full length by Mr. Nichols in one of his valuable collections. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt: ] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hannefij, Militem, & Robertum Kattentor, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occisus*. From whence, says the historian, " magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur." A. Murimuth, ad ann. 1380, p. 149. BOWLE.

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*The same. A street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

- \* GLO. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day  
a cloud;
  - \* And, after summer, evermore succeeds
  - \* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: <sup>4</sup>
  - \* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. <sup>5</sup> —
- Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERV. Ten, my lord. <sup>6</sup>

GLO. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
'Unearth' may she endure the flinty streets,

<sup>4</sup> Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: ] So, in Sackville's Induction:

"The wrathful winter 'proaching on apace." REED.

I would read Bare winter—for the sake of the metre, which is uncommonly harsh, if the word *barren* be retained. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — as seasons fleet. ] To *fleet* is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — now the *fleeting* moon

" No planet is of mine." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary supposes to *fleet* (as here used) to be the same as to *fly*; that is, to be in a flux or transient state; to pass away. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Ten, my lord. ] For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose this hemisyllabic, as originally written, Rood —

'Tis ten o'clock, my lord. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Unearth — ] i. e. Scarcely. POPE.  
So, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. 1. no date:

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook  
 The abject people, gazing on thy face,  
 With envious<sup>6</sup> looks still laughing at thy shame;  
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheeſls,  
 When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.  
 \* But, soft! I think, ſhe comes; and I'll prepare  
 \* My tear-stain'd eyes to ſee her miseries.

*Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white ſheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a ſheriff, and officers.*

SERV. So please your grace, we'll take her from the ſheriff.

GLO. No, stir not, for your lives; let her paſs by.<sup>8</sup>

DUCH. Come you, my lord, to ſee my open shame?

Now thou doſt penance too. Look, how they gaze!  
 See, how the giddy multitude do point,

"Unearth we came from him certain,  
 "That he ne had us all slain."

Eath is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. vi:

"More eath was new impression to receive."  
 Unearth is commonly used by the same author for *not easily*.

<sup>6</sup> —— envious —— ] i. e. malicious. Thus Ophelia in *Hamlet* is ſaid to "ſpurn enviously at ſtraws." See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> With envious looks still laughing at thy shame; ] Still, which is not in the elder copies, was added in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> No, stir not, &c.] In the original play thus:

"I charge you for your lives, stir not a foot;

"Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,

"But let them do their office as they ſhould." MALONE.

' And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !  
 • Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks ;  
 • And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

GLO. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCH. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:  
 For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
 ' Methinks, I should not thus be led along,  
 Mail'd up in shame,<sup>9</sup> with papers on my back ;  
 \* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice  
 \* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet<sup>10</sup> groans.  
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;  
 And, when I flart, the envious people laugh,  
 And bid me be advised how I tread.

' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke ?  
 \* Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world ?  
 \* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun ?  
 \* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day ;  
 \* To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.  
 Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife ;  
 And he a prince, and ruler of the land :  
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,  
 As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
 ' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,  
 To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame ;  
 Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death  
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.  
 For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all —  
 ' With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all, —

<sup>9</sup> Mail'd up in shame, ] Wrapped up; bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. JOHNSON.

<sup>10</sup> — deep-fet — ] i. e. deep-fetched. So, in *King Henry V.*

" Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof."

STEVENS.

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,  
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
 \* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,  
 \* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.  
 \* GLO. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;  
 \* I must offend, before I be attainted:  
 \* And had I twenty times so many foes,  
 \* And each of them had twenty times their power,  
 \* All these could not procure me any scathe,<sup>2</sup>  
 \* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
 \* Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?  
 \* Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,  
 \* But I in danger for the breach of law.  
 \* Thy greatest help is quiet,<sup>3</sup> gentle Nell:  
 \* I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience;  
 \* These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

HER. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

GLO. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*  
My Nell, I take my leave: — and, master sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

SHER. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:  
And sir John Stanley is appointed now

<sup>2</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ any scathe,] Scathe is harm, or mischief. Chaucer, Spenser, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their use of this word. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Thy greatest help is quiet,] The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the duchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved. JOHNSON.

\* To take her with him to the isle of Man.  
 \* GLO. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?  
 \* STAN. So am I given in charge; may't please your grace,

GLO. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray  
 You use her well: the world may laugh<sup>4</sup> again;  
 And I may live to do you kindness, if  
 You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

DUCH. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

\* GLO. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.  
 [ *Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.* ]

\* DUCH. Art thou gone too?\* All comfort go with thee!

\* For none abides with me: my joy is—death;

\* Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,

\* Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

\* Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;

\* I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

\* Only convey me where thou art commanded.

\* STAN. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;

\* There to be us'd according to your state.

\* DUCH. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

\* And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

\* STAN. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,

\* According to that state you shall be us'd.

\* DUCH. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;

\* Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> —— the world may laugh again; ] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —— conduct of my shame! ] i. e. conductor. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Come, bitter conduct, come, unfavourly guide."

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‘ SHER. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

‘ DUCH. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg’d.—

‘ Come, Stanley, shall we go?

‘ STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet;

‘ And go we to attire you for our journey.

‘ DUCH. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

\* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

\* And show itself, attire me how I can.

\* Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.<sup>6</sup>

*Exeunt.*

Again:

“ And fire-ey’d fury be my *conduct now.*” STEEVENS.

“ —— *I long to see my prison.* ] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

This is one of those touches that certainly came from the hand of Shakspere; for these words are not in the old play. MALONE.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Abbey at Bury.*

*Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.*

- ‘ K. HEN. I muse,<sup>7</sup> my lord of Gloster is not come :
- ‘ ‘ Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
- ‘ ‘ Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
- ‘ Q. MAR. Can you not see? or will you not observe
- ‘ The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
- ‘ With what a majesty he bears himself;
- ‘ How insolent of late he is become,
- ‘ How proud, peremptory,<sup>8</sup> and unlike himself?
- ‘ We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
- ‘ And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
- ‘ Immediately he was upon his knee,
- ‘ That all the court admir'd him for submission:
- ‘ But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
- ‘ When every one will give the time of day,
- ‘ He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
- ‘ And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
- ‘ Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
- ‘ Small curs are not regarded; when they grin;
- ‘ But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
- ‘ And Humphrey is no little man in England.

<sup>7</sup> *I muse,*] i. e. I wonder. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *peremptory*,] Old copy, redundantly —  
—— *how peremptory*.— STEEVENS.

- First, note, that he is near you in descent;
- And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
- Me seemeth<sup>6</sup> then, it is no policy,—
- Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
- And his advantage following your decease,—
- That he should come about your royal person,
- Or be admitted to your highness' council.
- By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
- And, when he please to make commotion,
- 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
- Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
- Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
- And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
- The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
- Made me collect<sup>7</sup> these dangers in the duke.
- If it be fond,<sup>8</sup> call it a woman's fear;
- Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
- I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.
- My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
- Reprove my allegation, if you can;
- Or else conclude my words effectual.
- SUF. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
- And, had I first been put to speak my mind,  
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.<sup>9</sup>
- \* The duchess, by his subornation,

<sup>6</sup> *Me seemeth*—] That is, it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *collect*—] i. e. assemble by observation. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *If it be fond*,] i. e. weak, foolish. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ‘Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ Why do fond men expose themselves to battle?” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*your grace's tale*.] Suffolk uses *highnes* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of king James the First. JOHNSON.

\* Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
 \* Or if he were not privy to those faults,  
 \* Yet, by reputing of his high descent,<sup>\*</sup>  
 \* (As next the king, he was successive heir,)  
 \* And such high vaunts of his nobility,  
 \* Did instigate the bedlam brainsick duchess,  
 \* By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;  
 \* And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.  
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man  
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

\* CAR. Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
 \* Devise strange deaths for small offences done?  
 YORK. And did he not, in his protectorship,  
 \* Levy great sums of money through the realm,  
 \* For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
 \* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.  
 \* BUCK. Tut! these are petty faults to faults un-  
     known,  
 \* Which time will bring to light in smooth duke  
     Humphrey.  
 \* K. HEN. My lords, at once: The care you have  
     of us,  
 \* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
 \* Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?  
 \* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent  
 \* From meaning treason to our royal person,  
 \* As is the fucking lamb, or harmless dove:  
 \* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,

<sup>\*</sup> Yet, by reputing of his high descent, ] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read — repeating. Reputing of his high descent, is valuing himself upon it. The same word occurs in the 5th act:  
 " And in my conscience do repute his grace," &c. STEEVENS.

- \* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
- \* Q. MAR. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance !
- \* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
- \* For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
- \* Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves.
- \* Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
- \* Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
- \* Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

\* SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign !  
K. HEN. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France ?

\* SOM. That all your interest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.  
K. HEN. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done !

YORK. Cold news for me;<sup>3</sup> for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

- \* Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
- \* And caterpillars eat my leaves away :
- \* But I will remedy this gear<sup>4</sup> ere long,
- \* Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside.]

<sup>3</sup> *Cold news for me; &c.*] These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on his disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *this gear* — ] Gear was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

So, in the story of King Darius, an interlude, 1565:

“ Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,

“ Nor your sinful acts *corrected*?” STEEVENS.

## Enter GLOSTER.

\* GLO. All happiness unto my lord the king!  
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

SUF. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too  
soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:  
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLO. Well, Suffolk, yet<sup>5</sup> thou shalt not see me  
blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

\* A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

\* The purest spring is not so free from mud,

\* As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:  
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

YORK. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes  
of France,

And, being protector, slay'd the soldiers' pay;  
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

GLO. Is it but thought so? What are they, that  
think it?

• I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
• Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
• So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—  
• Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!  
• That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,  
• Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

<sup>6</sup> Well, Suffolk, yet——] Yet was added in the second folio.

The first folio has—Well, Suffolk, thou,—. The defect of the  
metre shows that the word was omitted, which I have supplied from  
the old play. MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—

" Well, Suffolk's duke," &c.

But this is, perhaps, too respectful an address from an adversary.  
The reading of the second folio is, in my opinion, preferable,  
though the authority on which it is founded cannot be ascertained.

STEEVENS.

Be brought against me at my trial day!  
 No! many a pound of mine own proper store,  
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
 Have I dispensed to the garrisons,  
 And never ask'd for restitution.

\* CAR. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

\* GLO. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

YORK. In your protectorship, you did devise  
 Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,  
 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

GLO. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was  
 protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;  
 \* For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
 \* And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
 \* Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
 \* Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment:  
 Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
 Above the felon, or what trespass else.

SUF. My lord, these faults are easy,<sup>6</sup> quickly  
 answer'd:  
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
 I do arrest you in his highness' name;  
 And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
 To keep, until your further time of trial.

<sup>6</sup> —— *these faults are easy,*] *Easy* is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author. JOHNSON.

The word no doubt, means—*easily*. RITSON.  
 This explanation is, I believe, the true one. *Easy* is an adjective used adverbially. STEEVENS.

' K. HEN. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,

' That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;  
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

GLO. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !

\* Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,

\* And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;

\* Foul subornation is predominant,

\* And equity exil'd your highness' land.

\* I know, their complot is to have my life ;

' And, if my death might make this island happy,

' And prove the period of their tyranny,

' I would expend it with all willingness :

' But mine is made the prologue to their play ;

' For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

' Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

' Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

' And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;

' Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

' The envious load that lies upon his heart ;

' And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,

' Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

' By false accuse<sup>7</sup> doth level at my life :—

' And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

' Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;

\* And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up

<sup>7</sup> —— *from all suspects* ; ] The folio reads—*suspence*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The corresponding line in the original play stands thus :

" Good uncle, obey to this arrest ;

" I have no doubt but thou shalt clear thyself."

MALONE.

So, in a following scene :

" If my *suspect* be false, forgive me, God !" STEEVENS.

\* —— *accuse*, —— ] i. e. accusation. STEEVENS.

## 250. S E C O N D P A R T O F

\* My liefest<sup>8</sup> liege to be mine enemy:—  
 \* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,  
 \* Myself had notice of your conventicles,  
 \* And all to make away my guiltless life:  
 • I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
 • Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;  
 • The ancient proverb will be well effected,—  
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

\* CAR. My liege, his railing is intolerable:  
 \* If those, that care to keep your royal person  
 \* From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,  
 \* Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
 \* And the offender granted scope of speech,  
 \* 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.  
 SUF. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,  
 • With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,  
 • As if she had suborned some to swear,  
 • False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

' Q. MAR. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLO. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—

' Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!—  
 \* And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCK. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—

' Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

' CAR. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

<sup>8</sup> —— *liefest* —— ] Is *dearest*. JOHNSON.  
So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:

" —— Madam, my *lief*,

" For God's dear love," &c.

Again, c. ii:

" —— Fly, oh my *liefest* lord." STEEVENS.

See p. 176, n. 6. MALONE.

GLO. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:

' Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
 ' And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
 ' Ah, that my fear were false! <sup>9</sup> ah, that it were!  
 ' For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt* Attendants, with GLOSTER.]

K. HEN. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. MAR. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. HEN. Ay, Margaret; <sup>2</sup> my heart is drown'd with grief,

\* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;

\* My body round engirt with misery;

\* For what's more miserable than discontent?—

<sup>9</sup> *Ah, that my fear were false! &c.]* The variation is here worth noting. In the original play, instead of these two lines, we have the following:

" Farewell my sovereign; long mayst thou enjoy  
 " Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Ay Margaret; &c.]* Of this speech the only traces in the quarto are the following lines. In the king's speech a line seems to be lost:

Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

King. Yea, Margaret; my heart is kill'd with grief;

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Where I may sit, and figh in endless moan,

For who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

If therefore, according to the conjecture already suggested, these plays were originally the composition of another author, the speech before us belongs to Shakspeare. It is observable that one of the expressions in it is found in his *Richard II.* and in *The Rape of Lucrece*; and in perusing the subsequent lines one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by some been supposed to have followed. MALONE.

- \* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
- \* The map of honour,<sup>3</sup> truth, and loyalty;
- \* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
- \* That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
- \* What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
- \* That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
- \* Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
- \* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
- \* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
- \* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,<sup>4</sup>
- \* Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
- \* Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
- \* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
- \* Looking the way her harmless young one went,
- \* And can do nought but wail her darling's loss:
- \* Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,

<sup>3</sup> *The map of honour,*] In *K. Richard II.* if I remember right, we have the same words. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:  
 " Showing life's triumph in the map of death."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*  
*And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,*] But how can it *stray* when it is *bound*? The poet certainly intended *when it strives*; i. e. when it struggles to get loose. And so he elsewhere employs this word. THIRLBY.

This emendation is admitted by the succeeding editors, and I had once put it in the text. I am, however, inclined to believe that in this passage, as in many, there is a confusion of ideas, and that the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path. Part of the line was suggested by one image, and part by another, so that *strive* is the best word, but *stray* is the right. JOHNSON.

There needs no alteration. It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

- \* With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
- \* Look after him, and cannot do him good;
- \* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
- His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
- Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.* [Exit.]
- \* Q. MAR. Free lords,<sup>5</sup> cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
- \* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
- \* Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
- \* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
- \* With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
- \* Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,<sup>6</sup>
- \* With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
- \* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
- \* Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
- \* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,) • This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
- To rid us from the fear we have of him.
- \* CAR. That he should die, is worthy policy;
- \* But yet we want a colour for his death:
- \* 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
- \* SUF. But in my mind, that were no policy:
- \* The king will labour still to save his life,
- \* The commons haply rise to save his life;
- \* And we yet have but trivial argument,

<sup>5</sup> Free lords, &c.] By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" And the free maids that weave" &c.

Again, in Milton:

" — thou goddess fair and free,

" In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — in a flowering bank, i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. Some of the modern editions read unnecessarily — on a flowering bank. MALONE.

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- \* More than mistrust; that shows him worthy death.
- \* YORK. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
- \* SUF. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
- \* YORK. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.'—
- \* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
- \* Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
- \* Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
- \* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
- \* As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. MAR. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

- ' SUF. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,
- \* To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
- \* Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
- \* His guilt should be but idly posted over,
- \* Because his purpose is not executed,
- \* No; let him die; in that he is a fox,
- \* By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
- \* Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;

[ 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.] Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNSON.

York had more reason, because duke Humphrey stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. So, A&III. sc. v:

*For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me.* STEEVENS.

See Sir John Fenn's Observations on the duke of Suffolk's death, in the collection of *The Paston Letters*, Vol. I, p. 48. HENLEY.

' As Humphrey, prov'd, by reasons, to my liege.<sup>8</sup>  
 ' And do not stand on quibbles, how to slay him:

\* No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.] The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to show that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. JOHNSON.

This passage, as Johnson justly observes, is perplexed, but the perplexity arises from an error that ought to be corrected, which it may be by the change of a single letter. What is it that Humphrey proved by reasons to the king? — This line, as it stands, is absolutely nonsense: — But if we read Humphrey's instead of Humphrey, and reason instead of reasons, the letter *s* having been transferred through inadvertency from one word to the other, the meaning of Suffolk will be clearly expressed; and if we enclose also the third line in a parenthesis, the passage will scarcely require either explanation or comment:

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
 (Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood)  
 As Humphrey's prov'd by reason to my liege.

Suffolk's argument is this: — As Humphrey is the next heir to the crown, it is as imprudent to make him protector to the king, as it would be to make the fox surveyor of the fold; and as we kill a fox before he has actually worried any of the sheep, because we know that by nature he is an enemy to the flock, so we should get rid of Humphrey, because we know that he must be by *reason* an enemy to the king. M. MASON.

As seems to be here used for *like*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, with some probability, As Humphrey's prov'd, &c. In the original play, instead of these lines, we have the following speech:

Suf. And so think I, madam; for as you know,  
 If our king Henry had shook hands with death,  
 Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king.  
 And it may be, by policy he works,  
 To bring to pass the thing which now we doubt.  
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb;

- Be it by gins, by snares, by subtily,
- Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
- So he be dead; for that is good deceit
- Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.<sup>9</sup>
- \* Q. MAR. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
- \* SUF. Not resolute, except so much were done;
- \* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
- \* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
- \* Seeing the deed is meritorious,
- \* And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
- \* Say but the word, and I will be his priest.<sup>2</sup>
- \* CAR. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
- \* Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
- \* Say, you consent, and censure well the deed;<sup>3</sup>
- \* And I'll provide his executioner,
- \* I tender so the safety of my liege.
- \* SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
- \* Q. MAR. And so say I.

But if we take him ere he doth the deed,  
We should not question if that he should live.  
No, let him die, in that he is a fox,  
Lest that in living he offend us more. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— for that is good deceit  
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.] Mates him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To mate is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

Mates him, means confounds him; from *amatir* or *mater*, French. To mate is no term in chess. Check mate, the term alluded to, is a corruption of the Persian *schah mat*; the king is killed. RITSON.  
To mate, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or destroy; from *matar*, Span. to kill. See Vol. XI. p. 231, n. 9. MALONE.

———— I will be his priest, ] I will be the attendant on his last scene; I will be the last man whom he will see. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —— and censure well the deed, ] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

\* YORK. And I: and now we three<sup>4</sup> have spoke it,  
 \* It skills not<sup>5</sup> greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MER. Great lords,<sup>6</sup> from Ireland am I come  
 amain,  
 To signify—that rebels there are up;  
 And put the Englishmen unto the sword:  
 Send succours, lords; and stop the rage betime;  
 Before the wound do grow uncurable;  
 For, being green; there is great hope of help.  
 \* CAR. A breach, that craves a quick expedient  
 stop!<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> —— we three —— ] Surely, the word *three* should be omitted. The verse is complete without it:

*And so say I.*

*And I: and now we have spoke it,—.*

But the metre of these plays scarce deserves the reformation which it too frequently requires. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> It skills not —— ] It is of no importance. JOHNSON.  
 So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia*, translated by R. Robinson, 1624:  
 "I will describe to you one or other of them; for it skilleth not greatly which." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Great lords, &c. ] I shall subjoin this speech as it stands in the quarto:

*Madam, I bring you news from Ireland;  
 The wild Uncle, my lord, is up in arms,  
 With troops of Irish kerns, that uncontroll'd  
 Doth plant themselves within the English pale,  
 And burn and spoil the country, as they go.*

Surely here is not an imperfect exhibition of the lines in the folio, hastily taken down in the theatre by the ear or in short-hand, as I once concurred with others in thinking to be the case. We have here an original and distinct draught; so that we must be obliged to maintain that Shakspere wrote two plays on the present subject, a hasty sketch, and a more finished performance; or else must acknowledge, that he formed the piece before us on a foundation laid by another writer. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— expedient stop! i. e. expeditious. So, in *King John's*  
 "His marches are expedient to this town." STEEVENS.

- What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
- YORK. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
- 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
- Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
- SOM. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
- Had been the regent there instead of me,
- He never would have staid in France so long.
- YORK. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
- I rather would have lost my life betimes,
- \* Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
- \* By staying there so long, till all were lost,
- \* Show me one scar character'd on thy skin :
- \* Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
- \* Q. MAR. Nay then, this spark will prove a  
    raging fire,
- \* If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—
- \* No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still ;—
- \* Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
- \* Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
- YORK. What, worse than naught? nay, then a  
    shame take all !
- SOM. And, in the number, thee, that wishest  
    shame !
- CAR. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
- The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
- And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
- To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
- Collected choicely, from each county some,
- And try your hap against the Irishmen ?
- \* YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
- \* SUF. Why, our authority is his consent;
- \* And,—what we do establish, he confirms :
- \* Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
- \* YORK. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,

- Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
- ‘ SUF. A charge, lord York, that I will see per-  
form'd.’
- But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
- ‘ CAR. No more of him; for I will deal with  
him,
- That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
- And so break off; the day is almost spent:
- Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
- ‘ YORK. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen  
days,
- At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
- For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
- ‘ SUF. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

*Exeunt all but YORK.*

- ‘ YORK. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful  
thoughts,
- And change misdoubt to resolution :
- \* Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
- \* Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :
- \* Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
- \* And find no harbour in a royal heart.
- \* Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought  
on thought;
- \* And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

[ — that I will see perform'd.] In the old play this office is  
given to Buckingham:

Queen. —— my lord of Buckingham,  
Let it be your charge to muster up such soldiers,

As shall suffice him in these needful wars.

Buck. Madam, I will; and levy such a band  
As soon shall overcome those Irish rebels:

But York, where shall those soldiers stay for thee?

York. At Bristol I'll expect them ten days hence.

Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

[Exit Buck.

Here again we have a very remarkable variation. MALONE.

- \* My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
- \* Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
- \* Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
- \* To send me packing with an host of men:
- \* I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
- \* Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

- I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
- You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
- Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
- \* I will stir up in England some black storm,
- \* Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
- \* And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
- \* Until the golden circuit on my head,<sup>8</sup>
- \* Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
- \* Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.<sup>9</sup>
- And, for a minister of my intent,
- I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
- John Cade of Ashford,
- To make commotion, as full well he can,
- Under the title of John Mortimer.
- \* In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
- \* Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;

\* Until the golden circuit on my head, ] So, in *Macbeth*:  
 " All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
 " Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
 " To have thee crown'd withall."

Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. II*:

- " — a sleep,
- " That from this *golden rigol* hath divorc'd  
 " So many English kings." MALONE.
- \* — *mad-bred Haw.*] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind. JOHNSON.
- \* — *a troop of Kernes*; ] *Kernes* were light-armed Irish foot-soldiers. STEEVENS.

- \* And fought so long,<sup>3</sup> till that his thighs with darts
- \* Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
- \* And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
- \* Caper upright like a wild Mórisco,<sup>4</sup>
- \* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
- \* Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,<sup>5</sup>
- \* Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
- \* And undiscover'd come to me again,
- \* And given me notice of their villainies.
- \* This devil here shall be my substitute ;
- \* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

<sup>3</sup> *And fought so long,*] Read—And fight so long. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *a wild Mórisco,*] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. JOHNSON.

In *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631, the seventh entry consists of mimicks or *Moriscos*.

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607 :

" Your wit skips a *Mórisco*."

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. Junius describes it thus: " — faciem plerumque insufficient fuligine, & peregrinum vettium cultum afflunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advenisse."

In the churchwardens' accompts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—" For two doffins of *Morris* bells." As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their publick festivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it. STEEVENS.

The editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 255, mentions seeing a company of morrice-dancers from Abington, at Richmond in Surrey, so late as the summer of 1783. They appeared to be making a kind of annual circuit. REED.

<sup>5</sup> —— *like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,*] See Vol. XI. p. 12 n. 6; and p. 203, n. 4. MALONE.

- \* In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble:
- By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
- How they affect the house and claim of York.
- Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
- I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
- Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
- Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will.)
- Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
- And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
- For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
- And Henry put apart, the next for me.<sup>4</sup> [Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

- \* 1. MUR. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
- \* We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

<sup>4</sup> *For, Humphrey being dead, &c.*] Instead of this couplet we find in the old play these lines:

" And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,  
" None then can stop the light to England's crown;  
" But York can tame, and headlong pull them down."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Scene II.*] This scene, and the directions concerning it, stand thus in the quarto edition;

*Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two-men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.*

Suff. How now, firs! what, have you dispatcht him?

One. I, my lord; hee's dead, I warrant you.

Suff. Then see the cloathes, laid smoothe about him still,

That when the king comes, he may perceive

No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

2. All things is handsome now, my lord.

- \* 2. MUR. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
- \* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

- ' MUR. Here comes my lord.
- ' SUF. Now, sirs, have you Despatch'd this thing?
- ' 1. MUR. Ay, my good lord; he's dead.
- ' SUF. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
- ' I will reward you for this venturous deed.
- ' The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
- ' Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
- ' According as I gave directions?
- ' 1. MUR. 'Tis, my good lord.
- ' SUF. Away be gone! [Exit Murderers.]

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.*

- ' K. HEN. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
- ' Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
- ' If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
- ' SUF. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
- ' K. HEN. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
- ' Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
- ' Than from true evidence, of good esteem,

Suff. Then draw the curtaines againe, and get you gou,  
And you shall have your firme reward anon.

[Exit Murderers. STEEVENS.

S 4

- \* He be approv'd in practice culpable.
- \* Q. MAR. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
- \* That faultleſſ may condemn a nobleman !
- \* Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !
- \* K. HEN. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much. —

*Re-enter SUFFOLK.*

- \* How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
- \* Werch iso ur uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
- SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloſter is dead.

\* I thank thee, Margaret; &c.] In former editions:  
I thank thee, Nell, these words content me much.

This is king Henry's reply to his wife Margaret. There can be no reaſon why he ſhould forget his own wife's name, and call her Nell instead of Margaret. As the change of a ſingle letter ſeis all right, I am willing to ſuppoſe it came from his pen thus:

I thank thee, Well, these words content me much.

THEOBALD.

It has been obſerved by two or three commentators, that it is no way extraordinary the king ſhould forget his wife's name, as it appears in no leſs than three places that ſhe forgoes it herſelf, calling herſelf Eleanor. It has also been ſaid, that, if any contraction of the real name is uſed, it ſhould be Meg. All this is very true; but as an alteration muſt be made, Theobald's is juſt as good, and as probable, as any other. I have, therefore, retained it, and with it could have been done with propriety without a note. REED.

Though the king could not well forget his wife's name, either Shakſpeare or the transcriber might. That Nell is not a miſtake of the preſs for Well, is clear from a ſubsequent ſpeech of the queen's in this ſcene, where Eleanor, the name of the Duchess of Gloſter, is again three times printed inſtead of Margaret. No reaſon can be assigned why the proper correction ſhould be made in all those places, and not here. MALONE.

I have admitted Mr. Malone's correction; and yet muſt remark, that while it is favourable to ſenſe it is injurious to metre.

STEVENS.

- \* Q. MAR. Marry, God forefend !
- \* CAR. God's secret judgement :—I did dream to-night,
- \* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
- [*The king swoons.*
- \* Q. MAR. How fares my lord ?—Help, lords ! the king is dead.
- \* SOM. Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose.<sup>7</sup>
- \* Q. MAR. Run, go, help, he'p !—O, Henry, ope thine eyes !
- \* SUF. He doth revive again ;—Madam, be patient.
- \* K. HEN. O heavenly God !
- \* Q. MAR. How fares my gracious lord ?
- SUF. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry, comfort !
- K. HEN. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me ?

Came he right now<sup>8</sup> to sing a raven's note,  
 \* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;  
 And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,  
 ' By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
 ' Can chafe away the first-conceived sound ?  
 \* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,  
 \* Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;  
 \* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.  
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !

<sup>7</sup> SOM. *Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.*] As nothing further is spoken either by *Somerset* or the *Cardinal*, or by any one else to show that they continue in the presence, it is to be presumed that they take advantage of the confusion occasioned by the King's swooning, and slip out unperceived. The next news we hear of the *Cardinal*, he is at the point of death. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — right now —] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.

' Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
 ' Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.  
 ' Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding :—  
 ' Yet do not go away ;—Come, basilisk,  
 ' And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :<sup>9</sup>  
 \* For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;  
 \* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. MAR. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus ?

\* Although the duke was enemy to him,  
 \* Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death :  
 \* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,  
 \* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
 \* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
 \* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
 \* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,<sup>2</sup>  
 \* And all to have the noble duke alive.  
 ' What know I how the world may deem of me ?  
 ' For it is known, we were but hollow friends ;  
 ' It may be judg'd, I made the duke away :  
 \* So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

\* — Come, basilisk,  
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight : ] So, in Albion's England, B. I. c. iii :

" — As Esculap an herdsman did espie,  
 " That did with easy sight enforce a basilisk to flye,  
 " Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye."

REED.

So Mantuanus, a writer very popular at this time:

" Natus in ardentis Libye basiliscus arena,

" Vulnerat asperdu, luminibusque nocet." MALONE.

\* — blood-drinking sighs, ] So, in the Third Part of this Play, Act IV. sc. iv :

" And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs." STEEVENS.

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

" — dry sorrow drinks our blood." MALONE.

- \* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
- \* This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
- \* To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
- ‘ K. HEN. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. MAR. Be woe for me,<sup>3</sup> more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

- \* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?<sup>4</sup>
- \* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
- \* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

<sup>3</sup> Be woe for me, ] That is, Let no woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf? ] This allusion, which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and Psalm lviii. may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x:

“ A serpent, whiche that alpidis  
 “ Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,  
 “ That he the stone noblest of all  
 “ The whiche that men carbuncle call,  
 “ Bereth in his heed above on hight;  
 “ For whiche whan that a man by flight  
 “ (The stome to wynne, and him to dante)  
 “ With his careþe him wolde enchantere,  
 “ Anone as he perceiveth that,  
 “ He leyeth downe his one eare all plat  
 “ Unto the grunde, and hale it saþe:  
 “ And eke that other eare als saþe  
 “ He stoppeth with his taile so sore  
 “ That he the wordes, lasse nor more,  
 “ Of his enchantement ne hereth:  
 “ And in this wile him selfe he skiereth,  
 “ So that he hath the wordes wayved,  
 “ And thus his eare is enought deceived.”

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*:  
 “ Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice  
 “ Of any true decision.” STEEVENS.

- \* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy :
- \* Erect his statue then, and worship it,
- \* And make my image but an alehouse sign.
- Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea ;
- ‘ And twice by aukward wind<sup>5</sup> from England's bank
- ‘ Drove back again unto my native clime ?
- What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
- Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
- \* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?
- \* What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,<sup>6</sup>
- \* And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves ;
- \* And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
- \* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?
- \* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
- \* But left that hateful office unto thee :
- \* The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me ;
- \* Knowing, that thou wouldest have me drown'd on shore
- \* With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness :
- \* The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking sands,<sup>7</sup>
- \* And would not dash me with their ragged sides ;

<sup>6</sup> — *aukward wind* — ] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

The same uncommon epithet is applied to the same subject by Marlowe in his *K. Edward II.*:

“ With *aukward* Winds, and with sore tempest driven  
“ To fall on shore.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,*] I believe we should read — but curse the gentle gusts. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *The splitting rocks &c.*] The sense seems to be this.—The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS.

That is, the rocks whose property it is to split, shrank into the sands, and would not dash me, &c. M. MASON.

- \* Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
- \* Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
- \* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
- \* When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
- \* I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
- \* And when the dusky sky began to rob
- \* My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
- \* I took a costly jewel from my neck.—
- \* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
- \* And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd  
it;
- \* And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
- \* And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
- \* And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
- \* And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
- \* For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
- \* How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
- \* (The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)
- \* To fit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
- \* When he to madding Dido, would unfold,
- \* His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?\*

\* *Might in thy palace perish Margaret.]* The verb *perish* is here used adively. So, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

" —— let not my fins

" *Perish your noble youth.*" STEEVENS.

\* *To fit and witch me, as Ascanius did,*

*When he to madding Dido, would unfold*

*His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?*] Old copy — *To fit and watch me, &c.* STEEVENS.

The poet here is unquestionably alluding to Virgil (*Aeneid I.*) but he strangely blends fact with fiction. In the first place, it was Cupid in the semblance of Ascanius, who sat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid who related to her the process of Troy's destruction; but it was *Eneas* himself who related this history. Again, how did the supposed Alca-nius fit and watch her? Cupid was ordered, while Dido mistakenly carest him, to bewitch and infect her with love. To this circum-

- \* Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
- \* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
- \* For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.*  
*The Commons press to the door.*

- WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
  - That good duke Humphrey traitorously is mur-  
der'd
  - By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
  - The commons, like an angry hive of bees.
  - That want their leader, scatter up and down,
  - And care not who they sting in his revenge.
  - Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
  - Until they hear the order of his death.
- K. HEN. That he is dead, good Warwick. 'tis  
 too true;

stance the poet certainly alludes; and, unless he had wrote, as I  
 have restored to the text,

*To fit and witch me,—*  
 why should the queen immediately draw this inference,

*Am I not witch'd like her?* THROBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is supported by a line in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. where the same verb is used—

*"To witch the world with noble horsemanship."*

It may be remarked, that this mistake was certainly the mistake of Shakspere, whoever may have been the original author of the first sketch of this play; For this long speech of Margaret's is founded on one in the quarto, consisting only of seven lines, in which there is no allusion to Virgil. MALONE.

*[Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?] This line, as it stands, is nonsense. We should surely read it thus;—*

*"Am I not witch'd like her? Art thou not false like him?"*

M. MASON.

The superfluity of syllables in this line induces me to suppose it stood originally thus:

*"Am I not witch'd like her? thou false like him?"*

STEEVENS.

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:<sup>3</sup>

' Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
' And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That I shall do, my liege: — Stay, Salis-  
bury,

With the rude multitude, till I return.

[ Warwick goes into an inner room, and *Salisbury*  
retires.

- \* K. HEN. O thou that judgest all things, stay  
my thoughts;
- \* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
- \* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's  
life!
- \* If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
- \* For judgement only doth belong to thee!
- \* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
- \* With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain<sup>4</sup>
- \* Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
- \* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
- \* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
- \* But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
- \* And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
- \* What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

<sup>3</sup> —— *not Henry:*] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *and to drain*

*Upon* ——] This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water issue from it, he licen-  
tiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *distilling*.

MALONE.

Surely our author wrote *rain*, not *drain*. The discharge of a single letter furnishes what seems to me a necessary emendation, confirmed by two passages, one in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

" To rain a shower of commanded tears."

And another, in *King Henry IV. P. II*:

" To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes." STEEVENS.

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed : WARWICK and Others standing by it.*<sup>4</sup>

- \* WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign; view this body.
- \* K. HEN. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
- \* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
- \* For seeing him, I see my life in death.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> This stage-direction I have inserted as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is—" Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and shewes Duke Humphrey in his bed." In the folio: "A bed with Gloster's body put forth." These are some of the many circumstances which prove, I think, decisively, that the theatres of our author's time were unfurnished with scenes. In those days, as I conceive, curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on a iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. The direction in the folio, "to put forth a bed," was merely to the property-man to thrust a bed forwards behind those curtains, previous to their being drawn open. See the *Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. III. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> For seeing him, I see my life in death. ] Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus:

*For seeing him, I see my death in life.*

That is, Seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line:

*Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.*

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made.

JOHNSON.

Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now stand.—I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death. PERCY.

I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death; I see my life expiring, or rather expired. The conceit is much in our author's manner. So in *Macbeth*:

" —— the death of each day's life."

Our poet in *K. Richard III.* has a similar play of words, though the sentiment is reversed:

" —— even through the hollow eyes of death"

" I spy life peering." MALONE.

WAR. As surely as my soul intends to live  
 With that dread King; that took our state upon  
 him

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse;  
 I do believe that violent hands were laid  
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

SUF. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn  
 tongue!

What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

WAR. See, how the blood is settled in his face!  
 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost;

<sup>6</sup> *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, &c.*] All that is true  
 of the body of a dead man is here said by Warwick of the  
 soul. I would read:

*Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.*

But of two common words how or why was one changed for the  
 other? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet *timely-*  
*parted* could not be used of the body, but that, as in *Hamlet* there  
 is mention of *peace-parted souls*, so here *timely-parted* must have the  
 same substantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty, and made  
 many real. If the soul is parted from the body, the body is like-  
 wise parted from the soul.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe, that this horrible de-  
 scription is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspere's.

JOHNSON.

This is not the first time that Shakspere has confounded the  
 terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in *A Midsummer  
 Night's Dream*:

" — damned spirits all

" That in crost ways and floods have burial."

It is surely the *body* and not the *soul* that is committed to the  
 earth, or whelm'd in the water. The word *ghost*, however, is li-  
 cenciously used by our ancient writers. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*,  
 B. II. c. viii. Sir Guyon is in a swoon, and two knights are about  
 to strip him, when the Palmer says:

" — no knight so rude I ween,

" As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost."

Again, in the short copy of verses printed at the conclusion of  
 the three first books of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, 1596:

" And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse."

- Of ashy semblance,' meager, pale, and bloodleſſ,
- Being all descended to the labouring heart;⁹

Again, in our author's *K. Richard II.*:

" The ghoſt they have depos'd."

Again, in Sir A. Gorge's translation of *Lucan*, B. IX:

" — a peasant of that coast

" Bids him not tread on Hector's ghoſt."

Again, in *Certain Secret Wonders of Nature*, &c. by Edward Fenton, quarto, bl. 1. 1569, " — astonished at the view of the mortified ghoſt of him that lay dead," &c. p. 104. STEEVENS.

A timely-parted ghoſt means a body that has become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a timeleſſ end. The opposition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words — " As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeleſſ death."

The corresponding lines appear thus in the quarto; by which, if the notion that has been already suggested be well founded, the reader may see how much of this deservedly admired speech is original, and how much super-induced:

Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt,  
 Of ashy ſemblance, pale, and bloodleſſ:  
 But, lo! the blood is ſet:led in his face,  
 More better coloured than when he liv'd.  
 His well proportion'd beard made rough and kern;  
 His fingers ſpread abroad, as one that grasp'd  
 For life, yet was by strength ſurpriz'd. The leaſt  
 Of theſe are probable. It cannot choose  
 But he was muſthered.

In a ſubsequent paſſage, also in the original play, which Shak-ſpeare has not transferred into his piece, the word ghoſt is again used as here. Young Clifford addressing himſelf to his father's dead body, ſays,

" A diſmal fight! ſee, where he breathleſſ lies,  
 " All ſmeaſ'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!  
 " Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghoſt I ſwear," &c.

Our author therefore is not chargeable here with any impo-  
riety, or confuſion. He has only uſed the phraseology of his time.

MALONE.

⁹ Of ashy ſemblance, ] So Spenser, *Ruins of Rome*, 4to. 1591:

" Ye pallid ſpirits, and ye ashy ghoſts," —. MALONE.

— bloodleſſ,

Being all descended to the labouring heart; ] That is, the blood being all descended, &c; the ſubſtantive being comprised in the adjective bloodleſſ. M. MASON.

- Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
- Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
- Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
- To blush and beautify the cheek again.
- But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
- His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd.
- Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
- His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
- His hands abroad display'd,<sup>9</sup> as one that grasp'd
- And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
- Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is striking;
- His well-proportion'd beard<sup>10</sup> made rough and rugged,
- Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
- It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
- The least of all these signs were probable.
- SUR. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
- Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
- And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
- WAR. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;

<sup>9</sup> His hands abroad display'd, ] i. e. the fingers being widely distended. So adown, for down; awearv, for weary, &c. See Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: "Herein was the Emperor Dominic so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers abroad, he would shoot through the spaces, without touching the boy's hand or any finger."

MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> His well-proportion'd beard——] His beard nicely trim'd and adjusted. See note on *King Henry V.* A& III. sc. vi. Vol. XIII.

MALONE.

His well-proportioned beard, I believed, means no more than his beard well proportioned by nature. STEEVENS.

- And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep;
- 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
- And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.
- Q. MAR. Then you, belike, suspect these noble-men

• As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

WAR. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

• Q. MAR. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

SUR. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—  
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[ *Excunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*

WAR. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. MAR. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

WAR. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
 Thy mother took into her shameful bed  
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
 Was graft with crabtree slip; whose fruit thou art,  
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers  
 thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
 I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee  
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
 And say — it was thy mother that thou meant'st,  
 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:  
 And, after all this fearful homage done,  
 Give thee thy hire, and send thy foul to hell,  
 Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

SUF. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy  
 blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:  
 \* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;  
 \* And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Excunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*

\* K. HEN. What stronger breastplate than a  
 heart untainted?

\* Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;<sup>3</sup>  
 \* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
 \* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

\* *Thrice is he arm'd, &c.*] So, in Marlowe's *Luss's Dominion*:  
 " Come, Moor; I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,  
 " The justice of my quarrel." MALONE.

Q. MAR. What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.*

- K. HEN. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
- Here in our presence? dare you be so bold? —
- Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
- SUF. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,  
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.*

- \* SAL. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind. — *Speaking to those within.*  
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,  
Or banished fair England's territories,
- They will by violence tear him from your palace,
- \* And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
- They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
- They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
- And mere instinct of love, and loyalty, —
- Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
- As being thought to contradict your liking, —
- Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
- \* They say, in care of your most royal person,
- \* That, if your highnes should intend to sleep,
- \* And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
- \* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
- \* Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
- \* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
- \* That slyly glided towards your majesty,
- \* It were but necessary you were wak'd;

- \* Left, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
- \* The mortal worm<sup>4</sup> might make the sleep eternal:
- \* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
- \* That they will guard you, whe'er you will, or no,
- \* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
- \* With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
- \* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
- \* They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS. [within.] An answer from the king,  
my lord of Salisbury.

SUF. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd  
hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To shew how quaint an orator<sup>5</sup> you are:  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,  
Is — that he was the lord ambassador,  
Sent from a sort<sup>6</sup> of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS. [within.] An answer from the king,  
or we'll all break in.

K. HEN. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from  
me,  
I thank them for their tender loving care:

<sup>4</sup> The mortal worm —— ] i. e. the fatal, the deadly worm. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" This news is mortal to the queen."

Serpents in general, were anciently called worms. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander says, when he takes off the aspicks from the young princes:

" How now, proud worms? how tastes you princes' blood?"

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— how quaint an orator — ] Quaint for dextrous, artificial. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: " — a ladder quaintly made of cords." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — a sort —— ] Is a company. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

\* — russet-pated choughs, many in sort." STEEVENS.

• And had I not been cited so by them,  
 • Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
 • For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophecy  
 • Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.  
 • And therefore,—by his majesty I swear,  
 • Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—  
 • He shall not breathe infection in this air?  
 • But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.

• Q. MAR. O Henry, let me plead for gentle  
 Suffolk!

• K. HEN. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle  
 Suffolk.

• No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,  
 • Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
 • Had I but said, I would have kept my word;  
 • But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—  
 \* If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found  
 \* On any ground that I am ruler of,  
 \* The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—  
 \* Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;  
 \* I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exit K. HENRY. WARWICK, Lords, &c.

• Q. MAR. Mischance, and sorrow, go along  
 " with you!  
 • Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,  
 • Be playfellows to keep you company!  
 • There's two of you; the devil make a third!  
 • And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

\* *He shall not breathe infection in this air — ] That is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infested breath.* MALONE.

\* *Mischance, and sorrow, &c. ] In the original play the queen is still more violent:*

*" Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you!"*

MALONE.

\* SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
\* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. MAR. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted  
wretch !

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

SUF. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I  
curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,<sup>9</sup>  
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
\* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-fac'd Envy, in her loathsome cave:  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
My hair be frx'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :

<sup>9</sup> Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, ] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

JOHNSON.

The same allusion occurs in *Ariippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, by Randolph:

"This is the mandrake's voice that undoes me." STEEVENS.

Bulleine in his *Bulwarke of Defence against Sickneſſe*, &c. fol. 1579, p. 41, speaking of Mandragora says — "They doe affyrme that this herbe commeth of the ſeede of ſome conviuded dead men: and also without the death of ſome lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's uſe. Therefore they did tye ſome dogge or other lyvinge beaſt unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compaſſe round about, and in the meane tyme flopped their own eaſes for feare of the terrible ſhriek and cry of thiſ Man-draſk. In whiche cry it doth not only dye iſtſelſe, but the feare thereoſ killeth the dogge or beaſt whiche pulleth iſt out of the earth.

REED.

And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink! \*  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!  
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees !  
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !  
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings !  
 Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;  
 And boding scritch-owls make the concert full!  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. MAR. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st  
 thyself;

- \* And these dread curses — like the sun 'gainst glaſſs,
- \* Or like an overcharged gun, — recoil,
- \* And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me  
 leave! <sup>5</sup>

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
 Where biting cold would never let graſſs grow,  
 And think it but a minute spent in ſport.

\* —— *Poison be their drink!*] Moſt of theſe execrations are uſed, in the very words of Shakſpeare, by Lee, in his *Caſer Borgia*, A& IV. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *of cypress trees!*] Cyprys was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *murdering basilisks! —— lizards' ſlings!*] It has been ſaid of the *basilisk* that it has the power of destroying by a fingle glance of its eye. A lizard has no ſling, but is quite inoffenſive. STEEVENS.

See p. 266, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?] This inconfiſtency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impa-tience, are angry to ſee others leſs diſturbed than themſelves, but when others begin to raye, they immediately ſee in them what they could not find in themſelves, the deformity and folly of uileſeſs rage. JOHNSON.

- \* Q. MAR. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give  
me thy hand,<sup>6</sup>
- \* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
- \* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
- \* To wash away my woeful monuments.
- \* O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;  
[ *kisses his hand.* ]
- \* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
- \* Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for  
thee!
- \* So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
- \* 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
- \* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
- \* I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
- \* Adventure to be banished myself:
- \* And banished I am, if but from thee.
- \* Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
- \* O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends con-  
demn'd
- \* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
- \* Lother a hundred times to part than die.

<sup>6</sup> *O, let me entreat thee, &c.*] Instead of the first four lines of this speech, we find in the old play these, which Shakspere has availed himself of elsewhere:

“ No more, sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France;  
“ Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,  
“ I'll have an Irish [Iris] that shall find thee out.”

MALONE.

? *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,*  
*Through whom a thousand sighs &c.]* That by the impression  
of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on  
those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee.

JOHNSON.

See the song introduced in *Measure for Measure*:

“ But my kisses bring again,  
“ Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having  
introduced it in several places. There is no trace of it in the old  
play. MALONE.

- \* Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
- SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,  
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
- \* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
- \* A wilderness is populous enough,
- \* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
- \* For where thou art, there is the world itself,
- \* With every several pleasure in the world;
- \* And where thou art not, desolation.
- \* I can no more:— Live thou to joy thy life;
- \* Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st,

*Enter VAUX.*

- Q. MAR. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?
- VAUX. To signify unto his majesty,  
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:  
• For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
• That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
- Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
- Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost  
• Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,  
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
- \* The secrets of his over-charged soul:
- And I am sent to tell his majesty,  
• That even now he cries aloud for him.

\* *And whispers to his pillow, as to him,*  
*The secrets &c.]* The first of these lines is in the old "play.  
 The second is unquestionably our author's. The thought appears to have struck him; for he has introduced it again in *Macbeth*:

" — Infected minds  
 " To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets."

MALONE.

- ‘ Q. MAR. Go, tell this heavy message to the king. [Exit Vaux.
- ‘ Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?<sup>9</sup>
- ‘ But wherefore grieve I at an hour’s poor loss?
- ‘ Omitting Suffolk’s exile, my soul’s treasure,
- ‘ Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
- ‘ And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
- ‘ Thems for the earth’s increase,<sup>3</sup> mine for my sorrows?
- ‘ Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know’st is coming;
- ‘ If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
- ‘ SUF. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
- ‘ And in thy fight to die, what were it else,  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
‘ As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
Dying with mother’s dug between its lips:

<sup>9</sup> Ah me! what is this world? what news are these? ] Instead of this line, the quarto reads:

“ Oh! what is wordly pomp? all men must die,

“ And woe am I for Beaufort’s heavy end. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— at an hour’s poor loss, ]. She means, I believe, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the fickleness of the cardinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes.

JOHNSON.

I believe the poet’s meaning is, Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the queen intends to say, “ Why do I lament a circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk my affection for whom no time will efface?” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— for the earth’s increase, ] See Vol. VII. p. 49, n. 6.  
MALONE.

Where, from thy sight,<sup>2</sup> I should be raging mad,  
 ' And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
 ' To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
 ' So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,<sup>3</sup>  
 ' Or I should breathe it so into thy body;  
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest;  
 From thee to die, were torture more than death:  
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

' Q. MAR. Away! though parting be a fretful  
 corrosive,<sup>4</sup>  
 ' It is applied to a deathful wound.  
 ' To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;  
 ' For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
 I'll have an Iris<sup>5</sup> that shall find thee out.

<sup>2</sup> Where, from thy sight,] In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is employed instead of *wheras*. It is so used here.

MALONE.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" And where I thought the remnant of mine age" &c.

See Vol. IV. p. 228. n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— turn my flying soul,] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:

" See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,  
 " Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced *corusive*; and the metre shows that it ought to be so printed here. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

" His son distract, a *corusive* to his heart."

Again, in *The Alchymist*, by Ben Jonson, 1610:

" Now do you see that something's to be done

" Beside your beech-coal and your *corusive* waters."

Again, in an *Ode* by the same:

" I fend not balms nor *corfives* to your wound."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I'll have an Iris —— ] Iris was the messenger of Juno.

JOHNSON.

SUF. I go.

Q. MAR. And take my heart with thee.<sup>5</sup>

SUF. A jewel lock'd into the woeful'st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
Even as a splitted bark, so funder we;  
This way fall I to death.

Q. MAR. This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

### S C E N E III.

London. *Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.*

*Enter King Henry,<sup>6</sup> SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

\* K. HEN. How fares my lord?" speak, Beaufort,  
to thy sovereign.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

" —— this diftemper'd messenger of wet,

" The many-colour'd Iris ——" STEEVENS.

\* *And take my heart with thee.*] I suppose, to complete the verse, we should read:

— along with thee.

So, in *Hamlet*:

" And he to England shall along with thee." STEEVENS.

\* *Enter King Henry, &c.*] The quarto offers the following stage directions. Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtains be drawne, and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and flaring as if he were mad. STEEVENS.

This description did not escape our author, for he has availed himself of it elsewhere. See the speech of Vaux in p. 284.

MALONE.

\* *How fares my lord? &c.*] This scene, and that in which the dead body of the duke of Gloster is described, are deservedly admired. Having already submitted to the reader the lines on which the former scene is founded, I shall now subjoin those which gave rise to that before us:

• CAR. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure;

" Car. O death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole year,  
 " I'll give thee as much gold as will purchase such another island.  
 " King. O see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.  
 " Lord Cardinal, remember, Christ must have thy soul.  
 " Car. Why, dy'd he not in his bed?  
 " What would you have me to do then?  
 " Can I make men live, whether they will or no?  
 " Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison, which  
 " The pothecary sent me.  
 " O, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,  
 " And stares me in the face! Look; look; comb down his hair.  
 " So now, he's gone again. Oh, oh, oh.  
 " Sal. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.  
 " King. Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heavenly bliss,  
 " Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to me.

[*The Cardinal dies.*

" O see, he dies; and makes no sign at all.

" O God, forgive his foul!

" Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;

" But as his death, so was his life in all.

" King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear;

" For God will judge us all. Go take him hence,

" And see his funeral be perform'd." [ *Exeunt.* MALONE.

\* *If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, &c.*] The following passage in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 70, b. suggested the corresponding lines to the author of the old play: "During these doynges, Henry Beauford, bishop of Winchester, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde.— This man was— haut in stomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal; disdavful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous infaciablie and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor John Baker, his pryvie counsailer and his chapellan, wrote, that lying on his death-bed, he said these words. ' Why shoulde I dye, having so muche riches? If the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, wyl not death be hyered, nor wyl money do nothyng? When my nephewe of Bedford died, I thought

- ‘ Enough to purchase such another island,  
 ‘ So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.  
   \* K. HEN. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
 \* When death’s approach is seen so terrible!  
   \* WAR. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to  
 thee.  
   \* CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
 ‘ Died he not in his bed? where should he die?  
 Can I make men live, wher’ they will or no?—  
 \* O! torture me no more, I will confess.—  
 ‘ Alive again? then show me where he is;  
 ‘ I’ll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—  
 \* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—  
 ‘ Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands up-  
 right,  
 ‘ Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—  
 ‘ Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary  
 ‘ Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.  
   \* K. HEN. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,  
 \* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!  
 \* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,  
 \* That lays strong siege unto this wretch’s soul;  
 \* And from his bosom purge this black despair!

my selfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew  
 of Gloucester diseased, then I thought my selfe able to be equal  
 with kinges, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have  
 worne a trypple croune. But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me,  
 and so I am deceyved ; praying you all to pray for me.”

MALONE.

- \* Can I make men live, wher’ they will or no? ] So, in K. John:  
   “ We cannot hould mortality’s strong hand:—  
   “ Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?  
   “ Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?  
   “ Have I commandment on the pulse of life?” MALONE.  
 \* He hath no eyes, &c. ] So, in Macbeth:  
   “ Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
   “ Which thou dost glare with.” MALONE.

- \* WAR. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
- \* SAL. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
- \* K. HEN. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
- \* Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
- \* Hold up thy hand,<sup>3</sup> make signal of thy hope.—
- \* He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
- \* WAR. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
- \* K. HEN. Forbear to judge,<sup>4</sup> for we are sinners all.—
- \* Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
- \* And let us all to meditation. [ *Exeunt.* ]

<sup>3</sup> *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus in the spurious play of *King John*, 1591, Pandulph sees the king dying, and says:

“ Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,  
“ Lift up your hand, in token you forgive.”

Again:

“ Lift up thy hand, that we may witness here,  
“ Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ;—  
“ Now joy betide thy soul!” *STREEVENS.*

When a dying person is incapable of speech, it is usual (in the church of Rome) previous to the administration of the sacraments, to obtain some *sign* that he is desirous of having them administered. The passage may have an allusion to this practice. G.

<sup>4</sup> *Forbear to judge, &c.]*

“ Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,

“ Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est.”

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Exeunt.*] This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNSON.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*<sup>6</sup>

*Firing heard at sea.<sup>7</sup> Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and Others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen prisoners.*

\* CAP. *The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day<sup>8</sup>*

\* Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

<sup>6</sup> The circumstance on which this scene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle:—"But fortune wold not that this flagitious person [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was banished from England for five years] shoulde so escape; for when he shipp'd in Suffolk, entenyng to be transported into France, he was encountered with a shipp'e of warre apperteyning to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called *the Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the same bark with small fight entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke-boate, caused his head to be fryken of, and left his body with the head upon the sandes of Dover; which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfield college in Suffolke, and there buried." MALONE.

See the *Paston Letters*, published by Sir John Fenn, second edit. Vol. I. p. 38, Letter X. in which this event is more circumstantially related. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Firing heard at sea.]* Perhaps Ben Jonson was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morose in *The Silent Woman*. " Nay, I would fit out a play that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day—]* The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the tell-tale day. JOHNSON.

- \* And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
- \* That drag the tragick melancholy night;
- \* Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
- \* Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
- \* Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
- \* Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
- \* For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
- \* Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
- \* Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
- \* Master, this prisoner freely give I thee ;—

*Remorseful* is pitiful. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" — a gentleman,

" Valiant, wife, *remorseful*, well accomplish'd."

The same idea occurs in *Macbeth*:

" Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day." STEEVENS.

This speech is an amplification of the following one in the first part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. quarto, 1600:

" Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yield;

" Unlade their goods with speed, and sink their ship.

" Here master, this prisoner I give to you,

" This other the master's mate shall have;

" And Walter Whickmore, thou shalt have this man;

" And let them pay their ransome ere they paſs.

" Suff. Walter!"

[ he starteth.

Had Shakespeare's play been taken down by the ear, or an imperfect copy otherwise obtained, his lines might have been mutilated, or imperfectly represented; but would a new circumstance (like that of sinking Suffolk's ship) not found in the original, have been added by the copyist?—On the other hand, if Shakespeare new modelled the work of another, such a circumstance might well be omitted. MALONE.

\* — the jades

That drag the tragick melancholy night;

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves,] The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakespeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 112, n. 9. MALONE.

See also *Cymbeline*, Act II, sc. ii. Vol. XIX. STEEVENS.

- \* And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—  
 \* The other. [pointing to Suffolk,] Walter Whitmore,  
     is thy share.  
 \* i. GENT. What is my ransom, master? let me  
     know.  
 \* MAST. A thousand crowns, or else lay down  
     your head.  
 \* MATE. And so much shall you give, or off  
     goes yours.  
 \* CAP. What, think you much to pay two thou-  
     sand crowns,  
 \* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—  
 \* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;  
 \* The lives of those which we have lost in fight,  
 \* Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *The lives of those &c.*] The old copy (from which some devia-  
tion, for the sake of obtaining sense, was necessary) has—  
“ The lives of those which we have lost in fight,  
“ Be counter-poys'd with such a peticie sum.”

Mr. Malone reads—

“ The lives of those which we have lost in fight!  
“ Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.”

But every reader will observe that the last of these lines is in-  
umbered by a superfluous foot. I conceive, that the passage ori-  
ginally stood as follows:

“ The lives of those we have lost in fight, cannot  
“ Be counterpoiz'd with such a petty sum.” STEEVENS.

I suspect that a line has been lost, preceding — “ The lives of  
those,” &c. and that this speech belongs to Whitmore; for it is in-  
consistent with what the captain says afterwards. The word *cannot*  
is not in the folio. The old play affords no assistance. The word  
now added is necessary to the sense, and is a less innovation on the  
text than what has been made in the modern editions—*Nor can those  
lives, &c.*

The emendation made in this passage, (which was written by  
Shakspeare, there being no trace of it in the old play,) is supported  
by another in *Coriolanus*, in which we have again the same expres-  
sion, and nearly the same sentiments:

“ The man I speak of *cannot* in the world  
“ Be singly counterpois'd.” MALONE.

- \* 1. GENT. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
- \* 2. GENT. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
- ‘ WHIT. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
‘ And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;  
[to Suf.]
- ‘ And so should these, if I might have my will.
- \* CAP. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
- ‘ SUF. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;<sup>4</sup>  
‘ Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
- ‘ WHIT. And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
- ‘ How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
- ‘ SUF. Thy name affrights me,<sup>5</sup> in whose sound is death.
- ‘ A cunning man did calculate my birth,

The difference between the Captain's present and succeeding sentiments may be thus accounted for. Here, he is only striving to intimidate his prisoners into a ready payment of their ransom. Afterwards his natural disposition inclines him to mercy, till he is provoked by the upbraiding of Suffolk. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Look on my George,*] In the first edition it is *my ring*.

WARBURTON.

Here we have another proof of what has been already so often observed. A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded either by the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ransom of each of Suffolk's companions is a hundred pounds, but here a thousand crowns. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Thy name affrights me,*] But he had heard his name before, without being startled by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to "Walter Whickmore," Suffolk immediately exclaims, "Walter! Whickmore asks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, "It is thy name affrights me." — Our author has here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and sometimes departing his original.

MALONE.

• And told me—that by Water<sup>6</sup> I should die:  
 • Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded  
 Thy name is—Gualtier, being rightly founded:  
 • WHIT. Gualtier, or Walter, which it is, I care  
 not;  
 • Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,<sup>7</sup>  
 • But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;  
 • Therefore, when merchantlike I sell revenge,  
 • Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
 • And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!  
 [lays hold on Suffolk.

• SUF. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a  
 prince,  
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

• WHIT. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

SUF. Ay but these rags are no part of the duke;

<sup>6</sup> —— by Water — ] So, in queen Margaret's letter to this duke of Suffolk, by Michael Drayton:

“ I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou doft pass,  
 “ Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,  
 “ And one foretold, by water thou shou'dst die,” &c.

A note on these lines says; “ The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of water.” See the fourth scene of the first act of this play.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Ne'er yet did base dishonour &c,] This and the following lines are founded on these two in the old play:

“ And therefore ere I merchant-like sell blood for gold,  
 “ Then cast me headlong down into the sea.

The new image which Shakespeare has introduced into this speech, “ —— my arms torn and defac'd,” — is found also in King Richard II:

“ From my own windows torn my household coat,  
 “ Raz'd out my impress; leaving me no sign,—  
 “ Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—  
 “ To show the world I am a gentleman.”

See the notes on that passage. Vol. XII. p. 82, n. 2, and 3.

MALONE.

Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?<sup>2</sup>

CAP. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

\* SUR. Obscure and lowly swain,<sup>9</sup> king Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

\* Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.<sup>3</sup>

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

\* Bareheaded plodded by my foot-cloth mule;

\* And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

\* How often hast thou waited at my cup,

\* Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

\* When I have feasted with queen Margaret?

\* Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

\* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Jove sometime went disguis'd, &c.*] This verse is omitted in all but the first old edition, [quarto 1600,] without which what follows is not sense. The next line also:

*Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,*  
was falsely put in the Captain's mouth. POPE.

<sup>9</sup> ————— *lowly swain,*] The folio reads ————— *lowfy swain.*

STEEVENS.

The quarto *lowly*. In a subsequent passage the folio has the word right:

By such a *lowly* vassal as thyself.

*Lowfy* was undoubtedly an error of the press. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ————— *a jaded groom.*] I suppose he means a low fellow, fit only to attend upon horses; which in our author's time were frequently termed *jades*. The original play has *jady*, which conveys this meaning (the only one that the words seem to afford,) more clearly, *jaded* being liable to an equivocation. *Jaded* groom, however, may mean a groom whom all men treat with contempt; as worthless as the most paltry kind of horse.

So, in K. Henry VIII<sup>2</sup>.

" ————— if we live thus tamely,

" To be thus *jaded* by a piece of scarlet," —. MALONE.

A *jaded* groom may signify a groom who has hitherto been treated with no greater ceremony than a horse. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ————— *abortive pride:*] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride flung before its time. JOHNSON.

- \* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
- \* And duly waited for my coming forth?
- ‘ This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
- ‘ And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.<sup>4</sup>
- \* WHIT. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
- \* CAP. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
- \* SUF. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
- \* CAP. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat’s side
- ‘ Strike off his head.

SUF. Thou dar’st not for thy own.<sup>5</sup>

CAP. Yes, Poole

SUF. Poole?

<sup>4</sup> —— charm thy *riotous tongue.*] i. e. restrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be silent. See. Vol. IX. p. 326, n. 2. and Mr. Steeven’s note in *Othello*, A&V. sc. ult. where Iago uses the same expression. It occurs frequently in the books of our author’s age. MALONE.

Again, in the Third Part of this Play, A&V. sc. iii:

“ Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou dar’st not &c.*] In the quarto edition the passage stands thus:

Suf. Thou dar’st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole?

Suf. Pole?

Cap. Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, sink and dirt,

I’ll flop that yawning mouth of thine.

I think the two intermediate speeches should be inserted in the text, to introduce the captain’s repetition of *Poole*, &c. STEEVENS.

It is clear from what follows that these speeches were not intended to be rejected by Shakspere, but accidentally omitted at the press. I have therefore restored them. MALONE.

CAP. Poole? Sir Poole? lord? \*

- Ay, kennel, puddle, fink; whose filth and dirt
- Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
- Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
- For swallowing<sup>7</sup> the treasure of the realm:
- Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
- And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,<sup>8</sup>
- Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,<sup>9</sup>
- \* Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again; \*

\* Poole? Sir Poole? lord?] The dissonance of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole*, *kennel*, *puddle*. JOHNSON.

? For swallowing —] He means, perhaps, so as to prevent thy swallowing, &c. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607: “ —he is now in huckster’s handling for running away.” I have met with many other instances of this kind of phraseology. The more obvious interpretation, however, may be the true one. MALONE.

\* And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death, &c.] This enumeration of Suffolk’s crimes seems to have been suggested by *The Mirour of Magistrates*, 1575, *Legend of William de la Pole*:

“ And led me back again to Dover road,  
“ Where unto me recounting all my faults,—  
“ As murthering of duke Humphrey in his bed,  
“ And how I had brought all the realm to nought,  
“ Causing the king unlawfully to wed,  
“ There was no grace but I must lose my head.”

MALONE.

? —— *shalt grin in vain*,] From hence to the end of this speech is undoubtedly the original composition of Shakespeare, no traces of it being found in the elder play. MALONE.

? —— *the senseless winds* ——  
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:] The same worthless image occurs also in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ —— *the winds*

“ Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.”

STEEVENS.

- \* And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
- \* For daring to affy<sup>2</sup> a mighty lord
- \* Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
- \* Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem;
- \* By devilish policy art thou grown great.
- \* And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
- \* With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
- \* By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France :
- \* The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
- \* Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
- \* Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
- \* And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
- \* The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
- \* Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
- \* As hating thee, are rising<sup>3</sup> up in arms :
- \* And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
- \* By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
- \* And lofty proud encroaching tyranny.—
- \* Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
- \* Advance our half-fac'd sun,<sup>4</sup> striving to shine,
- \* Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*

<sup>2</sup> —— to affy —— ] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveston*:

“ In bands of wedlock did to me *affy*  
“ A lady,” &c.

Again, in the 17th Song of *The Polyolbion*:

“ —— the Almaine emperor's bride  
“ Which after to the earl of Anjou was *affy'd*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— are rising — ] Old Copy—and rising. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— whose hopeful colours

Advance our half-fac'd sun. ] “ Edward III. bare for [his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.” Camden's *Remaines*. MALONE.

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- \* The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
- \* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
- \* Is crept into the palace of our king,
- \* And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
- \* SUE. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
- \* Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
- \* Small things make base men proud: ‘ this villain here,
- ‘ Being captain of a pinnace,<sup>5</sup> threatens more
- ‘ Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.<sup>6</sup>
- ‘ Drones suck not eagles’ blood, but rob bee-hives.

<sup>5</sup> *Being captain of a pinnace.*] A pinnace did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war’s boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in *Winwood’s Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118: “The king (James I.) naming the great ship, *Trade’s Increase*; and the prince, a pinnace of 250 tons (built to wait upon her), *Pepper-corn*.”

STEEVENS.

The complement of men on board a pinnace (or *synner*) was about twenty five. See *Paston Letters*, Vol. I. p. 159. HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*] Mr. Theobald says, “This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author derived his acquaintance with him.” And yet he is to be met with in *Tully’s Offices*; and the legend is the famous *Theopompius’s History*: “*Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompuum, magnas opes habuit.*” Lib. II. cap. xi.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him “Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry;” and Nicholas Grimoald, about twenty-three years afterwards, “Bargulus, the Illyrian robber.”

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto; but we have another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk, Threatens more plagues than mighty Abradas,  
The great Macedonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this Abradas, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope’s Web*, 1601:

“*Abradas the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean.*” STEEVENS.

Here we see another proof of what has been before suggested. See p. 229, n. 7; and p. 294, n. 4. MALONE.

' It is impossible, that I should die  
 ' By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
 ' Thy words move rage, and not remorse; in me :<sup>7</sup>  
 ' I go of message from the queen to France;  
 ' I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

• CAP. Walter.—

• WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

\* SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:<sup>8</sup> —'tis thee I fear.

<sup>7</sup> *Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:*] This line Shakespeare has injudiciously taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk; for what *remorse*, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon, to show to his *afflaints*; whereas the Captain might with propriety say to his *captives*, —thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my compassion. MALONE.

Perhaps our author meant (however imperfectly he may have expressed himself) to make Suffolk say —“ Your words excite my anger, instead of prompting me to solicit pity.” STEEVENS.

\* *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:] The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—*Pine, &c.* a corruption, I suppose, of [*pene*] the word that I have substituted in its place. I know not what other word could have been intended. The editor of the second folio, and all the modern editors, have escaped the difficulty, by suppressing the word. The measure is of little consequence, for no such line, I believe, exists in any clavick author. Dr. Grey refers us to “Ovid de Trist. 313, and Metamorph. 247:” a very wide field to range in; however with some trouble I found out what he meant. The line is not in Ovid; (nor I believe in any other poet;) but in his *De Tristibus* Lib. I. El. iii. 113, we find

Navita, confessus gelido pallore timorem,—

and in his *Métamorph.* Lib. IV. 247, we meet with these lines:

Ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus,

Si queat, in vivum tentat revocate calorem. MALONE.

In the eleventh Book of Virgil, Turnus (addressing Drances) says

—cux ante tubam tremor occupat artus?

- WHIT. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
- What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
- I. GENT. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
- SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
- Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
- Far be it, we should honour such as these
- With humble suit: no, rather let my head
- Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
- Save to the God of heaven, and to my king:
- And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
- Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
- \* True nobility is exempt fromfeat:—
- \* More can<sup>9</sup> bear, than you dare execute.
- } CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
- SUF. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

This is as near, I conceive, to Suffolk's quotation, as either of the passages already produced. Yet, somewhere, in the wide expanse of Latin Poetry, ancient and modern, the very words in question may hereafter be detected.

*Pene*, the gem which appears to have illuminated the dreary mine of collation, is beheld to so little advantage above-ground, that I am content to leave it where it was discovered. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> More can I bear; than you dare execute. ] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — I am able now, methinks,  
“ (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)  
“ To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
“ Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“ Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,  
“ As I have to be hurt.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can, ] In the folio this line is given to the Captain by the carelessness of the printer or transcriber. The present regulation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and followed by Dr. Warburton. See the latter part of note 8, p. 295. MALONE.

- ‘ That this my death may never be forgot! — .
- ‘ Great men oft die by vile bezonians :<sup>3</sup>
- ‘ A Roman sworder<sup>4</sup> and banditto slave,
- ‘ Murder’d sweet Tully ; Brutus’ bastard hand<sup>5</sup>
- ‘ Stabb’d Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders,
- ‘ Pompey the great :<sup>6</sup> and Suffolk dies by pirates.

*Exit SUF. with Whitmore and others.*

Surely (as has been suggested) this line belongs to the next speech. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation; and without such an introduction, there is an obscure abruptness in the beginning of Suffolk’s reply to the captain. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *bezonians* : ] See a note on the 2d part of *King Henry IV.* A&V. st. iii. Vol. XIII :

*Bifognozo*, is a mean low man.

So, in *Sir Giles Goofcap*, 1606:

“ — if he come to me like your *Bifognozo*, or your boor.”

Again, in Markham’s *English Husbandman*, p. 4:

“ The ordinary tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen ; in France peasants, in Spain *befonyans*, and generally the cloutshoe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *A Roman sworder &c.* ] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *Brutus’ bastard hand* — ] Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Pompey the great* :] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. JOHNSON.

This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Pompey, however, is not in the quarto. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable. STEEVENS.

Pompey being killed by Achillas and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat in which they were, reached the coast, and his head being thrown into the sea, (a circumstance which Shakspeare found in North’s translation of Plutarch,) his mistake does not appear more extraordinary than some others which have been remarked in his works.

CAP. And as for these whose ransom we have set,  
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—  
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

*Re-enter WHITMORE, with Suffolk's body.*

' WHIT. There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
' Until the queen his mistress bury it.' [Exit.  
' 1. GENT. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
' His body will I bear unto the king:  
' If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
' So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit, with the body.

It is remarkable that the introduction of Pompey was among Shakspeare's additions to the old play: This may account for the classical error, into which probably the original author would not have fallen. In the quarto the lines stand thus:

" A sworder, and banditlike slave  
" Murdered sweet Tully;  
" Brutus' bastard hand stabb'd Julius Cæsar,  
" And Suffolk dies by pirates on the seas." MALONE.

[*There let his head &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto gives us the following:

CAP. Off with his head, and send it to the queen,  
" And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it safe delivered unto her. STEEVENS.

See p. 300, n. 6, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

See Sir John Fenn's Collection of *The Paston Letters*, Vol. L p. 40. HENLEY.

## SCENE II.

Blackheath.

*Enter George Bevis and John Holland.*

\* GEO. Come, and get thee a sword,<sup>8</sup> though made  
of a lath; they have been up these two days.

\* JOHN. They have the more need to sleep now  
then.

\* GEO. I tell thee,<sup>9</sup> Jack Cade the clothier means  
to dres<sup>s</sup> the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a  
new nap upon it.

JOHN. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,  
I say, it was never merry world in England, since  
gentlemen came up.<sup>2</sup>

\* GEO. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded  
in handycrafts-men.

\* JOHN. The nobility think scorn to go in lea-  
ther aprons.

\* GEO. Naymore, the king's council are no good  
workmen.

\* JOHN. True; and yet it is said,—Labour in

<sup>8</sup> —— get thee a sword.] The quarto reads—Come away Nick  
and put a long staff in thy pike, &c. STEEVENS.

So afterwards, instead of “Cade the clothier,” we have in the  
quarto “Cade the dyer of Ashford.” See the notes above referred  
to. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> I tell thee,] In the original play this speech is introduced more  
naturally. Nick asks George “Sirra George, what's the matter?”  
to which George replies, “Why marry, Jack Cade, the dyer of  
Ashford here,” &c. MALONE.

\* —— since gentlemen came up.] Thus we familiarly say—a  
fashion comes up. STEEVENS.

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\* thy vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let  
\* the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore  
\* should we be magistrates.

\* GEO. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better  
\* sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

\* JOHN. I see them! I see them! There's Best's  
\* son, the tanner of Wingham;—

\* GEO. He shall have the skins of our enemies,  
\* to make dog's leather of.

JOHN. And Dick the butcher,<sup>3</sup>—

\* GEO. Then is sin struck down like an ox; and  
\* iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

\* JOHN. And Smith the weaver:—

\* GEO. Argo; their thread of life is spun.

\* JOHN. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the  
weaver, and others in great number.*

\* CADE. We John Cade, so term'd of our sup-  
posed father,—

DICK. Or rather, of stealing a *cade* of herrings.<sup>3</sup>

[Aside.

\* *And Dick the butcher,* ] In the first copy thus:

Why there's Dick the butcher, and Robin the sadler, and Will  
that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and  
Gregory that should have your parnell, and a great sort more, & come  
from Rochester and from Maidstone, and Canterbury, and all the towns  
hercabout, and we must all be lords, or squires, as soon as Jack Cade  
is king. See p. 190. n. 8; p. 198, n. 2; p. 294, n. 4, and p. 300  
n. 6, MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— a *cade* of herrings. ] That is, A barrel of herrings. I  
suppose the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted.

JOHNSON.

A *cade* is less than a barrel. The quantity it should contain is  
ascertained by the accounts of the Cellars of the Abbey of Berking.

" Memorandum that a barrel of herring shold contene a thousand

' CADE. —for our enemies shall fall before us,<sup>4</sup>  
 inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and  
 princes,—Command silence.

DICK. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer,—

herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundredth, six score to the hundredth," Mon. Ang. I. 83. MALONE.

Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a *cade* of herrings, and ludicrously says, " That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." *Praise of the Red Herring*; 1599. *Cade*, however, is derived from *Cadus*, Lat. a cask or barrel. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *our enemies shall fall before us*, ] He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cade*, Lat. *to fall*. He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

We John Cade, &c. ] This passage, I think, should be regulated thus:

*Cade*. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, for our enemies shall fall before us;—

*Dick*. Or rather of stealing a *cade* of herrings.

*Cade*. Inspired with the spirit, &c. TYRWHITT.

In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus:

*Cade*. I John Cade, so named for my valiancy,—

*Dick*. Or rather for stealing of a *cade* of sprats.

The transposition recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt is so plausible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But Dick's quibbling on the word *of* (which is used by *Cade*, according to the phraseology of our author's time, for *by*, and as employed by *Dick* signifies—*on account of*,) is so much in Shakspere's manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words "Or rather of stealing," &c. be postponed to—"For our enemies shall fall before us," Dick then, as at present, would assert—that *Cade* is not so called on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correspond sufficiently with the old play: but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakspere, would be destroyed. *Cade*, as the speeches stand in the folio, proceeds to assign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what *Dick* has said.

*Of* is used again in *Coriolanus*, in the sense which it bears in *Cade's* speech: — We have been call'd so *of many*." i. e. by many. MALONE.

DICK He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer. [Aside.]

\* CADE. My mother a Plantagenet,—

\* DICK. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

[Aside.]

\* CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies.—

DICK. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [Aside.]

\* SMITH. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack,<sup>4</sup> she washes bucks here at home. [Aside.]

\* CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;<sup>5</sup> and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.<sup>6</sup> [Aside.]

\* CADE. Valiant I am.

\* SMITH. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [Aside.]

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. [Aside.]

<sup>4</sup> —— *furr'd pack,*] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

In the original play the words are—"and now being not able to *occupy* her furred pack,"—under which perhaps "more was meant than meets the ear." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *the field is honourable;*] Perhaps a quibble between *field* in its heraldic, and in its common acceptation, was designed.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *but the cage.*] A cage was formerly a term for a prison. See Minshew, in v. We yet talk of jail-birds. MALONE.

There is scarce a village in England which has not a temporary place of confinement, still called *The Cage*. STEEVENS.

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. He need not fear the sword, for his coat  
is of proof.<sup>7</sup>

[*Afide.*]

DICK. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of  
fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Afide.*]

CADE. Be brave then; for your captain is brave,  
and vows reformation. There shall be, in England,  
seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-  
hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops;<sup>8</sup> and I will make  
it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall  
be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry  
go to grafs. And, when I am king, (as king I  
will be)—

ALL. God save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people: there shall  
be no money;<sup>9</sup> all shall eat and drink on my

<sup>7</sup> —— for his coat is of proof.] A quibble between two senses of  
the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being well tried,  
that is, long worn. HANMER.

<sup>8</sup> —— the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops;) In *The Gulf's Horn-Booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Deckar, 1609, *hoops* are men-  
tioned among other drinking measures: “—his *hoops*, cans, half-  
cans,” &c. And Nash, in his *Pierce Pennileffe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, says: “I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented  
to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more.”

It appears from a passage in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson,  
that “burning of cans” was one of the offices of a city magistrate.  
I suppose he means burning such as were not of statutable measure.

STEEVENS.

An anonymous commentator supposes, perhaps with more truth,  
that “the burning of cans” was marking them with a red-hot  
iron, which is still practised by the magistrate in many country  
boroughs, in proof of their being statutable measure.—These *cans*,  
it should be observed, were of wood. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> —— there shall be no money;) To mend the world by banishing  
money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the  
quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or  
ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately

' score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery,  
 ' that they may agree like brothers, and worship  
 ' me their lord.

' DICK. The first thing we do, let's kill all the  
 lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a  
 lamentable thing, <sup>3</sup> that of the skin of an innocent  
 lamb should be made parchment? that parchment,  
 being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some  
 say, the bee stings : but I say, 'tis the bee's wax;  
 for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never  
 mine own man since. How now? who's there?

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.* <sup>3</sup>

SMITH. The clerk of Chatham: he can write  
 and read, and cast accompt.

CADE. O monstrous!

SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies. <sup>4</sup>

from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every  
 man was contented with his own share of the goods of life.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Is not this a lamentable thing, &c.]* This speech was transposed  
 by Shakspere, it being found in the old play in a subsequent scene.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *the clerk of Chatham.]* The person whom Shakspere  
 makes clerk of Chatham should seem to have been one Thomas  
 Bayly, a reputed necromancer, or fortune-teller, at Whitechapel.  
 He had formerly been a bosom friend of Cade's; and of the same  
 profession. *W. Wycester*, p. 471. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *We took him &c.]* We must suppose that Smith had taken the  
 Clerk some time before, and left him in the custody of those who  
 now bring him in. In the old play *Will the weaver* enters with  
 the Clerk, though he has not long before been conversing with  
 Cade. Perhaps it was intended that Smith should go out after his  
 speech—ending, “for his coat is of proof:” but no *Exit* is mark-  
 ed in the old copy. It is a matter of little consequence.—It is, I  
 think, most probable that *Will* was the true name of this character,



CADE. Here's a villain!

SMITH. He has a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

CADE. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations,<sup>5</sup> and write court-hand.

CADE. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters;<sup>6</sup>—Twill go hard with you.

CADE. Let me alone: Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

ALL. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

as in the old play, (so Dick, George, John, &c.) and that Smith, the name of some low actor, has crept into the folio by mistake.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — obligations,] That is, bonds. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> They use to write it on the top of letters;] i. e. Of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*.

WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V.* containing the honourable Battell of Agincourt, I find the same circumstance. The archbishop of Burges (i. e. Bruges) is the speaker, and addreses himself to king Henry:

" I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe

" Condu&t, under your broad seal Emanuel."

The king in answer says:

" —— deliver him safe condu&t

" Under our broad seal Emanuel." STEEVENS.

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' CADE. Away with him, I say: hang him with  
' his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

*Enter MICHAEL.*

' MICH. Where's our general?

' CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

' MICH. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and  
' his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

' CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee  
' down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as  
' good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

' MICH. No,

' CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a  
' knight presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer,  
' Now have at him.'

*Enter sir Humphrey STAFFORD, and William his  
Brother, with drum and forces.*

\* STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of  
Kent,

\* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,

\* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;

\* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

\* W. STAF. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd  
to blood,

[ — *have at him.*] After this speech the old play has the following words:

— Is there any more of them that be knights?  
Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; rise up sir Dick  
Butcher. Sound up the drum.  
See p. 294, n. 4, and p. 300, n. 6. MALONE.

\* If you go forward : therefore yield, or die.

CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass  
not;<sup>8</sup>

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

\* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ;

\* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

‘ STAF. Villain, thy father was a plasterer ;

‘ And thou thyself, a shearmen. Art thou not ?

CADE. And Adam was a gardener.

‘ W. STAF. And what of that ?

CADE. Marry, this :—Edmund Mortimer, earl  
of March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter ; Did he  
not ?

‘ STAF. Ay, sir.

CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. STAF. That's false.

‘ CADE. Ay, there's the question ; but, I say, 'tis  
true :

‘ The elder of them, being put to nurse,

‘ Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away ;

‘ And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

‘ Became a bricklayer, when he came to age :

‘ His son am I ; deny it, if you can.

DICK. Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be  
king.

SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's  
house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify  
it ; therefore, deny it not.

<sup>8</sup> —— I pass not ; ] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia* :

“ Transform me to what shape you can,

“ I pass not what it be.” STEEVENS,

\* **STAFF.** And will you credit this base drudge's words,

\* That speaks he knows not what?

\* **ALL.** Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

**W. STAFF.** Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

\* **CADE.** He lies, for I invented it myself. [Aside.] — Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me' that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, —I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

\* **DICK.** And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

\* **CADE.** And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd,<sup>9</sup> and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth,<sup>10</sup> and made it an eunuch: and more

<sup>9</sup> —— is England maim'd,] The folio has—main'd. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, sure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the same conceit; *Civil Wars*, 1595:

"Anjou and Maine, the maim that foul appears—."

MALONE.

\* —— hath gelded the common-wealth,) Shakspere has here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*: "Nolo morte dici Africani *castratam esse rempublicam*." The character of the speaker, however, may countenance such indelicacy. In other places our author, less excuseably, talks of gelding purses, patrimonies, and continents. SIEVEENS.

This peculiar expression is Shakspeare's own, not being found in the old play. In *K. Richard II.* Ross says that Henry of Bolingbroke has been—

"Bereft and gelded of his patrimony."

' than that, he can speak French, and therefore he  
' is a traitor.

\* STAF. O gross and miserable ignorance!

\* CADE. Nay, answser, if you can: The Frenchmen  
are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can  
he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be  
a good counsellor, or no?

\* ALL. No, no; and therefore we'll have his  
\* head.

\* W. STAF. Well, seeing gentle words will not  
prevail,

\* Assail them with the army of the king.

\* STAF. Herald, away: and, throughout every  
town,

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;  
That those, which fly before the battle ends,  
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,  
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—  
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and forces.*

\* CADE. And you, that love the commons, fol-  
low me.—

\* Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.  
\* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
\* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;  
\* For they are thrifty honest man, and such  
\* As would (but that they dare not,) take our  
parts.

\* DICK. They are all in order, and march toward  
us.

So Cade here says, that the commonwealth is *bereft* of what it  
before possessed, namely, certain provinces in France. MALONE.

\* CADE. But then are we in order, when we are  
\* most out of order. Come, march forward.<sup>3</sup>

*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Another Part of Blackheath.*

*Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.*

' CADE. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

' DICK. Here, sir.

' CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee.—The Lent shall be as long again as it is;<sup>4</sup> and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

' DICK. I desire no more.

\* CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'lt no less. This monument of the victory will I bear;<sup>5</sup> and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels,

<sup>3</sup> —— Come, march forward.] In the first copy, instead of this speech, we have only—Come, Sirs, St. George for us, and Kent. See p. 229, n. 7; p. 294, n. 4; and p. 300, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— as long again as it is; ] The word again, which was certainly omitted in the folio by accident, was restored from the old play, by Mr. Steevens, on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> This monument of the victory will I bear; ] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:

"Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London." STEEVENS.

Sir Humphrey Stafford, who was killed at Stevenage in Cade's rebellion, is buried at Bromsgrove in Staffordshire. VAILLANT.

- \* till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.
- \* DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good,<sup>6</sup> break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.
- \* CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [Exit.]

## S C E N E IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the duke of BUCKINGHAM, and lord SAY with him; at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK'S head.

- \* Q. MAR. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,
- \* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
- \* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
- \* But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
- \* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
- \* But where's the body that I should embrace?
- ' BUCK. What answr makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> If we mean to thrive and do good, &c.] I think it should be read thus, If we mean to thrive, do good; break open the gaols, &c.

JOHNSON.

The speaker designs to say.—“If we ourselves mean to thrive, and do good to others” &c. The old reading is the true one.

STEVENS.

? —— to the rebels' supplication?] “And to the entent that the cause of this glorious capitaynes commyng thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsayll, he sent to him an humble supplication,—affirmynge his commyng not be against him, but against divers of his counsayl,” &c. Hall, Henry VI. fol. 77.

MALONE.

- \* K. HEN. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:<sup>8</sup>
- For God forbid, so many simple souls
- Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
- Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
- Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
- But stay, I'll read it over once again.
- \* Q. MAR. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
- \* Rul'd, like a wandering planet,<sup>9</sup> over me;
- \* And could it not enforce them to relent,
- \* That were unworthy to behold the same?
- \* K. HEN. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
- \* SAY. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. HEN. How now, madam? Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death? I fear, my love,<sup>2</sup> if that I had been dead,

<sup>8</sup> *I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:*] Here, as in some other places, our author has fallen into an inconsistency, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. In the old play, the king says not a word of sending any *bishop* to the rebels; but says, he will himself come and party with them, and in the mean while orders *Clifford* and *Buckingham* to gather an army and to go to them. Shakspere, in new modelling this scene, found in Holinshed's Chronicle the following words: “—to whome [Cade] were sent from the king, the *Archbishop of Canterbury* and *Humphrey duke of Buckingham*, to common with him of his griefs and requests.” This gave birth to the line before us; which our author afterwards forgot, having introduced in scene viii. only *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, *conformably to the old play*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Rul'd, like a wandering planet,*] Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

The old play led Shakspere into this strange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in the presence of her husband! MALONE.

\* *I fear, my love;*] The folio has here—I fear me, love, which

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. MAR. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

\* K. HEN. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

\* MES. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

\* Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,  
\* Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;  
\* And calls your grace usurper, openly,  
\* And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
\* His army is a ragged multitude  
\* Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:  
\* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death  
\* Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:  
\* All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
\* They call—false caterpillars; and intend their death.

\* K. HEN. O graceless men! they know not what they do.<sup>3</sup>

\* BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth.<sup>4</sup>  
\* Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

is certainly sense; but as we find "my love" in the old play, and these lines were adopted without retouching, I suppose the transcriber's ear deceived him. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — what they do.] Instead of this line, in the old copy we have —

" Go, bid Buckingham and Clifford gather

" An army up, and meet with the rebels." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — retire to Kenelworth,] The old copy — Killingworth, which (as Sir William Blackstone observes) is still the modern pronunciation. STEVENS.

- \* Q. MAR. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
- \* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.
- ‘ K. HEN. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
- ‘ Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.
- ‘ SAY. So might your grace's person be in danger;
- The sight of me is odious in their eyes :
- And therefore in this city will I stay,
- And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

- \* 2. MES. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge ;  
the citizens
- \* Fly and forsake their houses :
- \* The rascal people, thirsting after ptey,
- \* Join with the traitor ; and they jointly fwear,
- \* To spoil the city, and your royal court.
- \* BUCK. Then linger not, my lord ; away, take horse.
- \* K. HEN. Come, Margaret ; God, our hope, will succour us.
- \* Q. MAR. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
- \* K. HEN. Farewel, my lord ; [to lord Say.] trust not the Kentish rebels.
- \* BUCK. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd,<sup>5</sup>

In the letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at this place, we find, "the castle hath name of Kyttelingwoorth; but of truth, grounded upon faytbfull Qory, Knelwoorth." FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> —— be betray'd, ] Be, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exit.]

## SCENE V.

*The same. The Tower.*

*Enter Lord Scales, and Others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

SCALES. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1. CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself,  
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.  
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:  
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;  
And so farewell; for I must hence again. [Exit.]

## S C E N E   VI.

*The same. Cannon-Street.*

*Enter Jack Cade, and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret<sup>6</sup> wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than — lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

SOL. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

<sup>6</sup> —— *the pissing conduit run nothing but claret* —— ] This *pissing conduit*, I suppose, was the *Standarde* in *Cheape*, which, as Stowe relates, “John Wels grocer, maior 1430, caused to be made with a small cesterne for fresh water, having one cocke continually running.” “I have wept so immoderately and lauishly, (says Jacke Wilton), that I thought verily my palat had biu turned to the *pissing conduit* in London.” *Life*, 1594. RITSON.

Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, it appears to have been borrowed from the French, to whose entertainments, as well as our streets, it was sufficiently familiar, as I learn from a very curious and entertaining work entitled *Histoire de la vie privée des François*, par M. le Grand D'Aussi, 3 vols, 8vo. 1782. At a feast given by Philippe-le-Bon there was exhibited “une statue de femme, dont les mamelles fournissaient de l'hippocras;” and the Roman de *Tirant-le-Blanc* affords such another circumstance. “Outre une statue de femme, des mamelles de laquelle jaillissoit une liqueur, il y avoit encore une jeune fille &c. Elle étoit nue, & tenoit ses mains baissées & serrées contre son corps, comme pour s'en couvrir. De dessous ses mains, il sortoit une fontaine de vin délicieux,” &c. Again in another feast made by the Philippe aforesaid, in 1453, there was “une statue d'enfant nu, posé sur une roche, & qui, de sa broquette, pissait eau-roie.” STBEVENS.

CADE. Knock him down there.<sup>7</sup> [They kill him.

\* SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call  
\* you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair  
\* warning.

DICK. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire;<sup>8</sup> and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.

### S E C N E VII.

*The same. Smithfield.*

*Alarum. Enter, on one side, Cade and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough<sup>9</sup> is slain.*

CADE. So, sirs: — Now go some and pull down the Savoy; <sup>2</sup> others to the inns of court; down with them all.

<sup>7</sup> Knock him down there.] So, in Holinshed, p. 634: "He also put to execution in Southwark diverse persons, some for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraie his base linage, disparaging him for his usurped surname of Mortimer." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — set London-bridge on fire;] At that time London-bridge was made of wood. "After that, (says Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the draw-bridge." The houses on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — Matthew Gough — ] "A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father." Holinshed, p. 635. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — go some and pull down the Savoy;] This trouble had been

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship, thou shall have it for that word.

\* DICK. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.<sup>3</sup>

\* JOHN. Mass, 'twill be sore law then;<sup>4</sup> for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [ *Afide.* ]

\* SMITH. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

[ *Afide.* ]

\* CADE. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm;<sup>5</sup> my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

\* JOHN. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. [ *Afide.* ]

saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never re-edified, till Henry VII. founded the hospital. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.] This alludes to what Holinshed has related of Wat Tyler, p. 432. "It was reported, indeed, that he shoulde saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies all the laws of England shoulde come foorth of his mouth." TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> — 'twill be sore law then; ] This poor jest has already occurred in *The Tempf*, scene the last:

" You'd be king of the ifle, sirrah? —

" I should have been a sore one then." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — Away, burn all the records of the realm; ] Little more than half a century had elapsed from the time of writing this play, before a similar proposal was actually made in parliament. Bishop Burnet in his life of Sir Matthew Hale says; " Among the other extravagant motions made in this parliament (i. e. one of Oliver Cromwell's) one was to destroy all the records in the Tower, and to settle the nation on a new foundation; so he (Sir M. Hale) took this province to himself, to shew the madnes of this proposition, the injustice of it, and the mischiefs that would follow on it; and did it with such clearness and strength of reason as not only satisfied all sober persons (for it may be supposed that was soon done) but stopt even the mouths of the frantic people themselves." REED.

\* CADE. And henceforward all things shall be  
\* in common.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MES. My lord, a prize! a prize! here's the lord  
Say, which sold the towns in France; \* he that  
made us pay one and twenty fiftenees,<sup>6</sup> and one  
shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter George Bevis, with the Lord SAY.*

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten  
times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge,<sup>7</sup> nay, thou  
buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank

<sup>6</sup> —— one and twenty fiftenees,] “This capteine (Cade) assured them — if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad councellours, that neither fiftenee should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of.” Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 632. A fifteen was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— thou say, thou serge,] Say was the old word for silk: on this depends the series of degradation, from say to serge, from serge to buckram. JOHNSON.

This word occurs in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. iv:

“ All in a kirtle of discolour'd say

“ He clothed was.”

Again, in his *Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay*:

“ And in a kirtle of green say.”

It appears, however, from the following passage in *The Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ii, that say was not silk:

“ His garment neither was of silk nor say.” STEEVENS.

It appears from Minshew's DICT. 1617, that say was a kind of serge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a considerable manufactory of say at Sudbury near Colchester. This stuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet used by some mechanicks in aprons.

MALONE.

Y 3

‘ of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer  
 ‘ to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto  
 ‘ mounſieur Basimecu,<sup>9</sup> the dauphin of France ? Be  
 ‘ it known unto thee by these preſence, even the  
 ‘ preſence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom  
 ‘ that muſt ſweep the court clean of ſuch filth as  
 ‘ thou art. Thou haſt moſt traitorouſly corrupted  
 ‘ the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-  
 ‘ ſchool : and whereaſ, before, our fore-fathers had  
 ‘ no other books but the ſcore and the tally, thou  
 ‘ haſt cauſed printing to be uſed ;<sup>10</sup> and, contrary

<sup>9</sup> —— mounſieur Basimecu, ] Shakſpeare probably wrote *Baifer-mycu*, or, by a deſigned corruption, *Bafemycu*, in imitation of his original, where also we find a word half French, half English, — “ Mousieur Buffminecu.” MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> —— printing to be uſed ; ] Shakſpeare is a little too early with this accuſation. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare might have been led into this miſtake by Daniel, in the ſixth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces printing and artillery as contemporary inventions :

“ Let there be found two fatal instruments,  
 “ The oue to publith, th’ other to defend  
 “ Impious contention, and proud diſcontents ;  
 “ Make that inflamed charaſter may ſeud  
 “ Abroad to thouſands thouſand men’s intents ;  
 “ And, in a moment, may diſpatch much more  
 “ Than could a world of pens perform before.”

Shakſpeare’s absurdities may always be countenanced by thoſe of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervafe Markham and William Sampson who were both ſcholars, is the following paſſage :

“ Though cannons roar, yet you muſt not be deaf.”

Spenser meuiions cloth made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn’d a castle at the ſame period “ with cloth of Arras and of Towe.” Chaucer introduces guns in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has obſerved) Sal-vator Rosa places a cannon at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Meertman, in his *Origines Typographicae*, hath availed himſelf of this paſſage in Shakſpeare, to ſupport his hypothesis, that

' to the king, his crown, and dignity,<sup>3</sup> thou hast  
 built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face,  
 that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk  
 of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable  
 words, as no christian ear can endure to hear.  
 Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor  
 men before them about matters they were not able  
 to answer.<sup>4</sup> Moreover, thou hast put them in  
 prison; and, because they could not read, thou  
 hast hang'd them;<sup>5</sup> when, indeed, only for that  
 cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou  
 dost ride on a foot-cloth,<sup>6</sup> doit thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse  
 wear a cloak,<sup>7</sup> when honester men than thou go in  
 their hose and doublets.

printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederic Corfelliis, a workman from Hailem, in the time of Henry VI. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— *contrary to the king, his crown, &c.* ] “Against the peace of the said lord the now king, his crown, and dignity,” is the regular language of indictments. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— *to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer.* ] The old Play reads, with more humour, — “to hang honest men that steal for their living.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them;* ] That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —— *Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,*] A footcloth was a horse with housings which reached as low as his feet. So, in the tragedy of *Muleaffes the Turk*, 1610:

“ I have seen, since my coming to Florence, the son of a pedlar mounted on a footcloth.” STEEVENS.

A foot-cloth was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— *to let thy horse wear a cloak,*] This is a reproach truly

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- \* DICK. And work in their shirt too ; as myself,
- \* for example, that am a butcher.
- SAY. You men of Kent, —
- DICK. What say you of Kent ?
- ‘ SAY. Nothing but this : ‘Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*<sup>8</sup>
- ‘ CADE. Away with him, away with him ! he speaks Latin.
- \* SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
- ‘ Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
- ‘ Is term’d the civil’st place of all this isle : <sup>9</sup>
- ‘ Sweet is the country, because full of riches ;
- ‘ The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;
- ‘ Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
- ‘ I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy ;

characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind, as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

JOHNSON.

\* —— *bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceeds thus :

“ Cade. Bonum terrum, what’s that ?  
 “ Dick. He speaks French.  
 “ Will. No, ‘tis Dutch.  
 “ Nick. No, ‘tis Outalian : I know it well enough.”

Holinshed has likewise fligmatized the Kentish men, p. 677. “ The Kentish-men, in this season { whose minds be ever moveable at the change of princes } &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Is term’d the civil’st place of all this isle :] So, in Cæsar’s Comment. B. V. “ Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt.” The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590. “ Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civileſt are the Kentish-folke.” STEEVENS.

So, in Lyly’s *Euphues and his England*, 1580, a book which the author of *The Whole Contention*, &c. probably, and Shakspeare certainly, had read : “ Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the civileſt.” MALONE.

- \* Yet, to recover them,<sup>2</sup> would lose my life.
- \* Justice with favour have I always done;
- \* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
- \* When have I aught exacted at your hands,
- \* Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
- \* Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
- \* Because my book preferr'd me to the king :<sup>3</sup>
- \* And — seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
- \* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, —

<sup>2</sup> Yet, to recover them, &c.] I suspect that here as in a passage in *K. Henry V.* (See a note on *K. Henry V.* A& IV. sc. iii. Vol. XIII.) Yet was misprinted for Yea. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> When have I aught exacted at your hands,

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king.] This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] so as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the king. This is not very clear; and, besides, he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

When have I aught exacted at your hand,

But to maintain the king, the realm, and you? JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word Kent to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands in the folio, not only declares he had preferred men of learning to maintain Kent, the king, the realm, but adds tautologically you; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, Bent to maintain, &c. i. e. strenuously resolved to the utmost, to &c. STEEVENS.

The punctuation to which Dr. Johnson alludes, is that of the folio:

When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,

Large gifts, have I bestow'd on learned clerks, &c.

I have pointed the passage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonsense. I suspect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word Kent is a corruption.

MALONE.

- \* Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
- \* You cannot but forbear to murder me.
- \* This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
- \* For your behoof, —
- \* CADE. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in  
\* the field?
- SAY. Great men have reaching hands: oft have  
I struck
- \* Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
- \* GEO. O monstrous coward! what, to come be-  
hind folks?
- \* SAY. These cheeks are pale for watching<sup>4</sup> for  
your good.
- \* CADE. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will  
\* make 'em red again.
- \* SAY. Long sitting to determine poor men's  
causes
- \* Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
- \* CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then,  
\* and the pap of a hatchet.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — for watching — ] That is, in consequence of watching.  
So Sir John Davies:

" And shuns it still, although for thirst she die."  
The second folio and all the modern editions read — with watch-  
ing. MALONE.

' — the pap of a hatchet. ] Old copy — the help of a hatchet. But we have here, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, a strange corruption. *The help of a hatchet* is little better than nonsense, and it is almost certain our author originally wrote *pap* with a hatchet; alluding to Lylly's pamphlet with the same title, which made its appearance about the time when this play is supposed to have been written. STEEVENS.

We should certainly read — *the pap of a hatchet*; and are much indebted to Dr. Farmer for so just and happy an emendation. There is no need, however, to suppose any allusion to the title of a pamphlet: It has doubtless been a cant phrase. So, in Lylly's *Mother*

- ' DICK. Why dost thou quiver, man? <sup>6</sup>  
 ' SAY. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.  
 ' CADE. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say,  
 ' I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will  
 ' stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away,  
 ' and behead him.  
 \* SAY. Tell me, wherein I have offended most?  
 \* Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?  
 \* Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?  
 \* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?  
 \* Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?  
 \* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shed-  
 ding,<sup>7</sup>  
 \* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful  
 thoughts.  
 \* O, let me live!

Bombie: " — they give us pap with a spoone before we can speake  
 and when wee speake for that we loue, *pap with a hatchet.*"

RITSON.

— and the help of a hatchet.] I suppose, to cut him down after  
 he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article  
 (*a hatchet*) was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

6 *Why dost thou quiver, man? &c.*] Otway has borrowed this  
 thought, in *Venice preserved*:

" Spinoza. You are trembling, sir.

" Renault. 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,

" Full of decay and natural infirmities." STEEVENS.

7 *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,*] I formerly  
 imagined that the word *guiltless* was misplaced, and that the poet  
 wrote —

These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.

But change is unnecessary. *Guiltless* is not an epithet to *blood-*  
*shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guilt-*  
*less* or *innocent* blood. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" For then my guiltless blood must cry against them."

MALONE.

\* CADE. I feel remorse in myself with his words :  
 \* but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for  
 \* pleading so well for his life.<sup>8</sup> Away with him!  
 \* he has a familiar under his tongue;<sup>9</sup> he speaks  
 \* not o'God's name. ' Go, take him away, I say,  
 ' and strike off his head presently; and then break  
 ' into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer,<sup>\*</sup>  
 ' and strike off his head, and bring them both upon  
 ' two poles hither.

' ALL. It shall be done.

\* SAY. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your  
 prayers,

\* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,  
 \* How would it fare with your departed souls?  
 \* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

\* CADE. Away with him, and do as I command  
 ye. [ *Excunt some, with Lord SAY.*  
 ' The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a  
 ' head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;  
 ' there shall not a maid be married, but she shall

\* —— *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.*] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to deprecate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach.

STEEVENS.

\* —— *a familiar under his tongue;*] A familiar is a daemon who was supposed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" Love is a familiar; there is no angel but love: "

STEEVENS.

\* —— *Sir James Cromer,*] It was William Cromer, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason, at Cade's mock commission of oyer and terminer at Guildhall. See W. Wyrcester, p. 470. RITSON.

' pay to me her maidenhead<sup>3</sup> ere they have it:  
 Men shall hold of me *in capite* ;<sup>4</sup> and we charge  
 and command, that their wives be as free as heart  
 can wish, or tongue can tell.<sup>5</sup>

' DICK. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapfide,  
 and take up commodities upon our bills?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —— *shall pay to me her maidenhead &c.*] Alluding to an ancient usage on which Beaumont and Fletcher have founded their play called *The Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. See also Cowell's *Law Dict.* in voce *Marchet, &c. &c. &c.* STEEVENS.

Cowell's account of this custom has received the sanction of several eminent antiquaries; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom. See *Annals of Scotland*. Judge Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, is of opinion it never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. REED.

See Blount's *GLOSSOGRAPHIA*, 8vo, 1681. in v. *Marcheta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A. D. 1057.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— *in capite* ;] This equivoque, for which the author of the old play is answerable, is too learned for Cade. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *or tongue can tell.*] After this, in the old play, Robin enters to inform Cade that London bridge is on fire, and Dick enters with a serjeant; i. e. a bailiff; and there is a dialogue consisting of seventeen lines, of which Shakespeare has made no use whatsoever.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *take up commodities upon our bills?*] Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the brown bills, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

Thus in the original play:

" Nick. But when shall we take up those commodities which  
 " you told us of?

" Cade. Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall take  
 " up these commodities following, item, a gown, a kirtle,  
 " a petticoat, and a smocke."

If *The Whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect transcript of Shakespeare's Second and Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* (as it has hitherto been supposed to be,) we have here another

‘ CADE. Marry presently.  
 ‘ ALL. O brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his son-in-law.*

‘ CADE. But is not this braver? — Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss. — Away! [ *Exeunt.* ]

extraordinary proof of the inventive faculty of the transcriber.— It is observable that the equivoque which Dr. Percy has taken notice of, is not found in the old play, but is found in Shakspere's *Much ado about nothing*:

“ Ber. We are likely to prove a good commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

“ Cen. A commodity in question, I warrant you.”

See Vol. VI. p. 311, n. 8. MALONE.

? *Let them kiss one another,*] This is from *The Mirrour of Magistrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade*:

“ With these two heads I made a pretty play,

“ For pight on poles I bore them through the strete,

“ And for my sport made each kiffe other swete.”

FARMER.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634: “ and as it were in a spite caused them in every street to kisse together.” STEEVENS. So also in Hall, *Henry VI.* fol. 78. MALONE.

## S C E N E VIII.

Southwark.

*Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his rabblement.*

\* CADE. Up Fish-street! down saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! — [A parley sounded, then a retreat.  
 \* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold  
 \* to sound retreat or parley, when I command them  
 \* kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, with forces.*

BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:  
 Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king  
 Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;  
 And here pronounce free pardon to them all,  
 That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.  
 CLIF. What say ye, countrymen?<sup>8</sup> will ye relent,

\* Clif. *What say ye, countrymen? &c.*] The variation in the original play is worth noting:

" Why countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,  
 " What means this mutinous rebellion,  
 " That you in troops do muster thus yourselves,  
 " Under the conduct of this traitor, Cade?  
 " To rise against your sovereign lord and king,  
 " Who mildly hath this pardou sent to you,  
 " If you forsake this monstrous rebel here,  
 " If hponur be the mark whereat you aim,  
 " Then haste to France, that our forefathers won,  
 " And win again that thing which now is lost,  
 " And leave to seek your country's overthrow.  
 " All. A Clifford, a Clifford. [They forsake Cade.]

‘ And yield to mercy, whilst ’tis offer’d you ;  
 ‘ Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?  
 ‘ Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,  
 ‘ Fling up his cap, and say — God save his majesty !  
 ‘ Who hateth him, and honours not his father,  
 ‘ Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,  
 ‘ Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

‘ ALL. God save the king ! God save the king !  
 ‘ CADE. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye  
 ‘ so brave ? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe  
 ‘ him ? will you needs be hang’d with your par-  
 ‘ dons about your necks ? Hath my sword therefore  
 ‘ broke through London Gates, that you should leave  
 ‘ me at the White Hart in Southwark ? I thought,  
 ‘ ye would never have given out these arms, till you  
 ‘ had recover’d your ancient freedom : but you are  
 ‘ all recreants, and dastards ; and delight to live in  
 ‘ slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs  
 ‘ with burdens, take your houses over your heads,  
 ‘ ravish your wives and daughters before your faces:  
 ‘ For me, — I will make shift for one ; and so —  
 ‘ God’s curse light upon you all !

‘ ALL. We’ll follow Cade, we’ll follow Cade.  
 ‘ CLIF. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,  
 ‘ That thus you do exclaim — you’ll go with him ?  
 ‘ Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
 ‘ And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?  
 ‘ Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;  
 ‘ Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,  
 ‘ Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.  
 ‘ Wer’t not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,  
 ‘ The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

Here we have precisely the same verification which we find in all the tragedies and historical dramas that were written before the time of Shakespeare. MALONE.

' Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?  
 ' Methinks, already, in this civil broil,  
 ' I see them lording it in London streets,  
 ' Crying—*Villageois!*<sup>9</sup> unto all they meet.  
 ' Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,  
 ' Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
 ' To France, to France, and get what you have  
     lost;  
 ' Spare England, for it is your native coast:  
 ' Henry hath money,<sup>2</sup> you are strong and manly;  
 ' God on our side, doubt not of victory.  
     ALL. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the  
 ' king, and Clifford.  
     CADE. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and  
 ' fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the  
 ' fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and  
 ' makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay  
 ' their heads together, to surprize me: my sword  
 ' make way for me,<sup>3</sup> for here is no staying.—In  
 ' despight of the devils and hell, have through the  
 ' very midst of you! and heavens and honour be  
 ' witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only  
 ' my followers' base and ignominious treasons,  
 ' makes me betake me to my heels.      [Exit.

\* ——— *Villageois!*] Old copy—*Villiago*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Henry hath money,] Dr. Warburton reads—*Henry hath mercy*; but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which is to lure them from their present design by the hope of French plunder. He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have strength, and the king has money.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> my sword make way for me,] In the original play Cade employs a more vulgar weapon: “ My *blaff* shall make way through the midst of you, and so a pox take you all!” MALONE.

- ‘ Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
- ‘ And he, that brings his head unto the king,
- ‘ Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.— [Exeunt some of them.]
- ‘ Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
- ‘ To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the Castle.*

- \* K. HEN. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
- \* And could command no more content than I?
- \* No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
- \* But I was made a king, at nine months old:<sup>4</sup>
- \* Was never subject long'd to be a king,
- \* As I do long and wish to be a subject.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> —— *I was made a king, at nine months old:*] So all the historians agree. And yet in Part I. A&III. sc. iv. King Henry is made to say:

“ I do remember how my father said,”  
a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same hand as this. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *to be a subject.*] In the original play before the entry of Buckingham and Clifford, we have the following short dialogue, of which Shakspere has here made no use:

“ King. Lord Somerset, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?

“ Som. This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done

“ to death, and the city is almost sack'd.

“ King. God's will be done; for as he hath decreed,

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.*

- \* BUCK. Health, and glad tidings, to your ma-jesty!
- \* K. HEN. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?
- \* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of Cade's followers, with halters about their necks.*

- CLIF. He's fled, my lord; and all his powers do yield;
- And humbly thus with halters on their necks
- Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
- K. HEN. Then, heaven,<sup>6</sup> set ope thy everlasting gates,
- To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
- Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
- And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
- Continue still in this so good a mind,
- And Henry, though he be unfortunate,

" So it must be ; and be it as he please,  
 " To stop the pride of these rebellious men.  
 " Queen. Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,  
 " The rebel Cade had been suppress'd ere this,  
 " And all the rest that do take part with him."

This sentiment he has attributed to the queen in sc. iv.

MALONE.

- \* Then, heaven, &c.] Thus, in the original play :
- " King. Stand up, you simple men, and give God praise;
- " For you did take in hand you know not what;
- " And go in peace, obedient to your king,
- " And live as subjects ; and you shall not want,
- " Whilst Henry lives and wears the English crown.
- " All. God save the king, God save the king."

MALONE.

- Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
  - And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
  - I do dismiss you to your several countries.
- All. God save the king! God save the king!*

*Enter a Messenger.*

- \* MES. Please it your grace to be advertised,
- \* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
- \* And with a puissant and a mighty power,
- \* Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,<sup>7</sup>
- \* Is marching hitherward in proud array;
- \* And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
- \* His arms are only to remove from thee
- \* The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
- \* K. HEN. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and  
York distress'd;
- \* Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
- \* Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:<sup>8</sup>

[*Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,*] These were two orders of foot-soldiers among the Irish. See Dr. Warburton's note on the second scene of the first act of *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 330, n. 6.

STEEVENS.

"The *gallowglasses* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, beeing commonly good markmen. Kerne [Kigheyren] signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for sake-hells, or the devils blacke garde." Stanhurst's *Description of Ireland*, Ch. viii. f. 28. BOWLE.

[*Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:*] The editions read—*claim'd*; and one would think it plain enough; alluding to York's claim to the crown. Cade's head-long tumult was well compared to a *tempest*, as York's premeditated rebellion to a *piracy*. But see what it is to be critical: Mr. Theobald says, *claim'd* should be *calm'd*, because a *calm* frequently succeeds a *tempest*. It may be so; but not here, if the king's word may be taken; who expressly

- \* But now <sup>9</sup> is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
- \* And now is York in arms, to second him.—
- \* I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
- \* And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
- \* Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
- \* And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
- \* Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

says, that no sooner was Cade driven back, but York appeared in arms:

*But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd;  
And now is York in arms to second him.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton begins his note by roundly asserting that the editions read *claim'd*. The passage, indeed, is not found in the quarto; but the folio, 1623, reads *calme*. *Claim'd*, the reading of the second folio, was not, perhaps, intentional, but merely a misprint for *calm'd*. Theobald says, that the third folio had anticipated his correction. I believe *calm'd* is right.

So, in *Othello*:

" — must be be-lee'd and *calm'd* —."

The commotion raised by Cade was over, and the mind of the king was subsiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raise fresh disturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace.

STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been wholly unacquainted with Shakespeare's phraseology, changed *calm* to *claim'd*. The editor of the third folio changed *claim'd* to *calm'd*; and the latter word has been adopted, unnecessarily in my apprehension, by the modern editors. Many words were used in this manner in our author's time, and the import is precisely the same as if he had written *calm'd*. So, in *King Henry IV*. " — what a *candy* deal of courtesy," which Mr. Pope altered improperly to—" what a deal of *candy'd* courtesy." See Vol. XII. p. 222, n. 3, and p. 224, n. 4.

By "my state" Henry, I think, means, *his realm*; which had recently become quiet and peaceful by the defeat of Cade and his rabble. "With a pirate," agreeably to the phraseology of Shakespeare's time, means, "by a pirate." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> But now——] But is here not adversative.—It was only just now, says Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed.

MALONE.

So, in *King Richard II*:

" But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Did triumph in my face.

STEEVENS.

Z 3

- \* SOM. My lord,
- \* I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
- \* Or unto death, to do my country good.
- \* K. HEN. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
- \* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
- \* BUCK. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
- \* As all things shall redound unto your good.
- \* K. HEN. Come, wife, let's in, <sup>2</sup> and learn to govern better;
- \* For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E X.

Kent. *Iden's Garden.*<sup>3</sup>

*Enter CADE.*

- \* CADE. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that
- \* have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These
- \* five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst
- \* not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for

\* *Come, wife, let's in, &c.*] In the old play the king concludes the scene thus:

“ Come, let us haste to London now with speed,  
 “ That solemn processions may be fung,  
 “ In laud and honour of the God of heaven,  
 “ And triumphs of this happy victory.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Kent. *Iden's Garden.*] Holinshed, p. 635, says: “ — a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in Suffx, so that there he was slaine at Hothfield,” &c.

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage direction. *Enter Jack Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men; and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbes, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

This Iden was, in fact, the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed Cade from Rochester. W. Wyrcester, p. 472. RITSON.

\* me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might  
 \* have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I  
 \* could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-  
 \* wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see if I  
 \* can eat grafts, or pick a sallet another while, which  
 \* is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot  
 \* weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born  
 \* to do me good: for many a time, but for a sal-  
 \* let, my brain-pan<sup>4</sup> had been cleft with a brown  
 \* bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry,

<sup>4</sup> —— *but for a sallet, my brain-pan &c.*] A sallet by corruption from *cælata*, a helmet, (says Skinner,) *quia galeæ cælatae fuerunt*. POPE.

I do not see by what rules of etymology, *sallet* can be formed from *cælata*. Is it not rather a corruption from the French *salut*, taken, I suppose, from the scriptural phrase, the helmet of salvation? *Brain-pan*, for skull, occurs, I think in Wicliff's translation of Judges xix. 53. WHALLEY.

So, in Caxton's Chronicle:

"Anone he [Cade] toke sir Umfreyses *salade* and his briganteins smyten fullly of gilt nailles, and also his gilt spores, and arraied him like a lord and a capitayne." RITSON.

Again, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, " — One of the company seeing Brutus abhirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *sallet*."

Again, *Ibid*: "Some were driven to fill their *sallets* and murrians with water."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, 1570;

"This will beare away a good rappe,

"As good as a *sallet* to me verilie." STEEVENS.

*Salade* has the same meaning in French, as appears from a line in *La Pucelle d'Orleans*:

"Devers la place arrive un Écuyer

"Portant *salade*, avec lance dorée." M. MASON.

Minsheu conjectures that it is derived " à *salut*, Gal. because it keepeth the head whole from breaking." He adds, " alias *salade* dicitur, a G. *salade*, idem; utrumque vero celando, quod caput tegit."

The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. In the Stat. 4 and 5 Ph. and Mary, ch. 2. we find—" twentie hauegbuts, and twentie morians or *jalets*," MALONE.

\* and bravely marching, it hath served me instead  
 \* of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now the word  
 \* fallet must serve me to feed on. -

*Enter IDEN, with Servants.*

' IDEN. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,

' And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?  
 ' This small inheritance, my father left me,  
 ' Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.  
 ' I seek not to wax great by others' waining ;<sup>5</sup>  
 ' Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ;<sup>6</sup>  
 ' Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,  
 ' And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.  
 ' CADE. Here's the lord of the foil come to seize  
 ' me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without  
 ' leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get  
 ' a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my  
 ' head to him ; but I'll make thee eat iron like an

<sup>5</sup> —— by others' waining, ] The folio reads—*warning*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Is* in the preceding line was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ; ] Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium I may incur in the acquisition, however great that odium may be. *Envie* is often used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. It may, however, have here its more ordinary acceptation.

This speech in the old play stands thus:

" Good lord, how pleasant is this country life !  
 " This little land my father left me here,  
 " With my contented mind, serves me as well,  
 " As all the pleasures in the court can yield,  
 " Nor would I change this pleasure for the court."

Here surely we have not a hasty transcript of our author's lines, but the distinct composition of a preceding writer. The versification must at once strike the ear of every person who has perused any of our old dramas. MALONE.

‘ ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin,  
‘ ere thou and I part.

‘ IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be  
‘ I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?  
‘ Is’t not enough, to break into my garden,  
‘ And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,  
‘ Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,  
‘ But thou wilt brave me with these fancy terms?

CADE. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that  
ever was broach’d, and beard thee too.’ Look on me  
well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come  
thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you  
all as dead as a door-nail,<sup>8</sup> I pray God, I may never  
eat grafts more.

‘ IDEN. Nay, it shall ne’er be said, while Eng-  
land stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish’d man.

‘ Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,<sup>9</sup>  
‘ See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.  
‘ Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;  
‘ Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;  
‘ Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;  
‘ My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
‘ And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
‘ Thy grave is digg’d already in the earth.

<sup>7</sup> —— and beard thee too.] See Vol. XII. p. 350, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— as dead as a door-nail,] See K. Henry IV. P. II. A&V. sc. iii. Vol. XIII. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine, &c.] This and the following nine lines are an amplification by Shakspere on these three of the old play:

“ Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,  
“ And every way as big: then hand to hand  
“ I’ll combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,  
“ And stand you all aside.” MALONE.

- As for more words, whose greatness answers words.
- Let this my sword report what speech forbears.<sup>9</sup>
- \* CADE. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.— Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God<sup>a</sup> on my knees, thou may'st be turn'd to hobnails. [They fight. Cade falls.] O, I am

<sup>b</sup> As for more words, whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and, after him, Dr. Warburton, read:  
As for more words, let this my sword report  
(Whose greatness answers words) what speech forbears.

It seems to be a poor praise of a sword, that its greatness answers words, whatever be the meaning of the expression. The old reading, though somewhat obscure, seems to me more capable of explanation. For more words, whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword.

JOHNSON.

So, in the third part of *King Henry VI*:

“ I will not bandy with thee, word for word,

“ But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.”

More (As for more words) was an arbitrary and unnecessary addition made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

How an unnecessary addition? The measure is incomplete without it. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — I beseech God—] The folio reads—I beseech Jove. This heathen deity, with whom Cade was not likely to be much acquainted, was undoubtedly introduced by the editor of the folio to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. In the old play 1600, he says, “ I beseech God thou might' fall into some smit's hand, and be turned to hobnails.” This the editor of the second edition of the quarto play, no date, but printed in 1619, changed (from the same apprehension) to “ I would thou might it fall,” &c. These alterations fully confirm my note on *King Henry V*. Act IV. sc. iii. [where the King swears “ by Jove.”]—Contrary to the general rule which I have observed in printing this play, I have not adhered in the present instance to the reading of the folio; because I am confident that it proceeded not from Shakspeare, but his editor, who, for the reason already given, makes Falstaff say to Prince Henry—“ I knew ye as well as he that made ye,” instead of—“ By the Lord, I knew ye,” &c. MALONE.

' slain ! famine, and no other, hath slain me : let  
 ' ten thousand devils come against me, and give  
 ' me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy  
 ' them all. Wither, garden ; and be henceforth a  
 ' burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,  
 ' because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

' IDEN. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous  
 traitor ?

' Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
 ' And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead ;<sup>3</sup>  
 \* Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point ;  
 \* But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,  
 \* To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

' CADE. Iden, farewell ; and be proud of thy victory : Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards ; for

<sup>3</sup> —— when I am dead: &c.] How Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain. The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto:

Oh, sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber  
 Shalt thou bang, as a monument to after age,  
 For this great service thou hast done to me. STEEVENS.

Here again we have a single thought considerably amplified. Shakspere in new moulding this speech, has used the same mode of expression that he has employed in *The Winter's Tale*: "If thou'l see a thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither." i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a subsequent scene of the play before us :

" And dead men's cries do fill the empty air."

Which of our author's plays does not exhibit expressions equally bold as " I will hang thee," to express " I will have thee hung ?"

I must just observe, that most of our author's additions are strongly characteristick of his manner. The making Iden's sword wear the stains of Cade's blood on its point, and comparing those stains to a herald's coat, declare at once the pen of Shakspere. STEEVENS.

So, in the mock play performed in *Hamlet*:

" —— smear'd

" With heraldry more dismal—." STEEVENS.

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- ' I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine,  
' not by valour. [Dies.  
\* IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me,<sup>4</sup> heaven  
    be my judge.  
\* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare  
    thee!  
\* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,  
\* So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *How much thou wrong'st me,*] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

An anonymous writer [Mr. Ritson,] suggests that the meaning may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his prowess, and declaring that he was subdued by famine, 'not by the valour of his adversary.—I think Dr. Johnson's is the true interpretation.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell, &c.]* Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction.

JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this savage wish, and makes him only add, after the lines I have just quoted:

I'll drag him hence, and with my sword  
Cut off his head, and bear it to the king.

The player editors seem to have preferred want of humanity and common sense, to fewness of lines, and defect of versification.

STEVENS.

By *headlong* the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By saying, "the dunghill shall be thy grave," Iden means, the dunghill shall be the place where thy *dead body* shall be laid: the dunghill shall be the *only* grave which thou shalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. So, in *Macbeth*:

" — our monuments  
" Shall be the maws of kites."

After what has been already stated, I fear it must be acknowledged, that this faulty *amplification* was owing rather to our author's desire to expand a scanty thought of a preceding writer, than to any want of judgement in the player editors. MALONE.

- Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
- Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave.
- And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
- Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
- Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the body.

### A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*The king's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours: his forces at some distance.*

- YORK. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
- And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head;
- Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
- To entertain great England's lawful king.
- Ah, *santa majeſtas!*<sup>6</sup> who would not buy thee dear?
- Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
- This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
- I cannot give due action to my words,
- Except a sword or scepter, balance it.<sup>7</sup>
- A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Ah, santa majeſtas!*] Thus the old copy; instead of which the modern editors read, *Ah, majeſty!* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— balance it.] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;*] I read:  
*A scepter shall it have, have I a sword.*

‘ On which I’ll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

- ‘ Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
- ‘ The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
- ‘ BUCK. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
- ‘ YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham; I accept thy greeting.
- ‘ Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
- ‘ BUCK. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege;
- ‘ To know the reason of these arms in peace;
- ‘ Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,<sup>9</sup>—

York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that, if he has a sword, he will have a scepter. JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to say—if I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a scepter. STEEVENS.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of these words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the sake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquiesce in it. But some difficulty will still remain; for if we read, with the old copy, *soul*, York threatens to “toss the flower-de-luce of France on his scepter,” which sounds but oddly. To toss it on his *sword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“ The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes.”

However, in the licentious phraseology of our author, York may mean, that he will wield his *sceptre*, (that is, exercise his royal power,) when he obtains it, so as to abase and destroy the French.—The following line also in *King Henry VIII.* adds support to the old copy:

“ Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— being a subject as I am, ] Here again in the old play we have the style and verbiage of our author’s immediate predecessors:

- ‘ Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
- ‘ Should’st raise so great a power without his leave,
- ‘ Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
- ‘ YORK. Scarce can I speak,<sup>2</sup> my choler  
is so great.
- ‘ O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with  
flint,
- ‘ I am so angry at these abject terms;
- ‘ And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
- ‘ On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury! *Aside.*
- ‘ I am far better born than is the king;
- ‘ More like a king, more kingly in my  
thoughts:
- ‘ But I must make faire weather yet a while,
- ‘ Till Henry be more weak, and I more  
strong.—
- ‘ O Buckingham,<sup>3</sup> I pr’ythee, pardon me,
- ‘ That I have given no answer all this while;
- ‘ My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
- ‘ The cause why I have brought this army hither,
- ‘ Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king.
- ‘ Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
- ‘ BUCK. That is too much presumption on thy  
part:

“ Or that thou, being a subject as I am,  
 “ Should’st thus approach so near with colours spread,  
 “ Whereas the person of the king doth keepe.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Scarce can I speak, &c.] The first nine lines of this speech are founded on the following in the old play:

“ A subiect as he is!  
 “ O, how I hate these spiteful abject terms!  
 “ But York dissemble, till thou meet thy sonnes,  
 “ Who now in arms expect their father’s fight,  
 “ And not far hence I know they cannot be.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> O Buckingham,] O, which is not in the authentick copy, was added, to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

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- ‘ But if thy arms be to no other end,
- ‘ The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
- ‘ The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

- ‘ YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—

- ‘ Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
- ‘ Meet me to-morrow in saint George’s field.

- ‘ You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—

- \* And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

- \* Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,

- \* As pledges of my fealty and love,

- \* I’ll send them all as willing as I live;

- \* Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have

- \* Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

- ‘ BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission:

- ‘ We twain will go into his highness’ tent.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter King HENRY, attended.*

- ‘ K. HEN. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

- ‘ That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

- \* YORK. In all submission and humility,

- \* York doth present himself unto your highness.

- \* K. HEN. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

<sup>4</sup> *We twain will go into his highness’ tent.*] Shakespeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety.—He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, instead of their going to him;—yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines stand thus:

Buck. Come, York, thou shalt go speak unto the king;—  
But see, his grace is coming to meet with us. MALONE.

YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from  
hence;<sup>5</sup>  
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

IDEN. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,  
May pass into the presence of a king,  
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head.  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.  
K. HEN. The head of Cade?<sup>6</sup>—Great God, how  
just art thou!—  
O, let me view his visage being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.  
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew  
him?

[*York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;*] The corresponding speech to this is given in the old play to Buckingham, and acquaints the king with the plea that York had before made to him for his rising: “To heave the duke of Somerset,” &c. This variation could never have arisen from copyists, short-hand writers, or printers. MALONE.

[*The head of Cade?*] The speech corresponding to this in the first part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. 1600, is alone sufficient to prove that piece the work of another poet:

King. First, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee, my friend,  
That hast subdu'd that wicked traitor thus.  
O, let me see that head, that in his life  
Did work me and my land such cruel spight.  
*A visage stern; coal-black his curled locks;*  
*Deep trenched furrows in his frowning brow,*  
*Presageth warlike humours in his life.*  
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward  
Shalt be immediately created knight:  
Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what's thy name.

MALONE.

- ‘ IDEN. I was, an’t like your majesty.
- ‘ K. HEN. How art thou call’d? and what is thy degree?
- ‘ IDEN. Alexander Iden, that’s my name;
- ‘ A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
- \* BUCK. So please it you, my lord, ‘twere not amiss
- \* He were created knight for his good service.
- ‘ K. HEN. Iden, kneel down; [he kneels.] Rise up a knight.
- ‘ We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
- ‘ And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
- ‘ IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
- ‘ And never live but true unto his liege!’
- ‘ K. HEN. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
- ‘ Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.*

- ‘ Q. MAR. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
- ‘ But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
- ‘ YORK. How now!<sup>7</sup> Is Somerset at liberté?

? *May Iden, &c.*] Iden has said before:  
*Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,  
 And may enjoy, &c.*

Shakspeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach; but no sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

In Iden’s eulogium on the happiness of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours bestowed by his majesty, Shakspeare has merely followed the old play. MALONE.

\* *How now! &c.*] This speech is greatly amplified, and in other respects very different from the original, which consists of but ten lines. MALONE.

‘ Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison’d thoughts,  
 ‘ And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
 ‘ Shall I endure the fight of Somerset?—  
 ‘ False king! why hast thou broken faith with  
     me,  
 ‘ Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?  
 ‘ King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;  
 ‘ Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
 ‘ Which dar’st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.  
 ‘ That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
 ‘ Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer’s staff,  
 ‘ And not to grace an awful princely scepter.  
 ‘ That gold must round engirt these brows of  
     mine;  
 ‘ Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles’ spear,  
 ‘ Is able with the change to kill and cure.<sup>9</sup>  
 ‘ Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,  
 ‘ And with the same to act controlling laws.  
 ‘ Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
 ‘ O’er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.  
 ‘ Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee,  
     York,  
 ‘ Of capital treason ’gainst the king and crown:  
 \* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.  
 \* YORK. Would’st have me kneel? first let me  
     ask of these,

<sup>9</sup> —— like to Achilles’ spear,  
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.]  
 Mylus & Emonia juvenis qua cuspidे vulnus  
 Seferat, bac ipsa cuspidē sensit opem.

PROPERT. Lib. II. El. 13.

Greene in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1599, has the same allusion:

‘ Where I took hurt, there have I heal’d myself;  
 ‘ As those that with Achilles’ launce were wounded,  
 ‘ Fetch’d help at self-same pointed speare.’ MALONE,

- \* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
- \* Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail ; [ *Exit an Attend.*
- \* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
- \* They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-  
ment.
- \* Q. MAR. Call hither Clifford; bid him come  
amain, [ *Exit. BUCKINGHAM.*
- \* To say, if that the bastard boys of York
- \* Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
- \* YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
- \* Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
- \* The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

*\* Wouldst have me kneel ? first let me ask of these,  
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—*

*Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail ; ]* As these lines stand, I think the sense perplexed and obscure. I have ventured to transpose them. WARBURTON.

I believe these lines should be replaced in the order in which they stood till Dr. Warburton transposed them. By *these* York means his knees. He speaks, as Mr. Upton would have said, *δεικτίκος*: laying his hand upon, or at least pointing to, his knees.

TYRWHITT.

By *these* York evidently means his sons, whom he had just called for. Tyrwhitt's supposition, that he meant to ask his knees, whether he should bow his knees to any man, is not imagined with his usual sagacity. M. MASON.

I have no doubt that York means either his sons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be supposed to point. Dr. Warburton transposed the lines, placing that which is now the middle line of the speech at the beginning of it. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unnecessary. The folio reads—of *thee*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was substituted for *son* by the editor of the second folio. The correction is justified both by the context and the old play. “ *For* my enfranchise-*ment*,” instead of—of *my*, &c. was likewise his correction. MALONE.

‘ Shall be their father’s bail ; and bane to thofe<sup>3</sup>  
 ‘ That for my furety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with  
 forces, at one side; at the other, with forces also,  
 old CLIFFORD and his son.

- \* See, where they come ; I’ll warrant, they’ll make it good.
- \* Q. MAR. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
- CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the king ! [Kneels.]
- YORK. I thank thee, Clifford : Say, what news with thee ?
- Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :
- We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;
- For thy mistaking fo, we pardon thee.
- CLIF. This is my king, York, I do not mistake ;
- But thou mistak’st me much, to think I do :—
- To Bedlam with him ! is the man grown mad ?
- K. HEN. Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humour<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Shall be their father’s bail ; and bane to thofe— ] Considering how our author loves to play on words ſimilar in their ſound, but opposite in their ſignification, I make no doubt but the author wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale* (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) ſignifies detriment, ruine, misfortune, &c. THEOBALD.

*Bale* ſignifies sorrow. Either word may ſerve. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— a bedlam and ambitious humour— ] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunatics till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. GREY.

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↳ Makes him oppose himself against his king.

↳ CLIF. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,  
↳ And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. MAR. He is arrested, but will not obey;  
↳ His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

↳ YORK. Will you not, sons?

EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

↳ RICH. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

\* CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

\* YORK. Look in a glafs, and call thy image so;

\* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

↳ Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

\* That, with the very shaking of their chains,

\* They may astonish these fell lurking curs;

\* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come<sup>6</sup> to me.

Shakspeare was led into this anachronism by the author of the older play. MALONE.

It is no anachronism, and Dr. Grey was miſtaken. "Next unto the parish of St. Buttolph," says Stow, "is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers: then an Hospitall of S. Mary of Bethlehem, founded by Simon Fitz Mary, one of the Sherifſes of London, in the yeare 1246. He founded it to haue beeue a priorie of Cannons with brethren and fillers, and king Edward the thirde granted a proteſtion, which I haue ſeen, for the brethren Milicia beatae Mariae de Betklem, within the citie of London, the 14 yeare of his raigne. It was an hospitall for diſtracted people." Survey of London, 1598, p. 127. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ fell lurking curs; ] Mr. Roderick would read "fell barking;" Mr. Heath "fell lurching;" but, perhaps, by *fell lurking* is meant curs who are at once a compound of cruelty and treachery.

STEVENS.

↳ Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,—

↳ Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come—] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their cognizance.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

*Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with forces.*

- \* CLIF. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
- \* And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
- \* If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
- \* RICH. Oft have I seen<sup>8</sup> a hot o'erweening cur
- \* Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
- \* Who, being suffer'd<sup>9</sup> with the bear's fell paw,
- \* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
- \* And such a piece of service will you do,
- \* If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
- \* CLIF. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
- \* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
- \* YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

<sup>7</sup> Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.] Here in the old play the following lines are found:

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast;

Both thou and they shall curse this fatal hour.

Buckingham accordingly enters immediately with his forces. Shakespeare, we see, has not introduced him in the present scene, but has availed himself of those lines below. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Oft have I seen &c.] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stowe's account of Queen Elizabeth's Amusements of this kind; and Langham's Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenel-worth Castle. PERCY.

The one of them has adopted his description from the other.

HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> —— being suffer'd —] Being suffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however sure but the poet meant, being in a state of sufferance or pain. MALONE.

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- \* CLIF. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.<sup>2</sup>
- \* K. HEN. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
- \* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
- \* Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!—
- \* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the rufian,
- \* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
- \* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
- \* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
- \* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
- \* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
- \* And shame thine honourable age with blood?
- \* Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
- \* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
- \* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
- \* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
- \* SAL. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
- \* The title of this most renowned duke;
- \* And in my conscience do repute his grace
- \* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
- \* K. HEN. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
- \* SAL. I have.
- \* K. HEN. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
- \* SAL. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.] So, in King Henry VIII:

"Heat not a furnace for yourself so hot,

"That it do singe yourself." § LEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> It is great sin, to swear unto a sin; &c.] We have the same sentiment in Love's Labour's Lost:

"It is religion, to be thus forsworn."

- \* But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
- \* Who can be bound by any solemn vow
- \* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
- \* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
- \* To leave the orphan of his patrimony,
- \* To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
- \* And have no other reason for this wrong,
- \* But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
- \* Q. MAR. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
- \* K. HEN. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
- \* YORK. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
- \* I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.<sup>4</sup>
- \* CLIF. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
- \* WAR. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIF. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,<sup>5</sup>  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.<sup>6</sup>

Again, in *King John*:

" It is religion that doth make vows kept;  
" But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
" And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— for death, or dignity.] The folio reads—and dignity. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— burgonet,] Is a helmet. JOHNSON.

\$o, in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638:

" —— now tye  
" Strong charms upon my full-plum'd burgonet."

STEEVENS.

? —— thy household badge.] The folio has housed badge, owing

WAR. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's  
crest,  
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
(As on a mountain top the cedar shows,  
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,) Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIF. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy  
bear,  
And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
Despight the bearward that protects the bear.  
Y. CLIF. And so to arms, victorious father,  
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.  
RICH. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in  
spite,  
For you shall sup with *Iesu Christ* to-night.  
Y. CLIF. Foul stigmatick,<sup>7</sup> that's more than thou  
canst tell.  
RICH. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in  
hell. [Exeunt severally.

probably to the transcriber's ear deceiving him. The true reading  
is found in the old play. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Foul stigmatick,*] A *stigmatick*, is one on whom nature has set a  
mark of deformity, a *stigma*. STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

**WAR.** Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—  
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.\*

*Enter YORK.*

' How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?  
, YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford flew my  
steed;  
' But match to match I have encounter'd him.  
' And made a prey for carrion kites and crows'  
' Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.<sup>2</sup>

This certainly is the meaning here. A *sigmatick* originally and properly signified a person who has been branded with a hot iron for some crime. See Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616.

MALONE.

\* *Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.*] See *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 373, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And made a prey for carrion kites and crows—*] So, in *Hamlet*:  
“ I should have fatted all the region *kites*  
“ With this slave's offal.” STEEVENS.

\* *Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.*] In the old play:  
“ The bonniest gray, that e'er was bred in North.”

MALONE.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

‘ WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,

For I myself<sup>3</sup> must hunt this deer to death.

‘ WAR. Then, nobly, York ; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—

‘ As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit WARWICK.

‘ CLIF. What seest thou in me, York?<sup>4</sup> why dost thou pause?

‘ YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,

‘ But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

‘ CLIF. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

<sup>3</sup> For I myself &c.] This passage will remind the classical reader of Achilles' conduct in the 22d Iliad, v. 205, where he expresses his determination that Hector should fall by no other hand than his own. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> What seeft thou in me, York? &c.] Instead of this and the ten following lines, we find these in the old play, and the variation is worth noting :

York. Now, Clifford, since we are singled here alone,  
Be this the day of doom to one of us ;  
For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate  
To thee and all the house of Lancaster.

Clif. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,  
Vowing ne'er to stir till thou or I be slain ;  
For never shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I have spoil'd the hateful house of York.

[Alarums, and they fight, and York kills Clifford.

York. Now Lancaster, sit sure ; thy sinews shrink.  
Come, fearful Henry, groveling on thy face,  
Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York. [Exit York.

MALONE.

\* But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason,  
 \* YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword;  
 \* As I in justice and true right exprefs it:  
 \* CLIF. My soul and body on the action both!—  
 \* YORK. A dreadful lay!<sup>5</sup>—address thee instantly.  
 [ They fight, and Clifford falls.  
 \* CLIF. La fin couronne les œuvres.<sup>6</sup> [ Dies.  
 \* YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for  
 thou art still.  
 \* Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!  
 [ Exit.

## Enter young CLIFFORD.

\* Y. CLIF. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

\* A dreadful lay!] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake. JOHNSON.

\* La fin couronne les œuvres.] The players read:  
 La fin corrone les cumenes. STEEVENS.

Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

? Dies.] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history; a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance however serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

" Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast  
 " Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,  
 " Were by the swords of common soldiers slain." PERCY.

For this inconsistency the elder poet must answer; for these lines are in *The True tragedie of Richard Duke of York, &c.* on which, as I conceive, the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded.

MALONE.

\* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout; &c.] Instead of this long speech, we have the following lines in the old play:

- \* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
  - \* Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
  - \* Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
  - \* Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
  - \* Hot coals of vengeance! <sup>9</sup>—Let no soldier fly :
  - \* He, that is truly dedicate to war,
  - \* Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
  - \* Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
  - \* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end;
- [*seeing his dead father:*
- \* And the premised flames<sup>10</sup> of the last day
  - \* Knit earth and heaven together!
  - \* Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
  - \* Particularities and petty sounds
  - \* To cease!<sup>11</sup>—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father;

*T. Clifford. Father of Cumberland!*

Where may I seek my aged father forth?  
 O dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,  
 All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!  
 Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house!  
 Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghost I swear  
 Immortal hate unto the house of York;  
 Nor never shall I sleep secure one night,  
 Till I have furiously reveng'd thy death,  
 And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

[*He takes him up on his back:*  
 And thus as' old Anchises' son did bear  
 His aged father on his manly back,  
 And fought with him against the bloody Greeks,  
 Even so will I;—but stay, here's one of them,  
 To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Hot coals of vengeance!] This phrase is scriptural. So, in the 140th Psalm: "Let hot burning coals fall upon them." STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> And the premised flames——] Premised, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now. WARRUTON.

<sup>11</sup> To cease!] I to flop, a verb adive. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"——be not cras'd

"With flight denial——." STEEVENS.

- \* To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve<sup>4</sup>
- \* The silver livery of advised age;<sup>5</sup>
- \* And, in thy reverence,<sup>6</sup> and thy chair-days, thus
- \* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this fight,
- \* My heart is turn'd to stone:<sup>7</sup> and, while 'tis mine,
- \* It shall be stony.<sup>8</sup> York not our old men spares;
- \* No more will I their babes: tears virginal
- \* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
- \* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
- \* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.<sup>9</sup>
- \* Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
- \* Meet I an infant of the house of York,
- \* Into as many goblets will I cut it,
- \* As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:<sup>10</sup>

<sup>4</sup> —— to achieve —] It, to obtain. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> The silver livery of advised age;] Advised is wise, experienced. MALONE.

Advised is cautious, considerate. So before in this play:  
“ And bid me be advised how I tread.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And, in thy reverence,] In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has used the word in the same manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother says to the elder, (speaking of their father,) “ thou art indeed nearer to his reverence.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> My heart is turn'd to stone: ] So, in *Othello*: “ — my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> It shall be stony.] So again, in *Othello*:

“ Thou dost stone my heart.”

And, in *King Richard III.* we have “ stone-hard heart.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

“ And melt in her own fire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> As wild Medea &c.] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. See Ovid. Trist. Lib. III. El. 9:

- \* In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
- \* Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
- [Taking up the body]
- \* As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
- \* So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders; <sup>3</sup>
- \* But then Æneas bare a living load,
- \* Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.]

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET.  
fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.*

- RICH. So, lie thou there;—
- \* For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death: <sup>4</sup>—

— divellit, divulsaque membra per agros  
Dissipat, in multis invenienda locis:—  
Ut genitor lu&tuque novo tardetur, et artus  
Dum legit extintos, triste moretur iter. MALONE.

- <sup>3</sup> The quarto copy has these lines:  
Even so will I.—But stay, here's one of them,  
To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford lays down his father, fights with him,  
and Richard flies away again.*

Out, crook-back'd villain! get thee from my sight!  
But I will after thee, and once again  
(When I have borne my father to his tent)  
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.

[Exit young Clifford with his father.  
STEEVENS.

This is to be added to all the other circumstances which have been urged to show that the quarto play was the production of an elder writer than Shakspere. The former's description of Æneas is different. See p. 366, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> So, lie thou there;—  
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
The castle in saint Albans, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.] The particle *for* in the second line seems to be used without any very apparent inference. We might read:

- \* Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, bewrathful still :
- \* Priests pray for enemies; but princes kill. [Exit.]

*Fall'n underneath an alehouse' paltry sign, &c.*  
Yet the alteration is not necessary ; for the old reading is sense, though obscure JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson justly observes that the particle *for* seems to be used here without any apparent inference. The corresponding passage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import :

"Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;  
"For, underneath—" &c.

We have had already two similar omissions in this play.

MALONE.

Thus the passage stands in the quarto :

"Rich. So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood !

What's here? the sign of the Castle?

Then the prophecy is come to pass;

For Somerſet was forewarned of castles,

The which he always did obſerve : and now,

Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,

The Castle in faint Albans, Someſet

Hath made the wizard famous by his death.

I suppose, however, that the third line was originally written :

"Why, then the prophecy is come to pass. STEEVENS.

The death of Somerſet here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke ; which we met with at the close of the first act of this play :

"Let him ſhun castles :

"Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

"Than where castles, mounted stand."

i. e. the representation of a castle, mounted for a sign.

THEOBALD.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.*

- \* Q. MAR. Away, my lord,<sup>8</sup> you are slow; for shame, away!
  - \* K. HEN. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
  - \* Q. MAR. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:
  - \* Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,<sup>9</sup>
  - \* To give the enemy way; and to secure us
  - \* By what we can, which can no more but fly.
- [ *Alarum afar off.* ]
- \* If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
  - \* Of all our fortunes:<sup>10</sup> but if we haply scape,

\* *Away, my lord, &c.*] Thus, in the old play:  
*Queen.* Away, my lord, and fly to London straight;  
 Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them;  
 Come, stand not to expostulate: let's go.

*King.* Come then, fair queen, to London let us hafte,  
 And summon a parliament with speed,  
 To stop the fury of these dire events.

[ *Exeunt King and Queen.*  
 Previous to the entry of the king and queen, there is the following stage-direction:

" Alarums again, and then enter three or four bearing the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his tent. Alarums still, and then enter the king and queen." See p. 198, n. 2, and p. 208, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Now is it manhood, wisdom, &c.] This passage will serve to countenance an emendation proposed in *Macbeth*. See Vol. X. p. 207, n. 2. STEEVENS.

\* *If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom  
 Of all our fortunes:*] Of this expression, which is undoubtedly Shakspeare's, he appears to have been fond. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" —— for therein should we read  
 " The very bottom and the soul of hope,  
 " The very lift, the very utmost bound  
 " Of all our fortunes."

- \* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
- \* We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
- \* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
- \* May readily be stopp'd.

*Enter young CLIFFORD.*

- \* Y. CLIF. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
- \* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
- \* But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
- \* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.<sup>3</sup>

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Which sees into the bottom of my grief."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"To look into the bottom of my place." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— all our present parts.] Should we not read? — party.

TYRWHITT.

The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:

"Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part."

"Hot coals of vengeance."

I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time.

So, in the Proclamation for the apprehension of John Cade, Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 646, edit. 1605: " — the which John Cade also, after this, was sworne to the French *parts*, and dwelled with them," &c.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, *King Henry VI.*, fol. 101: " — in conclusion King Edward so courageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary, and helping the wounded, that the other *part* [ i. e. the adverse army ] was discomfited and overcome." Again, in the same *Chronicle*, EDWARD IV. fol. xxii: " — to bee provided a kyng, for to extinguish both the *factions* and *partes* [ i. e. parties. ] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" — if I cannot persuade thee,

" Rather to shew a noble grace to both *parts*,

" Than seek the end of one," —

In Plutarch the corresponding passage runs thus: " For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both *parties*," &c.

MALONE.

A hundred instances might be brought in proof that *part* and *party* were synonymous used. But that is not the present question.

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- \* Away, for your relief! and we will live
- \* To see their day, and them our fortune give:
- \* Away, my lord, away! [ *Exeunt.* ]

S C E N E III.

*Fields near Saint Albans.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

- \* YORK. Of Salisbury,<sup>4</sup> who can report of him;
- \* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
- \* Aged contusions and all brush of time;<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Tyrwhitt's ear (like every other accustomed to harmony of versification) must naturally have been shocked by the leonine gingle of *hearts* and *parts*, which is not found in any one of the passages produced by Mr. Malone in defence of the present reading.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Of Salisbury, &c.]* The corresponding speeches to this and the following, are these, in the original play:

*York.* How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,  
I hope to us and ours, for England's good,  
And our great honour, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurp our rights.  
But did you see old Salisbury, since we  
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?  
I would not for the loss of this right hand  
That aught but well betide that good old man.

*Rick.* My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his lance with his old weary arms;  
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrice this hand did set him up again;  
And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes;  
The boldest-spirited man that e'er mine eyes beheld.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— brush of time; ] Read bruit of time. WARBURTON.

- \* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,<sup>6</sup>
- \* Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
- \* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
- \* If Salisbury be lost.

RICH. My noble father,

- Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
- Three times bestrid him,<sup>7</sup> thrice I led him off,
- Persuaded him from any further act:
- But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
- \* And like rich hangings in a homely house,
- \* So was his will in his old feeble body.
- \* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

- SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;<sup>8</sup>

The *brush of time*, is the gradual detrition of time. The old reading I suppose to be the true one. So, in *Timon*:

"——one winter's brush." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——gallant in the brow of youth, } The brow of youth is an expression not very easily explained. I read the *brow of youth*; the blossom, the spring. JOHNSON.

The *brow of youth* is the *height of youth*, as the *brow of a hill* is its *summit*. So, in *Othello*:

"——the head and front of my offending."

Again, in *K. John*:

"Why here walk I in the black *brow of night*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Three times bestrid him, ] That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XII. p. 383, n. 9. Of this act of friendship, which Shakespeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find on the opposite page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumstances, which when united form almost a decisive proof that the piece before us was constructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Well hast thou fought &c. ] The variation between this speech and that in the original play deserves to be noticed:

- ‘ By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard :
- ‘ God knows, how long it is I have to live ;
- ‘ And it hath pleas’d him, that three times to-day
- ‘ You have defended me from imminent death.—
- \* Well lords, we have not got that which we have ;<sup>9</sup>
- \* ‘Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
- \* Being opposites of such repairing nature.<sup>2</sup>
- ‘ YORK. I know, our safety is to follow them ;
- ‘ For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
- ‘ To call a present court of parliament.<sup>3</sup>

*Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke ;  
 And thou brave bud of York’s increasing house,  
 The small remainder of my weary life,  
 I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm  
 Three times this day thou hast preserv’d my life.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Well, lords, we have not got that which we have ; ] i. e. we have not secured, we are not sure of retaining, that which we have acquired. In our author’s *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem very nearly contemporary with the present piece, we meet with a similar expression :

“ That oft they have not that which they possess.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Being opposites of such repairing nature, ] Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. See Vol. V. p. 308. n. 9.

To repair in our author’s language is, to renovate. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ O, disloyal thing !

“ That shouldest repair my youth, —.”

Again, in *All’s well that ends well*:

“ — It much repairs me,

“ To talk of your good father.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> To call a present court of parliament. ] The king and queen left the stage only just as York entered, and have not said a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this ?—The fact is, as we have seen, that in the old play the king does say, “ he will call a parliament,” but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and at others deserting his original. MALONE.

' Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :—  
' What says lord Warwick ? shall we after them ?  
  ' WAR. After them ! nay, before them, if we  
can.

Now by my faith,<sup>4</sup> lords, 'twas a glorious day :  
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—  
Sound, drums and trumpets ;—and to London all :  
And more such days as these to us befall ! [ *Exeunt.* ]

<sup>4</sup> Now by my faith,] The first folio reads—Now by my hand. This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. See p. 346, n. 2. The true reading I have restored from the old play. MALONE.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.









